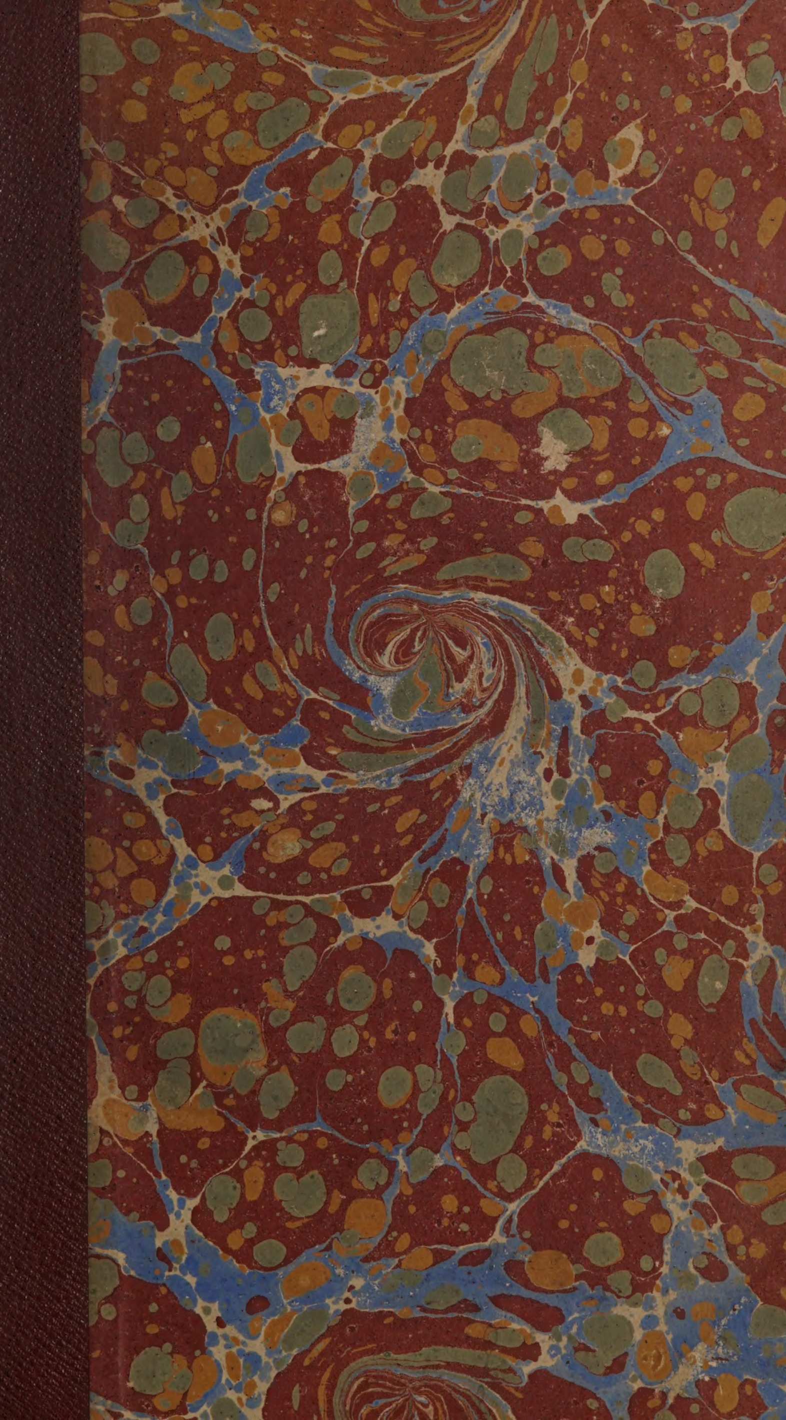
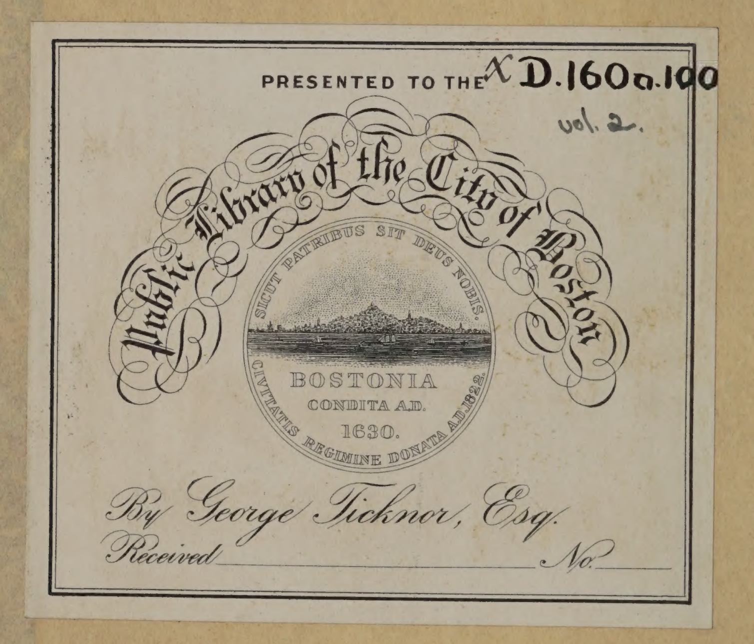





Joseph Knight
MDCCCLXXXIII



Edward Milner,

West Retford House.

THE LIFE OF *Guzman d'Alfarache*, OR, THE SPANISH ROGUE.

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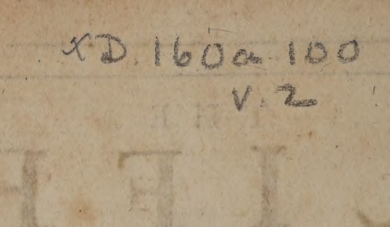
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By several Hands.

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VOL. II.

LONDON:
Printed for *R. Bonwick, W. Freeman, T. Goodwin, J. Walthoe, M. Wotton, J. Nicholson, S. Manship, R. Parker, B. Tooke,* and *R. Smith.* 1707.


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THE

Contents of the Second Volume.

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THE

LIFE and ACTIONS
Of the Famous

SPANISH ROGUE
Guzman d' Alfarache.

PART II.

CHAP. I.

Guzman *endeavours to excuſe himſelf to the Reader for his Careleſs and Looſe Way of Writing; and by much Reaſoning would juſtify his own Manner: It being difficult for any Man that writes, to give Content to every Body.*

COurage, Dear Friend, let us riſe and decamp; if you have reſted enough in this Inn, and are willing to have the Pleaſure of my Company through my Journey. Though I carry you by Rough and Difficult Roads, I believe you will not think the Way long nor tireſome, ſince I have given you full aſſurance of bringing you ſafe to your Journey's end. You muſt excuſe my free and familiar way of ſpeaking to you,

and not imagine 'tis for want of Respect, if I say several things which are not agreable to you. 'Tis my way, and you'll never be the worse Man for what I do, if you are a good one already, as I religiously believe. You must suppose I am not speaking to you, but make use of your Name, in behalf of those that you may judge have need of it, and whom my Reflections concern more than they do you. You may, if you please, look upon me to be a Madman, who talks at random, and does not know what he says: 'Tis like throwing a Stone, you tell me, without knowing whom it will hit, as Fools do. As much a Fool, Dear Friend, as you please; another such Fool as I, would throw small and great, and cry as he threw 'em, Stand out of my way, have at ye all. I never, as you see, was good for much in all my Life; which in truth makes me suspect the rest of Mankind are good for no more than I am: Methinks all Men are made after the same rate, and Human Weaknesses are every where great and numerous; there's Cheating, Hypocrisy and Vice every where. Indeed 'twould be very strange if all the Sacks were full of the same Meal: Did you ever hear a Gallant Lady talk? There's never a Woman of the same Character in the World, but she has the same Inclinations, and the same Frailties. If you examine a Robber concerning the Infamous Life he leads, he'll tell you every Man robs in his own way, and will not believe you to be an honester Man than himself: Why should you then wonder that I who am so great a Rogue my self, should imagine all the World are as great Rogues as I. When you go to the bottom of the Matter, you'll very often find that 'tis only the manner of doing a thing that makes the difference between an Honest Man and a Rascal. As for Example now; here's a Secretary of State, or not of State: Why d'ye think he keeps such a close Correspondence with that Commissio-

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ner of the Treaſury, but to put 80, or 100000 Franks a Year in his Pocket? Are not that Worthy Secretary, and that Honourable Commiſſioner as great Robbers as the Famous Cavalier Beggar, that flings his Hankerchief into the Coach, and begs you to have pity on a Decay'd Gentleman. 'Tis true, he puts a little conſtraint on the Travellers Charity: He has a good Brace of Piſtols before him, another in his Girdle, and a Broad Sword by his Side; but he begs the Peoples Money, and often for God's ſake: Whereas the Commiſſioner and the Secretary take it all without any manner of Ceremony, put it all down to the Publick Account. And yet who durſt ſay they are not Men of Honour? Is it not as much as a Man's Ears are worth? Though every body knows they make their Market at the Peoples Expence. That's plainly ſeen by their growing rich all of a ſudden, by their Equipage and Tables, and a thouſand Prodigal Charges which their own Incomes could not maintain, and they could never ſupport, if there was any thing more for them to do than to take the Money and divide it amongſt them.

How many other Examples of this nature might I inſtance in, if I did not apprehend I ſhould at once fright abundance of People? I have juſt touch'd upon the Matter, and you may depend upon it ſhall go thro' with it when I am provok'd to it. Perhaps you will ſay, I need not have giv'n my ſelf all this trouble to make Excuſes; for my Reaſoning will offend more than it will pleaſe. 'Tis true, I have been at ſome pains to keep up a good Underſtanding between you and me; I have with all Humility excus'd my ſelf, yet I don't find I am likely to make any thing of it: My Arguments ſeem to have little weight with you, and I begin to be as weary of 'em as you: However I am embark'd, the Wind drives me along, and there is no way to go back. 'Twill

be ſaid, that with all my Pictures of other Men, I am my ſelf a Coxcomb. Who will ſay ſo? The Concern'd only; and if you are of the Number, ſo much the worſe for you. Certain I am, you'll have a difficult Task to make me believe it. *Bambocbe* was not reckon'd the leſs skilful Painter, becauſe his Figures had always ſomething ridiculous in them. The commoneſt Vice in the World is for a Man to have a good Opinion of himſelf; every one thinks he is without blame, or would paſs for ſuch a one; every Man pretends to be a Man of Senſe, to have a good Taſte, and a juſt Diſcernment; and truly I muſt own I think I am like other Men: I have conſulted my Pillow, and found what is really very true, that a man ſhould never undertake any thing before he has maturely conſider'd it, and examin'd it with due care, for fear the ill ſucceſs of it ſhould cauſe him to repent. But when once a Perſon is come to a Reſolution, the ſame Prudence requires that he ſhould puſh on boldly, and ſhew as much Steadineſs and Courage in the execution of a Deſign, as there is Glory and Honour in accompliſhing it; 'tis only Cowards and Fools that begin things and leave them unfiniſh'd: unleſs they are hinder'd by Unforeſeen Accidents, and forc'd to abandon the glorious View they had in effecting what they undertook. I have elſewhere ſaid, all my Ambition is to be uſeful to the Publick; ſo that you may ſafely, and without fear paſs the dangerous Gulf wherein you are embark'd with me, if you are a Man of as much Honour, animated by the ſame Deſire as I am, and as all Honeſt Men ought to be: The Miſchief is all mine, and yours will be the Pleaſure; 'tis I that muſt be beat and bang'd, and have my Bones broke, to ſerve for an Example to you, if you know how to make uſe of it: 'Tis I that muſt hunger and thirſt, to teach you how to avoid the like Evils. In a word, 'tis I that muſt bear all the Scandal of this Story,

that you may profit by it, and become an Honeſt Man; the Picture of another Man's Faults being often a more uſeful Leſſon than the ſharpeſt Reproof.

The Subject I handle is indeed low, and hardly worth your attention; eſpecially the beginning of my Story was very trivial, or if you will have it ſo, boyiſh and ſervile; but you will ſee what is to come will not be ſo; and if I may be allow'd to ſay it, according as you go farther, you will meet with Matter for more grave,and more importantReflections: I will do the beſt I can to content you. What Service would it have been to me to raiſe up your Curioſity, by telling you a part of my Story, and not finiſhing it? I know there are ſome who will ſay, if they have not ſaid it already, that I need not have been at ſo much pains, for the World could have done very well without my Tales; and that it had been better I had never been born, than to have led ſuch a Life, and wrote ſuch a Hiſtory,becauſe there being nothing in it but what is ſcandalous and raſcally, 'twould have been more for my advantage that not a word ſhould have been ſaid of it, and much more for the advantage of others to have known nothing of it. But thoſe who have talkt, or ſhall hereafter talk at this rate, do not ſure value themſelves much upon their Sincerity, nor reaſon very juſtly: Beſides, I can't help being a little diffident of their Sentiments, with reference to this Argument, and doubt they are ſome of thoſe whom my Cart has joſtled, or who are afraid when they ſee me hold up my Cudgel, knowing full well they deſerve it as much as others. 'Tis ſaid, that Penitents, when they diſcipline themſelves, don't feel the Laſh which wounds their Bodies, but cry out when the Surgeon touches them in order to their Cure: What I tell you, dear Friend, is either Truths or Lies: As for Lies, would to Heaven they

were ſo; for I am acquainted enough with the Humour of theſe Criticks, to know they would then be pleas'd to hear them, and divert themſelves with them; but uſeful and plain Truths hurt them, and 'tis thoſe Truths only which they find in this Book that ſet them againſt me, for nothing can be more ſharp and bitter: If they are well in health, and have no more Infirmities than their Neighbours, they will not trouble themſelves about what I ſay, they will commend me, my Portraits and Tales will be to their liking, and I ſhall be very welcome to them.

I ſay ſtill, and let who will hearken to me, That I don't make my General Confeſſion, nor publiſh this Inventory of my Faults, with an intention that the World ſhould imitate them: Who'll be ſo great a Fool? But that the Reader ſhould be deterr'd by them from the like Crimes, and make his advantage of my Misfortunes. I believe no body of common Senſe, who ſees how miſerable I made my ſelf by my Evil Courſes, will be tempted to tread in the ſame Steps which lead ſo directly to the Gallows or the Galleys; I only ſhew People which Way I took, how I ſtumbled my ſelf, and I am pretty well aſſur'd that no Man in his Wits will be incited to follow me. There's nothing perfect in this World; all Men are Men, and ſubject to Errors as well as my ſelf; perhaps I am not more fooliſh or frail than others: Let every Man look at home, and examine faithfully how it ſtands with him within; let him ſearch every Creek and Corner, and ſee if there's no place filthy and out of order: If he has nothing to ſet to rights there, let him not ſift and cull out the worſt of other Mens Actions to comment upon, nor mind what others either do, or do not do. Thou art a very fine Preacher, ſay you, and a Man muſt be mad, if he was ſick, to come to ſuch a Phyſician, a thouſand times ſicker than himſelf; for it is very likely

likely that he who cannot cure himſelf, will never do much good to another. 'Tis not, you tell me, in a Viper's Teeth, or a Scorpion's Tail, that people ſeek for thoſe excellent Antidotes which expel Poiſon; neither is it in ſuch Raſcals Diſcourſes as thou art, that Men can learn to amend their Lives. I have again and again confeſs'd that I am not worth much, and he who would give a great deal of Money for me, would have a hard bargain on't. Nevertheleſs as great a Rogue as I am, you and all that regale themſelves with my Life and Actions, will ſee it happens to me as it does to a Nobleman's Carver, who having cut up a Capon very dexterouſly, diſtributes a Wing to one, and a Leg to another, a Sideſman to a third, and the Remainder to the reſt; that after every one is ſerv'd according to his Quality, the Company are ſatisfy'd, but there is nothing left for himſelf; all the Gueſts eat heartily, and he only tir'd with ſerving others, has nothing to eat himſelf; the poor Wretch is almoſt ſtarv'd, while the reſt feaſt and fill their Bellies: You will eaſily make the Application of this Compariſon to my ſelf; and if that does not hit, I have another for you, which is as pat as if it had been made on purpoſe: And it muſt be own'd, Simile is my Talent: Perhaps you are ſometimes of a contrary Opinion, I can't help that; when you are weary of me, have done with me: I have told you 'tis at my Peril and expence that I diſcover the Rocks and Shelves of a Dangerous Sea, that you may not run upon them, ſplit and be ſtranded, but ſcape thoſe Perils which I met with: Rats Bane, a dangerous and deadly Poyſon, is not, however, without its Uſes, has it's Virtues, and is not to be had without Money; the Apothecaries and Druggiſts ſell it at a dear rate; and though 'tis pernicious for Man or Beaſt to eat alone, yet 'tis proper in ſeveral Medicines, and ſerves to kill ſeveral miſchievous Inſects.

Thus, my good Friend, though my Actions signifie nothing, my Example may teach People to rid themſelves of an infinite number of Scoundrels, and be like Ratsbane, the utter extirpation of abundance of dangerous and hurtful Animals which plague their Houſes. Theſe Animals are the more to be fear'd, becauſe appearing in a Human Shape, ſoft and inſinuating, they gain upon their Confidence, and take the ſureſt way to devour them: They ſeem to enter into their Intereſts, to pity their Misfortunes, while they aim at nothing elſe but to ſurprize them, and tear 'em in a thouſand pieces by their Robberies, Tyranny and Injuſtice. How many ſuch ſort of Beaſts are to be met with in the World, That eat us up every day? What good would my Ratsbane do, if it could deſtroy them all, or the beſt part of 'em? I am ſatisfy'd it will not at all agree with 'em. What a happineſs would it be, if by this means we could correct ſuch as are puft up with their Grandeur and Fortune; who are indebted to nothing ſo little as to their Merit; who are ſo difficult to be come at, and look on the reſt of Mankind with the laſt contempt, becauſe, forſooth, they have got Places, and their Service is neceſſary? How well pleas'd ſhould I be if I could convince ſome Timerous Complaiſant Judges, that 'tis every whit as bad to let a poor Wretch ſuffer, as to be the cauſe of his Suffering; to pronounce a Sentence, as to execute it; and not vigorouſly to oppoſe, as much Injuſtice, as to do it? Hold, ſay you, why ſhould a Man ruin his Fortune for a Perſon who is a Stranger to him, and can do him no ſervice? 'Tis enough that he does him no ill himſelf; if others do it, let others anſwer for it. He waſhes his Hands, and cries, Let every Man look to himſelf. O Heaven, if I would reply to you, what an Anſwer might I make you? 'Tis no matter; the Thing ſpeaks enough of it ſelf; only

you will agree with me, that now-a-days there's a great deal of Difference between the Trade of a Judge and the Duty, that all of them know what the Laws of God and Man require of them, but that all of them do not think fit to Sacrifice their Interefts to their Confciences. No more of this; 'tis a very Ticklifh Argument. Let us go on with our Matter. The Image of my Life will be one of the moft ufeful things in the World, if it delivers thofe that make ufe of it from a parcel of idle Fellows, who have nothing to do but to beat the Streets all day. If it reforms fuch as run from Houfe to Houfe Goffiping and Tattling, to raife Feuds and Jars among Neighbours: If it makes Spungers afham'd of themfelves. Thefe are a fort of Animals, that very much refemble St. *Antony*'s Swine; good for nothing, troublefome to every body; who impudently thruft their Nofes into every Houfe they come to, and feat themfelves down by Virtue of fome wretched Story or new Scandal, with which they purchafe a Dinner. Would to Heaven, by all that I have fuffer'd through my ill Conduct, I cou'd teach thefe Tale-bearers a better way of Living, and make 'em loath their miferable Trade of Railing. The Tongues of thefe Men, like Snakes, poifon all alike, and fpare the Innocent no more than the Guilty, nor a Man of Honour more than a Scoundrel.

After my way of Arguing, 'tis probable you'll believe 'tis my Opinion, That the World is full of nothing but Thieves, Extortioners, Monopolizers, Proud Lords, Falfe Judges, Knavifh Lawyers, Rafcally Attornies, Bailiffs not worth hanging, Cheats of all Trades and Profeffions; But you are miftaken, dear Friend, it does not enter into my Thoughts. 'Twould be a fine World indeed, if that was true, no body could Live in it. I know very well there are a great many Honeft Men; yet whenever 'tis your

yours or my good Fortune to light upon them, we ought to be as much ſtruck with Admiration, as we are at the Sight of thoſe Rarities that come from the *Indies*: For certainly there is nothing upon Earth rarer than an Honeſt Man. And if in *Diogenes*'s time, ſearch was made after one with one Lanthorn; whoever does it now will want Two. I don't fear being accus'd of a Paradox, in aſſerting, That ſuch Rogues as I are the Majority; and that there's hardly any thing elſe to be found. The Incorrigible are the moſt to be fear'd, and ſuch as are Enemies to Morality, ſuch as I rid my hands of in this Treatiſe. You will ſee that there's but too many of them to be met with; and you or I are not beholden to them for it, if they do not devour us as we paſs by them. We are loſt Men if we fall into their Clutches; and they can do our Buſineſs without Noiſe. You'll ſay, the Gibbets on the Highway ſhould rather be furniſh'd with them, than a Hiſtory: That it would be the beſt Hanging in the World for the common Hedges on the Road-ſide, better than the moſt curious and delightful Tapiſtry of *Flanders*, in the Opinion of Honeſt Men. 'Tis true, there muſt be Rewards and Puniſhments; but the worſt of it is, 'tis the Poor Rogues that have the Puniſhments, and the Rogues of Quality that have commonly the Rewards.

If there were none but honeſt Men in the World, Laws would be ſuperfluous. If every one was Virtuous and Wiſe, the Moraliſts would be Laught at, as a company of Blockheads, to give themſelves ſo much Trouble in crying down Vice. Phyſick is for the Sick only, but ways muſt be found out to make 'em take it. I know that Evil has very much the Aſcendant over the Heart of Man, who is born with a Deſire after Liberty, and to do what he pleaſes. From whence, I doubt, I muſt confeſs, that all I can ſay of my own Life will not have Effica-

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cy enough to check the Diſorders of Mankind, which are almoſt infinite, nor take ſufficient root to bring forth the Fruit I wiſh for. I ſhould be very vain, and have an extraordinary Opinion of my own Capacity, did I fancy any ſuch thing: However, I will do my Duty, and comfort my ſelf with the Mariner, who does not always come into one Port; or with the Phyſitian, whoſe Preſcripts are not always infallible. I give you and others good Advice; and am I in fault that you don't make uſe of it?

You ſee I am gone out of my way a little, and I fear I ſhall find it difficult to get into it again. 'Tis one of my Errors. Never was there an Author ſo given to Digreſſions as my ſelf: But if you find ſomething uſeful in them, 'tis not loſt Time. I ſhall come into my Path again I'll warrant ye, with a little ſearch. I was telling you the Story of my Life; and I know there have ſeveral different Judgments been paſt upon it already: But I look upon my ſelf as a Countryman or poor Courtier, who to Equip himſelf with new Rigging, has recourſe to the Brokers. Away he goes to ſome By-Street or Lane, and the Shop-men no ſooner have him in Ken, but they lie in wait for him. When they can ſeize him, out come all the Brokers in the place to ſell him their Wares: One pulls him by one Sleeve, t'other pulls him by the other; each would ſell him ſomething, though the poor Man has very little to Buy. He can't tell which way to ſtir; and is afraid of being Cheated. For, indeed, thoſe Brokers are great Cheats, and can't carry on their Trades without Knavery. I know what they would have of me, when they ask me to buy any thing; the Queſtion implies Cheating. But not a word of the Brokers more. I own I have been oblig'd to them for buying Goods of me, which, to my ſhame be it ſpoken, I never bought my ſelf: And for lending

me

me Money upon Merchandize that was never in my Cuſtody, nor out of the right Owner's Warehouſe; and teaching me to reduce a Cloak to a Waſtcoat; Remnants and Shreds being a conſiderable Branch of their Traffick with the Botchers. I am ſenſible, that ſeveral Judgments have been paſt upon my Story. I have had ſo many ſeveral Advices and Councils given me; every one offering me his, that if I ſhould attempt to Content all Men, I ſhould make an Apothecary Shop of my Hiſtory. I am quite giddy at the ſight of ſo many Counſellors, they ſtun me, and I don't know which to take to, for I'm acquainted with them all, and gueſs what they mean by their fine Compliments: One would have me write very ſoftly; others very ſharply. Mens Opinions are as various as their Taſte. Some are for fry'd Olives; Some don't love Salt, not ſo much as in their Eggs. This Neighbour of mine is for the Brains of a Hare; and That thinks nothing is ſo delicate as the Feet of a Partridge burnt in the Candle. How many other different Palates might be reckon'd up, *&c.* Not one of 'em agree with mine. A certain Blotter of Paper, a known Cheat, a beaſtly Sot, if ever Man deſerv'd that Name, going out of his Houſe to live in another, having order'd all the Furniture to be carry'd to his new Habitation, went back to review the Houſe he had left, and make ſtrict ſearch for fear any thing ſhould be left behind. He was ſo very thrifty that he took the Nails out of the Walls, and by chance finding ſome old rotten Radiſhes in the Kitchen Chimny, he was very angry with his Wife for her Negligence and Ill Houſwifry; he took a String out of his Pocket, ty'd the Four Radiſhes very handſomely together, made a little Bunch of 'em, and carry'd 'em home to his Wife, under his Cloak. When he ſaw her, he frown'd, and ſaid in a ſurly Tone, ſhewing her the Radiſhes, 'Tis in vain to think of getting

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any thing, if you waſte it in this manner. You brought me nothing; and ſo you don't care how the Money goes. You ſee what you might have Loſt, if I had truſted to your Management. Here, Lock up theſe Radiſhes; you did not buy 'em for nothing: And you had not beſt throw them away. But the truth is, I am more to blame than you, for ſuffering ſo many to be bought at once, by which means, we expoſe our ſelves to ſuch a Loſs. The poor Woman took them and lock'd them up in her Cloſet.

In the Evening, the ſordid Wretch order'd the Radiſhes to be brought forth, and was ſo generous as to break an old Cuſtom, which was to have no Supper in his Houſe, that he might make a Feaſt on the Radiſhes, of which he was very fond, being his own Diſh. When he had bit of one Twice or Thrice, quoth he to his Wife, of all Dainties your Radiſh for my Money, and if 'tis a little rotten the better. There, Taſte it, if you will not believe me, my Dear! His Wife would very willingly have taken his word, for ſhe had no great Reliſh of ſuch a Diſh. But out of Complaiſance to her Husband, ſhe taſted it, and ſhew'd as little diſlike to it as ſhe cou'd.

There are ſome Men who are not ſatisfy'd with commending whatever pleaſes their own *Gouſt*, but will have others alſo commend it. All the World muſt agree with them in what they like or diſlike; and nothing is good or bad, but what they approve or diſapprove. They don't conſider, that Mens Sentiments are as different from one another, as their Humours or Faces; and nothing is more free than the Mind. 'Twill be with me and my Hiſtory as it was with an Author and his Play. The Poet went the firſt Night into the Pit, wrapt up in his Cloak, that he might not be known, there he Liſten'd with great Attention to ſee the Fate of his Comedy. The

Play

Play was no ſooner begun, but thoſe who ſtood behind him cry'd out, Hold your Head a little more to the Left; you hinder People from Seeing. Thoſe on the left ſide frequently accoſted him thus; You Sir, with the Cloak at *Midſummer*, ſtand more to the Right, if you pleaſe. Thus the poor Poet does not know which way to ſtir; he Offends both the Right and Left, and to content them both, ſtands Sideling, a very uneaſy Poſture for a Man that is attentive: Yet he muſt do it, there's no other way for him to keep Friends with every Body; and he thinks himſelf very happy if the People will be ſo ſatisfied; which it ſeems they are reſolv'd not to be. For now his Hat is in their Light. Off it goes. And not enough ſtill, for ſome one or other Complains his Hair is Troubleſome, and hinders his Sight; he ſtraightway very obligingly puts it behind his Ears, and ſays to himſelf, Sure this will do or nothing, for they can't well have more of me. And yet Monſieur Author is miſtaken; A merry Wight cries out from behind, What a Noſe that Fellow has, it may well hang in his own Light, when it hangs in ours. The Poet now in a rage had a great mind to be reveng'd, by blowing it upon him as he paſs'd by. 'Tis true, his Noſe was ſomething like the Gnomen of a Dial; and in the poſture he ſtood, ſometimes looking on the Actors, ſometimes on the Audience, 'tis probable it might caſt too much Shadow, and diſpleaſe ſuch as are angry, if a Fly comes in their way. The Complaiſant Author conſidering this, was willing to oblige the Wight, and turning about to him ſaid, Sir, if my Noſe is troubleſome to you, I'll turn it to the other ſide; ſo accordingly he puts it over his Right Shoulder, with his Face towards the Actors. Now 'twas worſe than ever, for it lookt like a ſort of a Promontory, and advancing farther out than the reſt of his Body, like a Figure out of his place, it caſt a greater Shade than before; which

an Arch Wag obſerving, bawl'd out, *What a Noſe, good gods, what a Noſe the Man has.* Upon this, all the Spectators gaz'd at him, ſeveral of 'em cry'd, *What a Noſe the Man has got.* The Cry laſted a quarter of an Hour, and the whole Play-houſe rung with, *What a Noſe is there.* The Poet, as you may imagine, wou'd have been very glad if he had been out of their way: But all he could do, was to wrap his Noſe up in his Cloak, to put an end to the Hurly-burly, which highly enrag'd him; and then he turn'd about and ſtood like the reſt in a natural Poſture. He took his Hair from behind his Ears, clap'd his Hat on his Head, and never minded whether his Hair, his Hat, or his Noſe Offended or not Offended; nor who would have him ſtand Sideling, nor who would have him incline to the Right, nor who to the Left: But ſays he, Let every Man ſee as well as he can. This Compariſon, my Friend, is ſomewhat long; 'tis an orginal Tale, and may direct you. The Application is eaſily made.

To return to the Story. The Man's Noſe being under his Cloak, and no body knowing him, he heard thoſe about, argue differently upon his Play; and he had the pleaſure to ſee how Men lik'd it or diſlik'd it, according as it touch'd their ſeveral Humours or Intereſts. If he had gone to have alter'd it, and endeavour'd to have contented every one, he muſt have written as many Plays as there are different Characters of Men. And 'tis the ſame with me. If I would aim at ſatisfying all the World, and pleaſing the Taſte or Whimſy of all my Readers, I might write as many Hiſtories as there are Men; which is too much Work for one Man's Life, and I live but one. Let every Man be at the pains to write his own faithfully and ſincerely as I have done mine; and then we ſhall ſee abundance of fine things, no doubt of it.

I ſhall go on in my own Method and Stile, without pretending to pleaſe the various Reliſhes of Mankind, or to bring them to my own; that's too difficult a Task. I have already inform'd you of the Actions of my Youth, you are going to ſee me in my riper Age; and what I know of my ſelf, you ſhall, if you are diſpos'd to it. I have alſo a Third Diſcourſe for you, which will contain the Subject Matter of our laſt Journey, and the end of my Adventures. A Man's Three Stages of Life will be well repreſented, when the whole is together; and there's nothing in human Life but what you may find here. 'Tis like a Feaſt which I treat the Publick with at my own Charge: There are all ſorts of Meat and Ragoos for all ſorts of Men; each may take what he likes beſt, and make uſe of it without deſiring me to entertain every Gueſt according to his own Fancy. Variety is the greateſt Charm in all things: And 'tis to be found here, where there's few ſorts of Meat wanting. And as for you, my dear Companion, whom I converſe with more freely, and whoſe Patience I often put to the Proof, you know the *Foible* of thoſe Men who have ſeen a great deal, is to tell long Stories, and abundance at once; their Heads being full of their Adventures: Therefore you will be the more eaſily prevail'd upon to pardon my Digreſſions. There are a great many Men who will only like my Reaſoning for the Pleaſantry that is mix'd with it, and the natural Images they find there; but perhaps they may meet with their own, and Laugh at them without knowing who the Fools were. Very few Men know themſelves: And the Reaſon is, almoſt every body mind other People more than themſelves; and are ſo much taken up in reflecting on other Men's Follies, that they have not time to examine their own. A Man fancies he's a Hero, and preſently believes he is perfect and without blame: Whereas he ought to do

like

like the Poet, wrap up his Noſe in his Cloak, and hear *incognito* what others ſay of him; 'tis Odds but all the Parts of the Picture will not pleaſe him. What I ſay, is no laughing Matter; and whoever will reflect on my Condition, the Miſeries I have endur'd, and thoſe I may ſtill endure by my wretched Conduct, will have more reaſon to tremble at the Misfortunes to which Mankind are expos'd, than to be merry with mine, or with thoſe Errors which I relate, and of which a Man reſembling themſelves was guilty.

CHAP. II.

Of Buffoons and Buffoonry, and another Honourable Employment, very much in faſhion among the Great, *and in favour with them.*

PErhaps you'll ſay I was not always ſo miſerable as to deſerve Pity, and that I have had good and bad Fortune as well as others, wherefore I ought not to talk ſo much of my hard Fate and Sufferings. Believe ſo, with all my Heart, and let that part of my Life, when I was an Ambaſſador's Buffoon, be reckon'd among my happy Adventures. I was young then, and did not know what I did; I took a Trade upon me which I did not underſtand, and now I am older and have more Wit I ſhou'd be aſham'd of it. Upon my Word, Friend, all Ages are not fit for ſuch an Office; to make a Great Man laugh and aſſiſt him in his Amours, are two as difficult Employments as any in the World; but as they are the moſt difficult, they are the moſt ready way to Preferment. If you know nothing of the

Matter, liſten with Attention to what I am going to tell you.

When we ſay ſuch a one is a *Great Man*, we don't always mean that he is a Man of *great Qualities*; there are *Great Men* of all ſorts, and all ſorts of *Greatneſs*, and a Man may on this Account be as often deceiv'd as in ſome new Books which are printed, and have nothing good but the Title.

Somiglia un nuovo libro impreſſo,
Ch' altro non ha di buon ch' el titol ſolo.

We take it for granted that a great deal of *Merit* and *Virtue* accompany great *Titles*, but we find our ſelves almoſt always miſtaken; Experience at laſt ſhews us that they, like the rareſt Plants, have moſt need of Culture. How many Lords are there in the World who want neither Power nor Riches, yet wanting good Qualities, their Riches and Power are of no Service to them, or rather worſe than none? Since they only give them Opportunities to make themſelves ridiculous and contemptible. For the moſt part they are no great Lovers of Men of Virtue, and ſeldom reward their moſt faithful and uſeful Servants as they ſhould; but ſuch Perſons as are ſerviceable to them in their Pleaſures, their *Flatterers*, *Buffoons* and *Confidents* are their chief *Favourites*; they conſider that their good Servants, when they have done their beſt, have ſtill done but their Duty; whereas the Perſons who contribute to their Pleaſures are, as they think, extreamly neceſſary, they cou'd not live without them, or not live pleaſantly, which is as bad as not living at all; and tho' they pay them liberally, and are govern'd by them in the diſpoſing of their Bounty to others, yet they ſtill think they are oblig'd to them, and ſhall never get out of their Debt for the agreeable Services they have done them. Thus the *Great* are led

away

away for the moſt part by raſcally and infamous People, who know their weak Sides, and have Cunning enough to get in with them that way. What's worſt of all is, that many of theſe *Great* Lords believe it does not become Men of their Birth to have ſo much Virtue as others; they are ſometimes afraid to ſhew too much of it; and 'tis matter of Pity that, inſtead of walking in thoſe Paths of Virtue, which truly and only render Men worthy of the Name of *Great*, they value themſelves on the quite contrary Way of Life, and give themſelves over to the Conduct of baſe and lewd Wretches, who hang upon them to ruin 'em, and out of whoſe Hands they ſeldom get till they are entirely ruin'd, unleſs 'tis by a Miracle. Thence come thoſe exceſſive Expences, thoſe dreadful and thoughtleſs Prodigalities, that vain Magnificence, which coſt ſo dear at firſt in Money, and at laſt in Confuſion, Sorrow and Repentance.

If a Man who has nothing but *Virtue* and *Merit* to recommend him, addreſſes himſelf to them, they will not deign to look upon him; if any one ſpeaks to them in his Behalf, they ſhrug up their Shoulders, and ask *what he is good for?* And indeed an Honeſt Man is a very uſeleſs Creature to ſuch ſort of *Great* Men; they muſt have Perſons about 'em whoſe Inclinations correſpond with their own; *Backbiters* are always welcome to their Tables, as are the boldeſt *Pretenders* in all *Arts* and *Sciences*, the moſt forward puſhing Fellows, who have, as they ſay, ſeen every thing, and know every thing; Men skill'd in the Delicacies of Pleaſure, who refine upon the moſt Debauch'd and Vicious, and are Maſters in the wicked Arts of Lewdneſs; theſe are the Men they favour, for whom their Hearts and Purſes are always open. This is not for want of Diſcernment; they know very well what true Merit is, but they follow their Inclinations, and not their

Judgments; theſe Wretches are made more for their Taſte, and others in their Opinion good for nothing; 'tis their want of Love to Virtue and virtuous Men. After all, as things ſtand with them, I think they are in the right of it; they wou'd always appear what they are not, and not what they are; they muſt be flatter'd inceſſantly, and the leaſt Truth which diſcovers the Cheat, ſhocks them; in ſuch Caſes they muſt have Men of corrupt Principles about 'em whom they hire to praiſe them. And where is there a Man of Honour to be found who wou'd make his Fortune on thoſe Terms?

E par Vita buſcar Vender Ogn Honore.

The Bargain wou'd be too dear for him; if he ſhou'd happen to do it once, his Conſcience wou'd check him, and he wou'd never do it a ſecond time.

I won't condemn thoſe Princes and *Great* Lords who keep Men about 'em for their Diverſion, 'tis fit they ſhould have Men of all *Profeſſions*, but ſome of 'em are of *ſuch*, that they are more a Shame than an Honour to them; and if Rogues are neceſſary to them, as it happens ſometimes and on certain Occaſions, they ſhou'd never make uſe of them but when they can't do without 'em, and when an Honeſt Man with all his Talents cou'd not have done their Buſineſs. I know that they have had *Fools*, *Jeſters* and *Buffoons*, Time out of Mind; that the moſt orderly Courts have been furniſh'd with 'em, and that often they are the beſt *Counſellors*; wherefore I ſhou'd be in the wrong if I rail'd againſt the uſe of 'em without Exception. They have ſaid ſuch bold Truths, that the wiſeſt of Princes have profited by them, and not deſpis'd their Reproof or Counſel: When they are liberal to theſe ſorts of Domeſticks, who generally are ſatisfy'd with a little, their Liberality

rality is not ill bestow'd. Kings and Princes, as well as other Men, have Riches given them only to make use of 'em when Occasion requires; the Art is, to know when they use them to the purpose and with Prudence: I cou'd give but too large an Account of such Things as these: I have serv'd in the Capacity of a Buffoon, and to my Sorrow can say enough of that Matter by my own Experience, when I liv'd with the *Spanish* Ambassador at *Rome* in that Office, which is not the easiest in the World, and which every Body is not capable of undertaking. No Man is a Buffoon by Choice, he must be so by Nature, and be born with the Talents necessary for it. And as there is nothing so foolish and ridiculous, and which one wou'd more avoid, than a wretched Buffoon; so to make a good one, the most lively and shining Wit is requisite, a Natural Impudence, and Wisdom and Judgment to tell a Tale, or crack a Jest *a Propos*. It is also needful that the Man who acts the Buffoon shou'd know the Humour and Character of the Person he endeavours to divert, and the Character and Humour of him at whose Expence he diverts him: Time and Place must be always consider'd: He shou'd be acquainted with the most secret Affairs, have a good Memory, and Boldness ev'n to Impudence, to attack some sort of Men whom every Body else worship, and who are never nam'd but with Respect. Besides all this, a certain particular Air is necessary; he must be able to turn himself into a Thousand different Postures, have a great freedom of Speech, and his Tongue and Words must never fail him. This Grimace and this particular Tone are not to be learn'd in a Man's Life-time, if Nature has not given him a Genius for Buffoonry. In a Word, all the Qualities of an Excellent Comedian are requisite for a good Buffoon; and that will not do, if he has not besides a ready and a dextrous Hand. Extempore Jests are the most

 difficult;

difficult; and the only way to put a Jester by Trade out of Countenance, let him be never so famous for his Knack at it, is to bid him say something presently and off-hand that shall make you laugh, you'll certainly find him at a loss, and he will not know how to answer you. Thus *Cisneros*, a famous Comedian, talking one Day with his Companion *Moncanos* about the King's having sent for them as the Two most Excellent Buffoons of their Times, said to him, I believe, Friend, it will not be amiss if we furnish'd our selves with some pretty Repartees and Jests, that we may not be at a loss when we come to Court, and lose our Reputations; for as soon as we come there the King will certainly ask us whether we are *Moncano's* and *Cisnero's*, you shall answer yes; for I'll give you the Honour of speaking first, as your Due, being the oldest; if he shou'd then have a mind to try us, and command us to say or do something to make him laugh, what shall we say to him? Say to him? Why, what shou'd we say, quoth *Moncanos*, but that our *Pancake* is not fry'd yet? And *Moncanos* was in the right on't; he talk'd like one who understood his Business, and knew a Man cou'd not make a Jest in the twinkling of an Eye; it must be the Effect of Wit or Chance; a Man may be born a *Buffoon*, but he'll find it a hard Matter to be so much a Master of his Mirth, that he shall be able at any time upon Demand to make another laugh; the more he desires to do it, sometimes the less able he shall find himself. The most easy Way of succeeding in this Profession being by *Railing*, *Slandering*, *Backbiting* and *Drolling* upon Persons; it commonly makes these sort of *Jestmongers* many Enemies. I can speak it by Experience, and have often suffer'd a great deal for railing at others, and making the Company merry at their Expence; but I was young, and was hard put to it to get a Livelihood, wherefore I am the more excuseable; I did

what I cou'd to maintain my ſelf, and who wou'd not have done the ſame?

CHAP. III.

Guzman *gives a Character of his Maſter the Ambaſſador, and an Account of the Employment he had under him.*

'TWas by this Means that I in ſome manner made my Fortune in the Ambaſſador's Service, that I became his *Confident*, and did what I pleas'd in his Houſe, either brought Fair Weather there, or Foul, as the Humour took me: Every one who ſtood in need of him, found their neareſt Way of coming at him was by me: Thus I grew an Important Perſon, and arriv'd at the Honour of being neceſſary to Perſons of greater Importance. I oblig'd as many as I could, that I might not raiſe Envy or Jealouſie by my Good Fortune. At that time I muſt own I had a ſort of Wit, with which my Lord Ambaſſador was very well pleas'd, and he lov'd extremely to chat with me, but I did not always entertain him with Trifles. He did like a Skilful Gardner, who knows what Flowers are proper for a Noſegay, and what for the Ornament of his Garden: He often enter'd into the Particulars of Certain Affairs with me, that he might go to the bottom of them, and to hear what People ſaid of him: I could tell him as well as any body, becauſe I was always beating the Streets, and had my Ears open to every thing that was ſaid of him; yet he did not content himſelf with my Relations only; when the Matter was of Conequence, and worth the Trouble, he had his Spies about Town, Inhabitants of the Place, ſome of whom he gain'd by Preſents, others by Promiſes; ſome by Good Offices, others by Civility: He invited

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ted them to his Houſe, according as he had occaſion of 'em, entertain'd 'em either in publick or private, and got out of them whatever he had a mind to know. He did not do like a Blockhead of a Miniſter whom I knew, who valu'd himſelf ſo much on his own Lights and Judgment, and was ſo apt to miſtruſt others, that he forbad every one his Houſe, even thoſe that might have been ſerviceable to him. Poor Fool! he had not learnt that there are certain Times when a Politician may profit himſelf of every thing, when the Meaneſt Men may be uſeful to him; as Money is made of Eel-Skins: He ſhould have taken the Gold out of all the Mines he diſcover'd; they lookt dark, and that frighten'd him: Tho the more precious the Oar, the darker always the Mine. He was afraid leſt they ſhould have penetrated his Politicks, and enter'd into his Secrets; he did not underſtand the Art of hiding them, and penetrating thoſe of another Man: He ſet up for a very Cunning Miniſter, when he ſhould have return'd to *Salamanca* to have learnt his Trade.

My Maſter was by no means ſuch a ſort of a Man; every one was welcome to him, let him have as many Ears and Eyes as he would, and be of whatever Nation; if he had a Tongue in his Head, and my Maſter could underſtand it, he'd ſoon know the Inſide of him. Thus he inform'd himſelf of every thing that was to his Purpoſe: He heard all Men, and follow'd the Advice of the moſt Judicious, if his own Judgment approv'd of it. He condeſcended to converſe with the moſt Ordinary Tradeſmen, and Mechanicks, if he found they were Cunning, and Men of Intereſt: With theſe he correſponded to find out the moſt Secret Cabals; and not one of all his Houſhold knew any thing of the Matter. When he was with other Miniſters, he was a perfect *Proteus*, a *Cameleon*, which aſſum'd all ſorts of Shapes, and ſeldom his Natural one: 'Twas in vain for any of them

to

to ſift him; when they thought they had come at his Deſigns, they were a Hundred Leagues off of them: Sometimes he would be brisk, ſometimes dull; ſometimes talkative, ſometimes mute; ſometimes proud; ſometimes humble; ſometimes quarrelſome, ſometimes very loving; ſometimes impatient, and ſometimes patient, as he thought it for his Turn: In a Word, he was a Maſter Miniſter, of a Profound Judgment, a Univerſal Knowledge, a Juſt Diſcernment, and a Charming Converſation. He lov'd and cheriſh'd Honeſt Men, and ſerv'd them when they ſtood in need of him, if it lay in his Power. He was a ſworn Enemy to all Falſe Money, as well of the Body as of the Mind. But amidſt all theſe Virtues and Good Qualities, he had his *Foible*, and that, as I have told you elſewhere, was his Love of Women. He was ſo amorous, that he often forgot his Character; 'twas his Failing, and the place by which we found that he was a Man as well as others. 'Tis true, we were all born to love; there's no Man without his Weakneſs on that ſide; but as for my Maſter, one would think that he had engroſs'd all the Weakneſs of Mankind in the Affair of Gallantry: It lookt the worſe in him, becauſe of his Publick and Exalted Station, which rendred his Faults the more viſible and remarkable. Indeed after I came to him, though he was more faulty than ever, yet he threw a great part of the Blame upon me; and I muſt own, if I had been more unfortunate in my Services that way, I believe he would have been more innocent. I did it out of Zeal to ſhew my Gratitude for the Favours he beſtow'd upon me; and to be plain with you, he was ſo bad before I came to him, that there were no hopes of his Mending. If I kindled the Fire, the Matter was very well prepar'd for a Flame; therefore I ought not to have born ſo much of the blame as I did: I was known all over the City of

Rome,

Rome, as well acquainted at every Man's Houſe as at our own; and having a pretty good Voice, a tolerable Air in Dancing, I ſet up for a great Maſter of the Two Noble Sciences of *Singing* and *Dancing*, ſo uſeful in all Good Governments: I taught all the Ladies that would learn of me, for nothing, and by that means, in a little while, I made my ſelf as many Friends as there were Gallant People in *Rome*. All the Fair Sex courted me on account of my Dancing and Singing; but I ſeldom oblig'd any, except they were young and handſome: To theſe I ſung and danc'd eternally, and by that means inſinuated my ſelf into their Confidence: I manag'd their Pleaſures, ſtudy'd their Weakneſſes, flatter'd their Paſſions, and in ſhort, made my ſelf a very neceſſary Perſon among them. I help'd them to Ways to deceive their Husbands and Parents, and to pleaſe others, eſpecially my Maſter, whom I every Day inform'd of the Diſcoveries I made; and as he lik'd or diſlik'd them, I choſe or refus'd the moſt Beautiful Women in *Rome* for his Diverſion. 'Tis true, conſidering how apt he was of himſelf to take fire at the ſight of a Pretty Woman, 'twas very unhappy for him to light upon ſuch a Servant as I, who ſet him in a Flame, and increas'd his Irregularities, by the eaſineſs of his ſatisfying his Looſe Deſires. I was ſo well known to be his Chief Miniſter for Intrigues, that whenever I went to a Houſe, let it be whoſe it would, 'twas immediately ſuſpected a Woman was in the Caſe, and that he ſent me thither. This Suſpicion very often was injurious to People of the beſt Faſhion's Houſes: But 'twas not mine, nor my Maſter's Fault, ſo much as thoſe Husbands or Mothers, or other Heads of Families, who always made me welcome, for I never came empty-handed, who were pleas'd with my Converſation, and took delight to hear me tell them the News of the Town, true or falſe, which
moſt

moſt Men and Women love to hear: I began always by finding out what Humour the Father and Mother of the Lady I aim'd at was of; and when I knew that, I manag'd Matters ſo, that I ſoon got into Credit with them; there was no ſort of Complacency which I had not for them, no Services that I was not ready to do them, and 'twas very rare that I did not gain my Ends: By this Means, in a little time, I became Maſter of the Houſe, and they matter'd not what the World ſaid of it; they believ'd 'twas out of Envy, and thought me a very pretty Fellow, very obliging, and one who would do no body any harm. Thus Intereſt deceives and blinds Mankind; thus People contribute themſelves to the Ruin of their own Reputation; and a Veniſon-Paſty, a Basket of Fruit, ſome Boxes of Sweetmeats, ſome Jeſſemy Gloves, and other little Preſents, given with a Grace and *a Propos*, have made my Way through Doors that have been the beſt barracado'd of any in *Rome*. In a Word, my Singing, Dancing, and the Monkey Tricks I play'd on thoſe Occaſions, in ſpite of all the Scandal that was caſt on me, not only made me welcome where-ever I came, but were the occaſion of my being courted by Perſons of the beſt Quality; and only thoſe whom I did not viſit, becauſe I had no Buſineſs with them, had any thing to ſay againſt me.

Every thing that is bad is always bad, and will never be good; but I look'd upon it as nothing but Gallantry, and did not care what others ſaid of me, as long as I got Money, and the Good-will of my Maſter, whoſe chief Favourite and Confident I was. Where can you find a Domeſtick that would not be proud of the like Negotiation? Beſides, if ſuch ſort of Employments were not honourable, would ſo many Great Lords be ambitious to ſerve Kings and Princes in the ſame Capacity? How many in our Days have

have made Immense Fortunes by it? Is it honourable to Pimp for a King, and infamous to do it for an Ambassador? And can the difference between the Qualities of the Persons make so much between the Nature of one Office and the other, as to render the one meritorious, and the other detestable? Those that serve Kings in this Capacity, are call'd *Favourites*; and those that serve Lords, *Confidents*: If it was a shameful thing to do it, sure Persons of the Highest Quality would not seek the Place with such Care and Complaisance as we see they daily do in most Courts; nor would they think themselves so happy and so glorious when they attain that Post as they do. And if 'tis lawful and honourable in them, why should it not be so in me, when I acquitted my self in it with equal, or, perhaps, more Dexterity and Success? There is really no difference between their Office and mine, let the Courtiers say what they please: I have seen those that have enjoy'd it in some Courts, the most respected and caress'd of any about the Prince's Person, and even envy'd by the greatest Lords there: I have seen every Knee bow to them, that nothing has been done without them, that there was no coming to the Sovereign but by them, and that a Look or a Nod from them has been thought enough to make a Man happy. Allow for the distance between a Prince, and an Ambassador who represents a Prince, I was as much to be valu'd for my Services to his Excellency, as they for theirs to his Majesty; I was the same Officer as they, only not so *proud*, which your *Favourites* are naturally; I was more modest and obliging, and having more Prudence, got the Love of every body, instead of purchasing the Hatred, as they generally do.

But this was not all, I became such a perfect Favourite, that tho' I was somewhat turn'd of twenty, because I was not very ugly, nor much a Sloven, because

cauſe I took a little care of my Perſon, powder'd and perfum'd, clapt a little Patch at the Corner of one Eye, was ſparkiſh and neat, and had Money in my Pocket, Slander preſently reported I was ſomewhat of an Amphibious Nature:

Zerbino al Volto, e Ganimede al Tergo.

This I have heard, but deſpis'd as a Scandal which Envy had rais'd againſt me; though it muſt be confeſs'd, that Vice has thriv'd mightily in *Italy* ſince the *Cæſar's* Days, who took particular delight in that deteſtable Pleaſure, too infamous and too obſcene to name: There's no need of going to *Bithinia* now, and learning it of *Nicomedes*, as *Julius* did, the *Italians* are themſelves perfect Maſters of that *Black Art*; and have refin'd upon the Lewdneſs of their Anceſtors ſo much, that there's no further Improvements to be made in't; yet they cannot have the Impudence to ſay, 'tis not the moſt Beaſtly, Infamous and Unnatural Commerce in the World; which, if they were not *Chriſtians*, is enough to raiſe Horror in the Minds of all Reaſonable Creatures: Yet in *Italy* 'tis lookt upon to be no more than a *Piccadillo*, or rather a piece of Gallantry, which does not ill become a Gentleman; the very Women make no ſcruple of talking of it: I won't ſay what Women, out of reſpect to the Sex in general; almoſt all their Raillery, their beſt Jeſts, and ſmart Repartees turn upon this, and there is very little pleaſant *Converſation*, as they call it, without it. Indeed never Infamy was ſo well eſtabliſh'd any where as 'tis in this Country; there is no Stranger, let him be never ſo much prepoſſeſs'd of this Cuſtom, but if he has the leaſt grain of Modeſty, he'll bluſh when he comes there, and be terribly ſurpriz'd at this Horrible Brutality. However, as bad as *Italy* is, we muſt not think there is no Country beſides guilty of the ſame

Vice,

Vice, the Coldeſt Regions have been infected with it; only the difference is, that the Diſeaſe in *Italy* is general, ſcarce a Houſe but the Contagion has reach'd it; whereas in the Cold Climates 'tis particular, and not ſo ſoon diſcover'd. If I was not afraid of ſcandalizing the Reader, I could tell him a great many Stories on this Subject; but a Man muſt have more Leiſure and Inclination to do it than I have. Enough of theſe Fine Feeders, as they term it, their Brutality being a Diſh for a King: Much good may do them, we in *Spain* don't envy them, and thank Heaven our Country, in this reſpect, juſtly paſſes for one of the moſt innocent in the World. 'Tis not the Virtue of the Climate ſo much, as that of the Inhabitants, for *Spain* is as hot as *Italy*. I muſt do my ſelf ſo much Juſtice, as to declare, I always kept my ſelf a *Spaniard* in this Point; and was never ſo ſhock'd with any thing, as to hear Women rally the Men freely on ſo Filthy a Subject, which ſtrikes Horror rather than provokes Mirth: 'Tis what they ſhould not have thought, much leſs have talk'd of. The Charge that was brought againſt me by ſome on this Account, made me ſo mad, that I was ſeveral times about to leave my Maſter, without telling him of it; for I did not care to let him knew what the Town ſaid of him: Thoſe who knew any thing of my Averſion to this Brutality, laught at me, and what was very ſtrange, made a Jeſt of my Simplicity, wondring that I ſhould be ſorry for a thing which they thought was an Honour to me: And one time when I was talking bitterly againſt this Vice, and railing at thoſe Sectaries and Hereticks in Love that follow'd it, to an Old Man whom I thought I ſhould oblige by it; Child, ſaid he, did you ever know what it is? I know it, I'l die firſt, reply'd I ſharply: You Fool you, quoth the Old Fellow, 'tis not the

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part of a Wiſe Man to condemn any thing before he knows it: He ſaid no more, and I did not care to continue the Diſcourſe. I was very much ſurpriz'd when a Man in Years, and whom I took for a Saint, talk'd after that rate; I found he was not a proper Perſon for me to apply to, if I would be confirm'd in my Hatred to this Sin; at laſt I us'd my ſelf to the Diſcourſe by degrees, and in the end look'd upon't only as the Gallantry of the Place; I could hear People rally on it without offence, as long as they did it only to divert me, which I thought they would not do, unleſs they had a value for me. The *Italians*, and the *Romans* eſpecially, ſays a Grave Old Man to me one day, ſeeing I was ſomewhat out of Countenance at ſuch Converſation, thank Heaven, know what Delicacy is as well as others: They do nothing without Conſideration; and this Pleaſure, or this Vice, call it which you pleaſe, for at the end of the Account all Pleaſures are Vices, is as old as their City. They will not reform out of Love to you; they are curious, would try all things; and perhaps you may try as well as others; if you do, take my Word for't, you will not leave it as ſoon as you think for; and for this Reaſon too, that *Chi ſta bene non ſi mieove.* The Reaſoning of this Philoſopher, and of ſome other ſuch Sages, gave me as much Horror of their Philoſophy, as of their Actions. Enough of this, and, it may be, too much; let's proceed to ſomething that does not ſmell ſo rank.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Of Deceit, and the ſeveral Ways of Cheating in the World.

THE more a Man knows of the World, the more he deſpiſes it: Say and do what you will, 'tis full of nothing elſe but Lies and Cheats in all Places, and in all Things. We all know and experience this Truth, and condemn our ſelves when we condemn others: We can find ſomething or other blameable in every body but our ſelves, which is the greateſt Fault we are guilty of. We ſpare our ſelves, and will not ſo much as be at the pains to examine and ſee if we have any Faults or not; we take it for granted we have none, and ſhould not be at all pleas'd if we ſearch'd farther into the Matter. All our Employment is to examine others, and diſcover Imperfections in them, which we flatter our ſelves we are exempted from. If it happens that any of us are ſo juſt to our ſelves, as to believe we are not without Infirmities, we fancy we have a particular Art in concealing them ſo well, that no body elſe perceives them; and the moſt Cunning Perſons give moſt into this Illuſion: More or leſs we all endeavour to hide our ſelves, and deceive others. We don't ſtrive to become virtuous, that's too hard Work, but we all would appear ſo; and thus it will be to the End of the World. 'Tis not fair that we ſhould require all Minkind to be blind out of Complaiſance to us,or think theyare ſo. The beſt of our Friends would not be welcome, if he ſhould once tell us, that we cannot deceive him, and that he knows us to be what really we are: This

This would be ſuch a piece of Indecency, as we could never pardon in any Man; the Infection ſpreads ſo far, and is ſo general, that even things inanimate are touch'd with it. Trees and Plants deceive Mens Hopes in promiſing us abundance of Fruit, by the quantity of Bloſſoms which we ſee in the Spring; and in Autumn we find they all come to nothing: Even Stones, though they are Stones, and cannot think, yet they impoſe upon us as much by their Brightneſs and Colour; we believe they are fine Stones, when often they owe all their *Brillant* and Beauty to the Art of Men. Conjunctures, Appearances, Taſtes, and above all, the beſt-concerted Meaſures, every thing deceives and ſeduces us, and there's nothing in the World but what, as I have ſaid before, is falſe and deceitful.

However, though the Ways of Deceiving are infinite, there is a certain Doctor of the Schools, whom for once we will follow out of Complacency, that has reduc'd them to Four only: The firſt, ſays he, is when the Cheat ſucceeds in his Cheating; as it happen'd to a certain Student of *Alcala de Henares*, who, *Eaſter* drawing nigh, and he not having a Penny in his Pocket, thought he ſhould paſs the Holidays very uncomfortably, unleſs he contriv'd a Way to get a Supply: It came into his Head to rob an Old Scoundrels Hen-Houſe that was not far off, in which a Dozen of good Hens us'd to rooſt at Night, and furniſh'd the Old Fellow with Eggs all the Year round, though he ſeldom gave'em any thing to eat but what they pick'd up in the Streets, where they rambled about from Morning to Night. The Student coming to this Unlucky Reſolution with reſpect to the Old Man, and not being able to execute it but in the Night-time, imagin'd that he ſhould be diſturb'd by him in his Attempt, unleſs he could think of an Artifice to make him lie out all Night: At laſt he hit on this Strata-

gem, which ſucceeded: He made up a great Packet of ſome Foul Papers in the Form of a Letter, put a Cover over it, and ſeal'd it up very handſomely, addreſſing it in the Superſcription to the *Amirante* of *Caſtile*, who was then Firſt Miniſter of State, and wrote on the outſide of it, *Pay the Bearer Two Ducats.* This Packet he plac'd ſo directly in the Old Man's Way, that he ſhould not fail of finding it as ſoon as he open'd his Door. In the Morning when he ſaw it, he took it up greedily, and being able to read and write, read it: He was overjoy'd when he perciv'd what it was, believ'd his Fortune made, and lifting up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, he thank'd the Divine Providence which had ſent him ſo much Good when he the leaſt expected any: If I have nothing for my Pains, ſaid he to himſelf, but the Two Ducats, 'twill maintain me a Month very well: So he put the Packet into his Boſom, and return'd into the Houſe to fit himſelf for his Journey to *Madrid*, to deliver the Packet with his own Hand to the *Amirante*, not doubting but ſome Unfortunate Courtier had dropt it before his Door: 'Twas ſix or ſeven Leagues to the City; he reſolv'd to walk it thither, and come back in a Coach at the *Amirante*'s Charge, ſuppoſing the Chief Miniſter would not put him off with the Two Ducats: He departed, having thrown a Modicum of Corn to his Poultry, and trudg'd to *Madrid*; where he arriv'd, weary as he was, and out of heart; but at the ſight of the *Amirante*'s Houſe he took Courage, and went up to it; he gave the Packet to the Porter, together with a very faithful Hiſtory of his Good Fortune: The Porter, as great a Blockhead as himſelf, believ'd him to be a Man of Probity, took the Packet, and carry'd it to his Maſter; who order'd the Bearer, inſtead of a Reward, to be driven away, and whipp'd if he ſtay'd: The poorOld Man was very much abaſh'd at this Digrace,

and

and eſpecially the loſs of the Ducats, at which he was ready to ſwoon away. What could be done for him? the *Amirante* had ſo order'd it, and he muſt be ſatisfy'd. 'Tis Common for Great Mens Porters to be Ill-natur'd and Unmerciful; and above all, your Favourites Porters, who meaſure their own Power and Quality by that of their Maſters. But it happen'd that the *Amirante*'s Porter was a little more tractable; and to ſhew the Old Man that he had no Reaſon to complain of his Uſage, he produc'd the Foul Papers that were made up in the Packet, telling him, ſome Scholar or other had certainly play'd him a Trick. The Countreyman thus baffl'd, ſigh'd and groan'd all Night long, and footed it home very diſconſolately to *Alcala*, where he arriv'd early in the Morning, without Coach or Calaſh. All that hitherto he had ſuffer'd, was nothing to his Grief and Deſpair, when, coming home, he found his dear Poultry, the Joy and Hopes of his Age, gone; not a Pullet nor a Chicken was left, the Rooſt was clear, and the Old Man in a State of Deſparation.

The Second Way of Deceiving, ſays our Doctor, is when the Deceiver is deceiv'd, as you will ſee in the Sequel of the ſame Story: For the Knave who had ſtoln the Hens, did not eat 'em, there were others cunninger than he, who ſpar'd him that Trouble: He had told two or three of his Companions, *Caſtilians* all, of his Deſign, and they aſſiſted him in the Robbery; but as they were carrying 'em off the Ground, ſome *Andaluſians*, always Sworn Enemies of the *Caſtilians*, having Intimation of it, diſguis'd themſelves like Watchmen, took away the Poultry, and diſpatch'd the ſame Night with very good Stomachs.

The Third is, when we have neither any Deſign to deceive others, and are not deceiv'd our ſelves, which may happen as well in Diſcourſes as Actions.

In Diſcourſes, when we invent Stories with an Intention only to divert the Company, no-Body's Reputation or Intereſt being concern'd in it; and in Actions, when Fellows ſhew Tricks of Legerdemain, where the *Deceptio Viſus* pleaſes by the Surprize we are in, at the Dexterity of the Perſon that ſhews us his Tricks, and who injures or hurts no-Body by it.

The fourth Way of deceiving is, when the Deceiver is caught in his own Snare, and finds he has to do with one that's cunninger than himſelf; as it happen'd to a Great Prince in *Italy*, and, as 'tis ſaid, to *Auguſtus* alſo. This Prince having ſent for a Poet, and entertain'd him in his Service, he at firſt was very generous to him, and highly rewarded him; but in the end growing weary of his Generoſity, he wanted handſomely to rid his Hands of him; the Way he thought of was this: When the Poet came next to bring him his rhiming Compliment, he got a Paper of Verſes ready, being himſelf a Retainer to the Muſes, in Praiſe of the Son of *Apollo*, whom he had taken into his Family; reſolving to pay him in the ſame Coin. Two Days afterwards his Laureat, according to Cuſtom, came with his Offering, not doubting but he ſhou'd have a Reward; the Prince taking his Verſes with one Hand, gave the Poet his with the other; the latter being neither a Fool nor a Blockhead, and had not lately receiv'd any Preſents from the Prince, read the Verſes with ſeeming Admiration; and having extoll'd them in an extraordinary manner, puts his Hand into his Pocket and pull'd out a fair Crown-piece, which he ſlipt into the Prince's Hand, ſaying, Good Wits always deſerve Encouragement; he then made a very low Bow and retired, leaving his Highneſs in ſome ſort of Confuſion, to be trick'd by one whom he intended to trick himſelf. This Tale has been told more than once; but I hope the Reader will excuſe it,

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out of Love to the Author; I'll endeavour to make amends for the Antiquity of it ſome other time, and by another Story that ſhall be as good.

There are ſeveral other ſorts of Turns of Wit and Malice that are common in the World, moſt of which are good for nothing, and yet they render a Man contemptible to all Men of Honour, who love Plainneſs and Sincerity. Thoſe Adventurers who travel from one Country into another under borrow'd Names and Titles, which do not belong to 'em, cheating every Body they have to do with, ſupport themſelves by Turns of Wit; tho' we muſt confeſs, their Foreheads are of more Service to 'em than their Brains. They enter boldly into all ſorts of Places, thruſt their Noſes into all Companies, ſcrape Acquaintance with People of the higheſt Quality, and vaniſh on a ſudden with the Mercers Cloaths and the Bankers Money; theſe are not properly Turns of Wit, but Turns of Roguery, ſuch Turns as I have been my ſelf guilty of; there is no more Honour in ſuch Men than in Highway-men. But what ſhall we ſay in Excuſe of thoſe Perſons who are really Perſons of Quality, who have great and brave Titles, are Barons, Earls, Marquiſſes, Dukes, Princes, and Princes of the Blood; who, without travelling from one Country to another, take up Tradeſmens Goods, ſet Mechanicks to work, eat up the Butcher's Meat, the Poulterer's Fowls, the Fiſhmonger's Fiſh, treat their Miſtreſſes and Friends, are very liberal to all Comers, magnificent and expenſive, borrow of all that will lend, and with a Deſign never to pay a Farthing, nay, when they know they never can pay? What Name ſhou'd ſuch Turns as theſe go by? What Claſs are theſe Men of? Of the Rogues, no doubt of it. Yet this Practice is ſo general, and ſuch an infinite Number of People are concern'd in it, to whom we owe Honour and Reſpect, that we muſt not ſay a

Word of it, whatever we think of 'em; however 'twill go againſt our Conſciences to call 'em Honeſt Men, we ſhou'd ſin againſt God and Man in doing it, 'tis to impoſe upon Truth, and affront Men of true Honeſty. I wiſh ſome Man of Quality of this Character, wou'd explain the Matter to me, and let me know what I ſhou'd call him, for I own I am very much embarraſs'd about it. I knew Two Envoys, or Perſons who call'd themſelves Envoys, for I did not demand to ſee their Credentials, who were vers'd in more Arts than one. And indeed your Miniſters are mighty apt to be guilty of theſe Turns of Wit; and thoſe of our own Nation as much as any in the World. Theſe Envoys having a ſtrong Deſire to make a Figure, and to ſpend Money with Profuſeneſs, to acquire Reſpect by it, made an Acquaintance with one another; and finding their Humours to be the ſame, reſolv'd to aſſiſt each other in ſatisfying them. Their Creditors otherwiſe beginning to grow weary of truſting, and they wanting ſome Contrivance to quicken Credit, to borrow more Money, take up more Goods, and run in a new Score with the Vintner; one of theſe Envoys, as had been concerted between them, ſends for his Woollen-Draper, and with a very frank Air asks him for his Bill, Mr. *N*—— the Draper pulls it out, a good Yard long at leaſt, delivers it, and bows to his Shoe-buckle; ſays Monſieur the Envoy well, Mr. *N*—— Three Months hence you and I will ev'n Accounts; there's the Table on which your Money ſhall be told you, depend upon it; 'tis as ſure as if twere in your Pocket: Mr. *N*—— ſmiles at ſuch good News, makes Two or Three low Scrapes, and embarraſſes himſelf with ſome long Compliments to pay his Acknowledgments to his Excellency for his Favour: Before he has quite extricated himſelf out of the Difficulties of his Harangue the Envoy interrupts him, and ſays, Mr.

N——

N——— there's no need of all this Ceremony between you and I; you know I am your Friend; and to ſhew you that I am, I'll help you to the Cuſtom of Monſieur the Envoy of *S*——— a Man of nice Honour, and has, an't pleaſe you, 5000 good Pounds a Year from his Maſter, punctually paid him every Quarter, beſides his own Eſtate, which, thank Heav'n, is not a very ſmall one; and I wou'd have you to know, that tho' his Equipage and Train are not ſo ſplendid as ſome other Miniſters, take it upon my Word he is one of the richeſt and moſt generous Ambaſſadors in this Court. I hope you'll think your ſelf oblig'd to me for recommending him to you; I'll anſwer for his Pay; no Mans is better; if you truſt him for all you have in your Shop you wou'd not loſe a Farthing by him. Mr. *N*——— is tranſported at the News, and racks his Wits for fine Expreſſions, to ſhew how much he is Monſieur the Envoy's Humble Servant. He finiſhes his Compliments as faſt as he can, that he might haſten Home and deliver the new Envoy what he wants, for fear another Man ſhou'd ſtep in and take away ſo good a Cuſtomer from him. But he need not have been in ſuch haſte, there's no fear of his loſing him; the Envoy is at his Shop as ſoon as himſelf; Five or Six Pieces of his beſt Cloath are pack'd up and carry'd away, and the Envoy's Name fairly writ in his Day-book, where 'tis like to ſtay long enough without a Croſs upon it. After this, their Excellencies, like good Chymiſts, extract Money out of the Cloath, with ſome Loſs perhaps, but the Bargain will bear it, and the Proceed is divided between them; this you'll ſay was a handſome Day's Work. The next Day the other Miniſter, who you ſhall ſee was a Man of Honour and Gratitude, wou'd do as much for his Friend, and taking Example from his Turn of Wit, if you will have it ſo call'd, ſent for a ſecond Mr. *N*——— a Draper

of his Acquaintance, who began to be as weary as the other, of always ſelling and never receiving; he made him the ſame Harangue, and was as ſucceſsful in it as his Friend; a new Pack of Cloath is produc'd by it, and melted down into Money as ingeniouſly as the other. The ſame Trick they play'd other Tradeſmen, as the Butcher, Poulterer, Vintner, Cook, the Taylor, Coachmaker, Farrier, Jockey; in ſhort, all ſorts of Trades which cou'd ſupply 'em with what they wanted for Pomp or Luxury, theſe Worthy Gentlemen the Envoys honour'd 'em with their Cuſtom, and ſecur'd their Debts reciprocally by the infallible Security of each others Words.

'Tis true this Way of Dealing did not laſt above Six or Eight Months, and yet that Time was long enough to ruin, or at leaſt ſtreighten, Ten or Twelve Families, who were mightily concern'd for the ſudden diſappearing of their Excellencies; there was no Help for them, and all their Comfort was, that the Envoys wou'd anſwer for't in the World to come. Theſe Noble Miniſters were not *Spaniards* I'll aſſure you, but true *French*-Men, and the Reader may imagine of the Country of the Sharpers. The *French* Court we own know better than that, what Miniſters to make choice of, and pay them too well to put them upon a Neceſſity of playing ſuch Tricks at the Expence of their Maſter's Reputation, as we. And theſe Two Envoys were ſent by Princes who cou'd very well pay their Charges. But there are ſome ſort of Men, who are ambitious of the Character, that will ſerve Princes for nothing; and ſome ſort of Princes ſo covetous as to truſt their Glory with ſuch Perſons; who, tho' they have neither Birth nor Merit to recommend them, yet by promiſing much, and being full of Aſſurance, gain ſuch Credit with Princes as to be employ'd by them; and their Maſters conſidering 'twill coſt

'em

'em nothing, don't value their Reputation in the Matter; thinking they can at any time diſown and ev'n abandon them, if they pleaſe. It does not become *Guzman* of *Alfarache* to teach Princes, that wou'd be an extraordinary piece of Preſumption; but as wiſe and as politick as they all naturally are, or think they are, they may learn ſomething out of this little Sketch of a Hiſtory which I am going to draw them.

I would not have the *French* think, that becauſe I am a *Spaniard* I mean any Affront to their Nation, or ſacrifice Truth to a National Quarrel. They muſt own themſelves, that of all People upon Earth there are none ſo qualify'd for the Trade of Adventurers as the *French*; nor, thank Heaven, that can better tell how to Live, and live well too,at another Man's Coſt, than they. This is a Truth which no body dares contradict. Yet to do Juſtice to all the World, and ſhew them that I am not Partial to my own Countrymen, I ſhall produce Men of the ſame Character, and *Spaniards* too, who, though Knavery is not as natural to them as to the *French*, have prov'd as great Knaves. I ſhall let them ſee, that we have had ſome Illuſtrious Perſons, our Countrymen, whoſe Purſes not being very ſtrong, have been forc'd to do out of Neceſſity, what the *French* do out of Inclination. There was a *Spaniſh* Miniſter who reſided at *Genoua* Five or Six Years,where I became particularly acquainted with him; He being recall'd, had run himſelf ſo far into Debt, that he cou'd not tell how to get off: His Baggage was not only Seiz'd, but he was in pain for his Perſon; and tho he had the leaſt Reaſon to apply, in this Extremity, to the Envoy of *France*, yet his Neceſſities made him do it. And that Miniſter was ſo Generous as to furniſh him with Money to redeem his Baggage, and enable him to return to *Madrid*. But my noble Don never thought fit to repay the Monſieur

ſieur,according to the Laudable and Ancient Practice between the Two Nations,never to return any thing to one another,but from the Mouths of their Canons. When he arrived at *Madrid* with his Two little greaſy Trunks full of waſte Paper, and as wretched a Train as a Country Squire ſallying from his Rural Seat to a Bull-Feaſt, he was like to have been Arreſted and Try'd for holding a dangerous and criminal Correſpondence with the Envoy of *France*, an Enemy of the State.

What a Volume might I make of ſuch Stories as theſe, if I ſhould tell all that I know, and that comes into my Head on this Subject. We have ſaid enough of this Matter; let us now talk of ſomething that's more agreeable; and I have a great Temptation upon me to tell you a Tale, in which a Miniſter is ſtill concern'd,though he was the Bubble here, and not the Cheat. A Lady of my Acquaintance, who lives now in *Spain*, if ſhe is not dead, Sharp'd him out of a Coach and Six Horſes, though he was one of the cunningeſt Men that ever came out of his Country; and in ſhort,had ſo much Wit, that he almoſt run Mad with it. This Story is too long to enter into the Particulars of it; and we have ſaid enough of Cheats of all ſorts: In ſhort, the Number of them is as great as that of Phyſicians. Though there's hardly any body who does not pretend to a *Noſtrum*, to Cure ſome Diſeaſe or other; will there never be one found out to purge Men's Minds of the Raſcally Inclination to deceive one another,and not to be deceiv'd themſelves? For what Reaſon did the Men of old complain to *Jupiter*, that there was not a Window to every one's Breaſt, that we might ſee what paſt within.

Io ſon Huomo d' a Mormorar de i Divi,
Che non ſer la fineſtra al Petto Humano.
Per qui Mirar gl' Ingannator motivi.

We

We muſt have Patience; *Jupiter* was not Aſleep when he made Men, but knew very well what he did. Another Author tells us with as much Reaſon, That the Man whom he made with Horns had greater Cauſe of Complaint againſt him, becauſe he did not give him the Faculty of Feeling them: By which means, he often forgot what he was, and endeavour'd to appear what he was not.

CHAP. V.

Of a Merry Quarrel between a Captain and a Lawyer, at the Ambaſſador's Houſe; And what Share Guzman *had in it.*

'TIS time we ſhou'd return to our Ambaſſador, who excepting his *Foible* of Love, was a Man of the firſt Order. He made a Feaſt one day, to which, he invited the *French* Ambaſſador, and ſeveral other Perſons of the ſame Conſideration. He never car'd that any of his Hangers-on ſhould come at thoſe times, 'twould diſturb the Company he thought to ſee them; Every day elſe was free to them, but when he had Perſons of Rank to Dine with him, he deſir'd them to excuſe him. However it happen'd unluckily, that Two of the moſt Shocking Fellows of them all, came to Dinner that very day. The one was a Captain, and the other a Lawyer; and each of 'em with reſpect to their Employments were Men of Merit. But my Lord Ambaſſador being a Man who was not at all given to Quarrels; and theſe Two Blades talking, the one of Trials at Law, Indictments, Pleadings, Informations, Bills and Anſwers only; and the other only of Battels, Sieges, Routs, and Victories; he often was tir'd

tir'd with them; and never did they come at a more unſeaſonable time than now. As ſoon as he ſaw them enter, he was out of Humour; he did not care to drive them out; but he let them ſee by his Countenance, that if they had come at another time, they would have been more Welcome. The Gentlemen taking no notice of his Excellency's Coldneſs to them, having a quite different Opinion of themſelves from what he had of them, did not ſuppoſe my Maſter cou'd be out Humour at the ſight of Two ſuch Worthy Perſons. And beſides, they thought 'twould be diſhonourable in them to retreat, now they were advanc'd ſo far. As for me, I knew the Ambaſſador's Mind as well as he did himſelf, and what might be the Conſequence of this Adventure. He look'd upon me, and I upon him; I gueſs'd by a Glance of his Eye what he would have; and he perceiv'd I underſtood him. 'Twas to make them pay their Reckoning, and divert the Company at their Expence. The Enterprize was as ſoon reſolv'd on it, as imagin'd, and the Means to accompliſh it quickly contriv'd. The Lawyer was a grave formal Spark, with huge Whiskers, of which he took particular care. One would have thought he durſt not Laugh, for fear of putting 'em out of order: And he always carry'd a Pocket Looking-glaſs with him, to ogle and trim 'em. The Captain pretended to be a fine facetious Perſon, who knew how to carry himſelf before People of the beſt Quality, who underſtood Raillery, and valu'd himſelf on giving it an agreeable Turn. But when once he enter'd into the Hiſtory of his Military Exploits, his Battels and Victories, there was no end of it; he cou'd not tell how to leave it. He had made ſeveral Advances to obtain my Friendſhip, but I did not meet them ſo readily as he had ſeen me do by others; though I behav'd my ſelf civily enough to him, yet we were not the moſt intimate Friends in the

World.

World. Hearing that the Guests were at the Desert, and that the Fruit was carry'd in, I thought it would be the best time for a Jest; and that it might serve instead of an Interlude to make 'em Laugh. I therefore went up to my Captain, and ask'd him with an obliging Air, If he wanted any thing, or I could do him any Service; and he thanking me heartily, I whisper'd some merry thing to him, which made him Laugh; and valuing himself on his quick Repartees, he would needs answer me: I reply'd; he did the same; and so we continu'd drolling and laughing 4 or 5 times. The Guests wonder'd to see us Laugh; and none more than the Lawyer, whom I look'd upon very steadily, when the Captain spoke to me, to make him think we were talking of him: Which at last made him Blush, put him sadly out of Countenance; and I believe he wou'd have given half as much as his Life was worth, to know whom we were talking of. When I saw by his Looks, that he was ripe for a Quarrel with my noble Captain, and his Heart as full of Resentment as I wou'd have had it, I spoke aloud, looking very cooly on the Hero, and assuming a grave Air; I beg your Pardon, Captain, I am too much the Lawyers humble Servant, to say any thing of it to him; he's there in Person; if you have a mind to Joque upon him, you may do it your self; it does not become me to reflect on Persons I shou'd Respect. What's the matter, *Guzman*, says my Master? Sir, said I, the Captain can tell you better than I. He has been rallying the Lawyer, telling Stories of him this quarter of an Hour, and cracking Jests upon his Beard, and now would have me tell him what he has been talking of him. What Raillery; come, *Guzman*, says the *French* Ambassador, let us know what it was. The Lawyer interrupted him, and cry'd, looking furiously on the Captain, I don't know how he cou'd make a Jest of my Beard:

Beard : 'Tis no laughing Matter, I can't ſee any difference between my Beard and other Men's. I knew that very well, Sir, ſaid I ; and that no Man ſhou'd take ſuch venerable Perſons as you by the Beard ; But he tells me, that you keep a young Wench to Comb and Die it every Morning, becauſe it begins to turn Gray ; That every Night ſhe 'noints it with Pommatum, rubs it and dreſſes it to make it look ſlick and bright ; That your Side-Table is cover'd with Inſtruments, to ſet it in order ; That you always ſleep on your Back , for fear , by turning to one ſide, you ſhou'd rumple it : In ſhort, there's hardly any thing Miſchievous and Merry that he has not ſaid of that Reverend Beard of yours. Nay, he ſays further, That you have a Pocket-Looking-glaſs, in which you Ogle your ſelf a thouſand times a-day, to ſee if your Beard is well adjuſted. This is what he would have me tell you as from my ſelf ; but in truth I did not like his Employment, and was willing to render to *Cæſar* the things that are *Cæſar*'s. While I was ſpeaking thus, accompanying my Words with all the neceſſary Poſtures, Grimaces and Tones of Voice ; ſometimes looking on the Captain, and ſometimes on the Advocate, my Lord Ambaſſador of *France*, ready to burſt his Sides with Laughing, cry'd out, For God's ſake, *Guzman*, don't ſay any more of it, I can't bear it. My Lawyer all this while did not Laugh ; he look'd upon me, and then upon the Captain, who made as if he Laugh'd, and did not juſtify himſelf, becauſe he thought 'twou'd have been a Jeſt to the Company. The Lawyer more than half convinc'd, by the Captain's Silence , that he had ſaid all I repeated, every now and then mutter'd out ſome reproachful Language againſt him, which the Captain cou'd hear plainly enough ; and being attack'd with the Names of Blockhead, Fool, Impertinent and Buffoon ; Look ye, ſaid he, Mr. Doctor *Grati-*

an,

an, you Lawyer,with the long Beard,what a Jeſt he makes of you.How?ſays the other,Doctor*Gratian*,and Lawyer with the long Beard ; better words wou'd become you. Who's that makes a Jeſt of me, or my Beard ; 'tis as good as yours I'll warrant ye, you Monſieur Captain, with Whiskers like a Cat's. At theſe Words the whole Company burſt out a Laughing more than ever, inſomuch that the noble Captain began to loſe his Temper. Very well, very well, good Mr. Lawyer, quoth he, you're a pretty Fellow to dine at ſuch a Table; don't you know where you are ? have ye no more Manners ? if I was as great a Fool as you.——What's that,Fool ? replies the Lawyer in a rage, riſing up and flinging his Plate at him; was there ever a greater Fool than thou in the World ; continu'd he, foaming with Choler: Thou pretend'ſt to be as Bold and Brave as *Hercules*, and yet durſt not look an Enemy in the Face. Thou bragg'ſt of thy valorous Atchievments at the Siege of *Tunis*, under *Charles* the V. whom thou never ſaw'ſt but in a Picture. Don't make ſuch a buzzing in ourEars,with thy bragging and bouncing; thou art a perfect *Orlando Furioſo*, and dar'ſt thou enter into Compariſon with me, a Lawyer, a —— The Captain interrupted him, Thou a Lawyer ? A Petty-fogger , a Counſel for Thieves and Pick-Pockets, and an Advocate for Whores and Bawds. I ſcorn to argue with thee; if I had a mind to ſpeak of thee, I could ſay ſomething elſe, without troubling my ſelf about thy Beard. What can'ſt thou ſay of me, quoth the Lawyer in a Fury ? Speak,I defy thee ; and at the ſame time, he drew up to the Captain as if he dar'd him to the Combat. My Bully-Rock, who was really a Man of Courage , preparing to accept of his Defy ; and my Maſter thinking that wou'd be to drive the Jeſt too far, cry'd out, That there ſhould be no Battel ; and a Ceſſation of Arms being agreed upon, the Company endeavour'd

to

to bring them to a Treaty of Peace; which they effected with much a-do, especially on the Lawyer's Side, who requir'd that he might have a Sword given him to fight the Captain: But in the end, Matters were accommodated without the Effusion of Blood, the Lawyer withdrew, and never came to our House afterwards; but the Captain who was much more tolerable, came often, yet not so often as before. He never forgave me, and did me all the ill Offices he cou'd, both in the City and at Home.

I was born with more Wit than Judgment; and 'twas time for me to leave off being a Boy, or what is meant by it, being a Fool. Though my Beard began to bud, I was never a whit the Wiser for it. I shall now without so much Reasoning and Reflection continue the Story of my own, and some of my Master's Adventures, who, especially in Love, was a very great Adventurer. While I was at *Rome*, and above all, while I was in the Ambassador's Service, I was not very unsuccessful with the fair Sex. I thought there had been no false Women except at *Toledo*: But I find, go where you will, they are like Men, the same; and whether Virtuous or otherwise, they are every where to be fear'd; for they have all a malicious Turn of Wit, which they can't correct; and their Malice is often very fatal to those it lights upon. If you don't know it, Reader, the following History of one of the most Virtuous Ladies in *Rome* will convince you of it.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

The Ambaſſador falls in Love with a Gallant Woman at a Ball, whom he miſtakes for a Lady of Virtue and Quality.

IN the merry time of the Carnival, my Maſter and all the Perſons of Quality at *Rome*, was invited to the Prince of *Portolongone*'s Wedding; and my Maſter thinking he ſhould be tir'd with Ceremonies and Conſtraint if he went as an Ambaſſador, reſolv'd to go Mask'd. He diſguis'd himſelf like a *Turk*, and me like a *Moor* to wait upon him. When we came to that Prince's Palace, we found it full of People of Rank, as appear'd by the Magnificence of their Dreſs, for as to their Faces they were all mask'd as well as we. The Women were very fine, and one of them taking particular Notice of my Maſter, he wou'd very fain have had ſome Diſcourſe with her, but ſhe carefully avoided him, tho' he did not know her; which we ſuppos'd was out of fear of making ſome other Perſons jealous, whom ſhe was unwilling to offend. My Maſter however was not diſcourag'd, he did his utmoſt to talk to her, and ſhe was as induſtrious to hinder him, joyning the reſt of the Company, and the Confuſion of ſo many People in Maſquerade, prevented his finding her out; he loſt her all of a ſudden, and cou'd ſee her no more; he ſent me to the Gate to ſee if ſhe did not go out, and to dogg her, in caſe ſhe did, which ſhe perceiving, ran from one Room to another; he follow'd her; yet all his Pains were to no purpoſe, he cou'd learn no Tale nor Tidings of her, which troubl'd him very much, for he fancy'd he had not met with ſo fine a Shap'd Lady in all *Rome*; and if

her Face was anſwerable, he thought ſhe wou'd make a perfect Beauty; her Air, her Complexion, her Actions, and all he cou'd ſee, were ſo charming. While he was in this Concern he was taken with a Motion which, tho' very foul in it ſelf, makes a Perſon the moſt uneaſy of any thing to get rid of it; he went up and down from one Chamber to another, in hopes of finding ſome Convenience to do what was ſo requiſite as the Caſe ſtood; he came to an ordinary Chamber, and by the badneſs of the Furniture gueſs'd it was deſign'd for the Uſe he intended to put it. While he was preparing to put his Deſign in Execution, he heard the ruſling of a Petticoat in a Corner of the Room, where there was no Light, and out of Curioſity to ſee what it was, took the Candle in his Hand, and behind an old Hanging perceiv'd a Couch, from whence roſe a Gentleman and a Lady haſtily; the Woman got out firſt, and gave him ſo rude a Puſh that he recoil'd 2 or 3 Steps. He was not ſo much ſurpriz'd at that, as to find 'twas the Lady whom he had ſo paſſionately long'd to ſee, who puſh'd him; he perceiv'd he came very unſeaſonably, and had unwillingly hinder'd ſome Diverſion that was in Agitation. Tho' he was a little nettled to ſee the Lady whom he had juſt begun to love, ſeek thoſe Services from others which he was ſo willing to grant her, he only ſaid, Madam I am in the wrong, and beg your Pardon. I have known him more curious at other times, but now he let them go their Way; he thought he cou'd do no leſs, having done them ſuch a Diſſervice already; he was, as you may imagine, no Enemy to Nature, and wou'd have been very ſorry to be himſelf interrupted in the middle of his Work: He long'd extreamly to follow her, which however he cou'd not do, for the Occaſions which call'd him thither growing more preſſing, he was forc'd to finiſh what he came about: And ſuppoſing

poſing that his Lovers wou'd not ſtay for him, when they were got out of the Chamber he reſolv'd to examine the place to which they retir'd more narrowly; he there found the Couch with an old dirty Quilt upon't, and looking a little further he ſaw a very fine Sable Muff with a Gold Ribbon, which he ſuppos'd the Lady had dropt in her Confuſion; he took it up with Joy, and put it in his Pocket, more glad of that Purchaſe than if he had found a Purſe with a Thouſand Piſtoles in it. He then return'd to the Company, and I rejoyc'd to ſee him, being in great Pain to know what was become of him; he ask'd me if I had not ſeen the Lady, and told me how he had met with her; I anſwer'd no, and that I was ſure ſhe had not been in the Hall ſince; upon which he concluded that ſhe was gone; and not being willing to ſtay longer we went home; he there ſhew'd me the Muff, ordering me to go next Day to the moſt noted Furriers in Town, to endeavour to find out who bought that Muff, under Colour of reſtoring it to the Owner; 'twas, as we believ'd it, a Muff of Conſequence, and was bought by a Lady of great Quality: After I had examin'd 3 or 4 Furriers, I underſtood it belong'd to Count *Gabriel* of *Urſin*'s Wife: I immediately return'd to my Maſter, and let him know what Diſcovery I had made. The Ambaſſador was tranſported at the News; he had never ſeen that Lady, nor heard talk of her before; her Intrigues were kept ſecret; yet he was not ſurpriz'd at it, knowing how full *Rome* was of Gallant Ladies, and how common ſuch Adventures were there. That 'twas no new thing for Women of Virtue and Rank to have their Amours, and often to chuſe a Confeſſionary to read a *Billet-doux* in from their Lovers; Love being ſometimes found where 'tis leaſt ſought after, and where we leaſt expect to find it; nothing living is inſenſible of its Power; and as the Heart of Man is the laſt

part that ceases living, 'tis also the last that ceases loving. My Master presently imagin'd the Countess of *Ursin* was one of those Ladies who love to have their Intrigues kept secret, and who, as much as they affect an Appearance of Virtue and Coyness, are nevertheless as gallant and amorous as others; he hop'd he shou'd experience it in a little time; and since he had her Muff, that he shou'd meet with her e're 'twas long; fancying he shou'd know her again, tho' he had not seen her unmask'd. The very same Day he enquir'd after her of some of her Acquaintance, and was told that she was a Beauty as famous for her Virtue as her Charms; 'tis thus, said he to himself, the World is impos'd upon. He was ravish'd at the Report of her Perfections, and dy'd with Impatience to see her, that he might judge of that himself. He had little Knowledge of Count *Gabriel*, whom he had only seen twice or thrice at the *French* Ambassador's, whose intimate Friend he was. He went to visit that Minister in hopes of meeting with the Count, and indeed he met him as he expected. Count *Gabriel* was a very gallant Man, courteous and obliging, a Lover of Men of Wit; a Wit himself, and one who was far from giving any Gentleman much Trouble to gain his Friendship. My Master made his Advances in order to it, and was receiv'd with all the Respect due to his Character and Merit. He invited the Ambassador and the Count next Day to Dinner, and then became very great with him. The Count in his turn treated the Two Ministers at his House, which was all my Master wanted; he was overjoy'd at his Success; he dress'd himself in all his Finery, knowing the Ladies are mightily taken with a Man's Appearance; and full of Love and Joy went to the Count's with the *French* Ambassador, who carry'd him in his Coach. Thus far he was pleas'd with his good Fortune; all his Concern was

for

for fear the Count wou'd not let his Lady Dine with them; it being not uſual in *Italy* for Women of Quality to appear on ſuch Occaſions. Count *Gabriel* affected to live after the *French* Manner, and wou'd have his Lady honour the Ambaſſador with her Company at Dinner. My Maſter ſeeing her enter, was ſurpriz'd with her Beauty and Noble Air, which, tho' it had ſomething of Pride in it, was graceful, and becoming her Rank; her Shape, her Mein, her Complexion, and ev'n her Hair, was the ſame with the Lady's in the Mask, and he did not doubt but 'twas the ſame Perſon. In truth, ſhe muſt have been a Woman made on purpoſe, if not the ſame, there was ſo much Reſemblance between them. The Counteſs ſeem'd ſomewhat more grave and ſerious; but ſaid he to himſelf, ſhe has not a Mask on now; and beſides, her Husband and the Two Miniſters Preſence put a Conſtraint upon her, and Women know how to play any Part that ſuits with their preſent Circumſtances. The *French* Ambaſſador complimented her firſt, my Maſter follow'd him, and did it with ſo gallant an Air, and with a little of the amorous, that one wou'd have thought he had been long acquainted with her. No Body took Notice of it. Dinner was brought in; the Entertainment was gay and magnificent; the Company were all of an agreeable Humour, all witty and pleaſant, and the Lady threw off her ſerious Air to rally with them. When a Courſe or two had been ſerv'd up, my Maſter was charm'd with her, and ſet forth all his Graces to charm her. The Feaſt ended to ev'ry one's Satisfaction, and the *French* Ambaſſador ſhewing his Deſire to have a Word or two in private with the Count, they withdrew both into the next Room. My Maſter by this means finding himſelf alone with the Counteſs, believ'd he ſhou'd never have a fairer Opportunity to open the Scene for which he had prepar'd himſelf; and looking on

her tenderly and languiſhingly, he ſaid, I can't tell, Madam, whether you will ever forgive me my unſeaſonable Intruſion upon you at the Prince of *Portolongone*'s on his Wedding-Day; but I aſſure you what I did was far from any Deſign to offend you; for I ſhou'd of all things avoid interrupting People, eſpecially on ſuch Occaſions. I don't know what you mean, my Lord, reply'd the Counteſs, by your ſaying I was at the Prince of *Portolongone*'s; I know nothing of his Wedding; I never go to any publick Meetings, and to my Knowledge never ſaw you before in my Life. Madam, ſays my Maſter, perhaps your Ladyſhip never goes to any Weddings in a Set Dreſs; but I believe you do not deny your ſelf the Pleaſure of ſeeing the Gallant and Fair ſometimes in Maſquerade, eſpecially if the Company of ſome agreeable Perſon invites you. As for me, if you did not ſee me there in an Ambaſſador's Dreſs, you did in that of a *Turk*; and the truth is you treated me that Night as if I had been a *Turk*, or a *Moor*. The Lady, who was amaz'd to hear my Maſter talk at that rate, and cou'd not tell whether he was in jeſt or earneſt, look'd ſteadily upon him, and ſometimes bluſhing, ſometimes ſmiling, according as ſhe was touch'd in her Mind; reply'd, Ah, my Lord Ambaſſador, 'tis certain you was not there your ſelf, or were very much miſtaken, and either made this Story your ſelf, or were impos'd on by ſome who made it for you. No, Madam, ſaid my Maſter, I cannot be miſtaken; this ſhall witneſs for me; and ſaying it, he pull'd out the precious Muff; adding, Come, Madam, you need not fear my Diſcretion, I know how to keep a Lady's Secrets. The Counteſs at theſe Words reſuming her grave Airs, and looking on the Muff, reply'd, 'Tis true, that Muff belongs to me, and was ſtoll'n from me at Church 3 or 4 Days ago. But what do you mean by your Diſcretion, and your keeping a Lady's Secrets?

crets? The Conference, in all Probability, wou'd have ended very disagreeably; and my Master found himself very much embarrass'd with it; when the Count and the *French* Ambassador, thinking 'twas not good Manners to leave my Master by himself with the Countess so long, return'd into the Room where they left them; and the Count having excus'd their Absence in a few Words, the Conversation became general again. The Lady took no notice of what had past, tho' she was not very well satisfy'd with the short Dialogue between my Master and her. She wanted to know the meaning of my Master's Discourse, imagining there was some Intrigue at the bottom, and that 'twou'd not be for her Reputation to leave him in the Dark about it. 'Twas as true as Gospel that her Muff had been stolen from her at Church; that 'twas in the Possession of another; and that the Countess was not the Lady in the Mask. But she cou'd not tell which Way to undeceive my Master, who she saw was prepossess'd with a violent Passion, and wou'd not suppose that a Lady wou'd immediately confess her self to him. He imagin'd the Countess, as well as others, might do her Endeavour to conceal her Infirmities; for which a great deal of Cunning, and sometimes an Air of Impudence, is necessary; which is not presently acquir'd, and without which 'tis very difficult to hide them. My Master, who was convinc'd of this Truth, did not wonder to find the Countess disown that Adventure; he wou'd have thought it strange if she had confess'd it the first time, especially considering her Character of a very nice scrupulous Lady. He was very well pleas'd that he had push'd his Point thus far, resolving to carry it on farther the next time; not doubting but he shou'd succeed in it at last, tho' he might be a little repuls'd in his Attacks at first. The *French* Ambassador, my Master, the Count and Countess, having taken

Leave of each other, went to their ſeveral Apartments and Houſes. My Maſter being oblig'd to make an Entertainment on a Day of publick Rejoycing, took hold of that Opportunity to invite the Ladies, that the Counteſs might come with the reſt. She wou'd have excus'd her ſelf, had ſhe not had a great mind to finiſh the Conference he had with her at her own Houſe, and to that end ſhe paſt over all her Scruples and came to ours, with an Intention to come to an *Eclairciſſement* with my Maſter about it. He did his utmoſt to ſhew his Reſpect to her, and paid her extraordinary Honours; and tho' there were ſeveral Ladies of as good Quality, and ſome better, as Princeſſes, yet he was more obſervant to her than to any of them. However, her Reputation for Virtue was ſo well eſtabliſh'd, that what he did cou'd not hurt it, notwithſtanding they ſaw he gave her the Preference. My Maſter cou'd not help accoſting her in the middle of the Feaſt, and the Diverſions he had provided for his Gueſts. He talk'd to her of the pretended Aſſignation, told her all the Circumſtances of it, and ev'n the laſt, which were ſo unworthy of her; and ſhe not being able any longer to contain her Reſentment, ſaid to him with an Air of Diſdain, I wonder you, who have been in *Rome* ſo long, ſhou'd know me no better, than to be ſo far miſtaken in me. If he had examin'd her Conduct, he wou'd have found it irreproachable, and not like that of thoſe Wretches who had ſtoll'n her Muff from her. My Maſter ſeeing he had ſaid too much,and given Offence to the Fair Lady,begg'd a Thouſand Pardons, and promis'd her never to mention that Affair again to her as long as he liv'd; aſſuring her he wou'd believe whatever ſhe wou'd have him; adding that, to ſhew the Eſteem he had for her, he deſir'd no more Favour at her Hands, than to be ſuffer'd to love her and ſerve her, as the Perſon who beſt deſerv'd to be ſerv'd and lov'd of

any in the World. I permit you with all my Heart, reply'd ſhe, with a forc'd Smile, provided you agree that we ask the Conſent of the Count my Husband. My Maſter ſmiling, ask'd her if ſhe always follow'd that Method, and never did any thing without his Order? She anſwer'd very reſolutely, Yes, my Lord; and added further, ſhe had never any need of asking his Conſent, for never Man before was ſo bold as to put her to the Queſtion. Then I am the firſt, ſaid he, Madam, and it belongs to you to do as you think fit. The Matter went no further at that time; and notwithſtanding all the Counteſs had ſaid, my Maſter was not yet undeceiv'd. He took it all for Grimace, which only confirm'd him in his wonted Belief concerning Women; that in the Affair of Love they know a great deal more than Men, and always make Fools of them. His Friendſhip with the Count grew more and more ev'ry Day; they viſited one another often, and that gave my Maſter frequent Opportunities of ſeeing the Counteſs. She at laſt grew weary of his Viſits and amorous Flights, and reſolv'd to break off Converſation with a Man of his Principles; wherefore ſhe avoided the Sight of him for a time. The Count, who had not yet taken notice of his Wife's altering her Conduct with reſpect to my Maſter, having one Day invited him to Dinner, and hearing that the Counteſs had excus'd her dining with them, pretending ſhe was indiſpos'd, was ſurpriz'd at it, knowing he had left her in very good Health in the Morning; he therefore reſolv'd to go and ſee what was the Matter with her. When he came to her Chamber he found her playing upon her Lute, which ſhe us'd to divert her ſelf with; upon which he cry'd, Is this the ſick Lady? And what's the Reaſon, Madam, that you will not honour us with your Company at Dinner to Day? She bluſh'd a little, and ſmiling anſwer'd, That her Head ak'd a little, and ſhe did not care for

for eating. A very fine Excuſe ſays the Count; I have invited the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador to dine with me, and if your Head ak'd a Thouſand times worſe than it does, you muſt come and keep us Company; we can't excuſe you. For that very Reaſon, reply'd the Counteſs in ſome Confuſion, I deſire to ſtay where I am. What have you to ſay againſt that Miniſter, ſays the Count? I don't ſee that he has any thing ſhocking in him, or ſo diſagreeable, that you ſhou'd ſhun his Company. I have no Fault to find with his Perſon reply'd the Counteſs; with his Diſcourſe I have enough; for in ſhort his way of Converſation is not ſuitable to mine. Pray tell me, ſays the Count a little warmly, what's this Diſcourſe of his which ſo offends you? I can't repeat it, ſaid ſhe a little ſharply; they are Compliments, Courtſhip, and ſuch ſort of Stuff, which renders his Company very tireſome to me. Is that all, quoth her Husband ſmiling? Indeed, Madam, I had need know you very well, to believe you are ſincere in making Scruples of what other Women are ſo well pleas'd with; 'tis not common for the Ladies to be frighten'd at ſuch things, and I beg you not to make me ridiculous by your Niceties; I am in no fear of you, your Innocence is your Guard and mine, and I don't want further Proofs of your Virtue. Come to Dinner, come, Madam, Monſieur the Ambaſſador is a profeſs'd Gallant Man, you are a handſome Woman, and he wou'd think he was not civil to you, if he did not talk to you as he does to other Ladies; he believes you are of the ſame Make; hear him, and laugh at him; for to take what he ſays in jeſt, in earneſt, is worſe than if you heard him with Pleaſure. He is my Friend, I love his Company, and wou'd not fall out with him for ſo ſmall a Matter as this, that wou'd make us the Talk of the whole Town. Live on as you have hitherto done; your Reputation is ſafe, Monſieur the

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Ambaſſador can't hurt it, as long as you give him no more Reaſon than to hear and laugh at his Gallantry. You know I am as much concern'd in this Matter as your ſelf, and if there was any thing bad in it, you may be ſure I wou'd not ſuffer it. Laugh once more at him, if he talks to you again after the ſame rate; 'tis the beſt Courſe you can take both for my Credit and yours. Dinner ſtays for you; carry your ſelf more gayly now than you us'd to do; you'll oblige me by it. After all this ſage Advice, which few *Italian* Husbands cou'd have giv'n their Wives, the Count, who did not however know his Lady's Humour, perfectly prevail'd with her to dine with them. He went before, and the Counteſs follow'd him a Minute or Two afterwards. Her Husband told my Maſter that his Wife had the Head-ach, but however ſhe wou'd come and eat a bit with 'em. Accordingly ſhe came, and look'd freſher and fairer than ever, having nothing like a ſick Woman in her Countenance. My Maſter perceiving it, preſently gueſs'd that there was ſomething elſe in the Buſineſs, for he was no Fool, yet took no notice of it. He made her his Compliment on her being out of order; and the Count, who wou'd not for a World that the Ambaſſador ſhou'd have miſtruſted any thing of the Dialogue he had with his Wife, affected to appear in a mighty good Humour, as ſhe did alſo at her Husband's Requeſt. Thus ſhe ſeem'd more charming than ever, and he doubted not in the leaſt but ſhe was the ſame Lady he had ſeen at the Maſquerade.

The Count, to take away all manner of Suſpicion from my Maſter that he cou'd be jealous of him, pretended an Excuſe to go out, and left his Wife with him a full half Hour, as well to give him an Opportunity to pay his Compliments to his Lady, as to give her an Occaſion to do what he requir'd of her in caſe he continu'd his Courtſhip. She did

as the Count wou'd have her, was very gay; and my Maſter overjoy'd to find her a little more tracta-ble; this Alteration, reviv'd his Hopes, which were dying before, and embolden'd him in his renewing his Attacks. This Converſation laſted ſome time; the Lady all that while put a Conſtraint on her ſelf, was very complaiſant, laugh'd and banter'd as well as ſhe cou'd, for 'twas all forc'd; and my Maſter, deceiv'd by this Appearance of a Change, grew more in Love than ever. He ventur'd ev'n to write to her; ſhe receiv'd the Letters, but return'd no An-ſwer. However, my Maſter was not diſcourag'd; that went for nothing with ſo amorous a Man as he was; and no Man cou'd be more, eſpecially ſince his laſt Conference with this Lady. He put the worſt Conſtruction upon all her Actions; ev'n her Severity paſt for Tenderneſs; and he ſuppos'd that whatever ſhe did againſt Love was againſt her In-clination. Notwithſtanding what my Maſter was pleas'd to think of her, the Counteſs was a Miracle of a Woman, and far from taking Delight in thoſe Things with which other Women are ſo much de-lighted. She grew heartily weary of my Maſter's Importunity; ſhe cou'd not bring her ſelf to act the Part her Husband wou'd have her any longer. She complain'd of the Ambaſſador's teazing her to the Count, and he always made a Jeſt of it; wherefore ſhe reſolv'd to rid her ſelf of this impertinent Affair without his Help; and ſhe took this way of doing it.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

An unlucky Adventure of the Ambaſſador and Guzman, *in the Proſecution of this Intrigue.*

THE Counteſs began, as I have ſaid, to carry her ſelf more civilly to my Maſter than at firſt, and obſerving the Fire kindled at it, ſhe was ſtill more civil, that it might break out into an open Flame. A Woman that pleaſes one naturally, need not be at much Pains to pleaſe more; and ſhe led my Maſter along ſo by degrees, that at laſt he believ'd ſhe really lov'd him. My Misfortune was, that being one of the Inſtruments of this Amour, and one that was troubleſome to her in it, ſhe reſolv'd that I ſhou'd alſo ſhare in the Trick ſhe intended to play us. 'Twas always our Way when my Maſter carry'd on an amorous Intrigue in any Houſe, I generally had one of the ſame Nature in it, either with the Waiting-maid, Chamber-maid, Tire-woman, or one Female Servant or another; and this Practice was of great uſe to us in our Deſigns; 'twas commonly my Poſt to open the Scene by it, before he appear'd, which made his Way the ſmoother to the Miſtreſs. I did not fail taking the ſame Method at Count *Gabriel's*, where I caſt my Eye on a pretty Brown Girl, my Lady's Waiting-woman, of a lively merry Humour, who ſeem'd to fit my Purpoſe, for ſhe was always talking; and 'twas ſuch an Inſtrument I wanted, to know how Things paſt in the Family, for or againſt us. I found her at firſt as Coy as her Miſtreſs; one wou'd have thought all the Females in the Count's Houſe had been ſuckled by Tygreſſes. My Lady's Example was the Occaſion of it, as that of Gallant Miſtreſſes is apt to ſpoil the diſcreeteſt Waiting-women in the World.

World. I was not disheartⅇn'd any more than my Maſter at the Damſel's Cruelty; I knew how to bring her to Reaſon, and tame her; a few ſmall Preſents made us good Friends, and from a Tygreſs ſhe became as mild as a Lamb; but I cou'd not get much out of her that related to her Miſtreſs, of whom ſhe told me nothing that look'd like a Woman of Intrigue, for which we took her. I found ſhe cou'd not do us much Service in the Matter; for in ſhort the Counteſs had reſolv'd to divert her ſelf at our Expence, and my roguiſh Girl was in the Secret; ſhe inform'd me, like a falſe Jade, that ſhe began to perceive her Endeavours to ſerve my Lord Ambaſſador had not been unſucceſsful, and that the Counteſs lik'd him better and better ev'ry Day. This you may imagine was joyful News to me; I acquainted my Maſter with it, expecting he wou'd be in an Extaſy when he heard it; and he eaſily enough gave Credit to my Report, becauſe it agreed with the Part the Counteſs had for ſome time acted of an obliging Perſon; it being alſo natural for People to believe what they deſire ſhou'd be true. Thus he ſooth'd his Paſſion till he was all of a Flame. The Counteſs's ſeeming Compliance, and her Woman's Reports, made him no longer doubt of the Reality of his good Fortune, and he began to preſs her to give him ſome Proofs of her Love. She did not ſurrender at the firſt Summons; that might have caus'd Suſpicions of her Sincerity, conſidering the Character of the Woman; ſhe did like ſome weak Gariſons, who not being in a Condition to defend themſelves, will, for their Honour ſake, ſee ſome Cannon fir'd againſt them before they yield up the Places. This amorous Capitulation laſted Eight Days, and at the end of that Term I carry'd my Maſter the Articles my ſelf, which were, That he ſhou'd come a little before Midnight, when the Count was abed and aſleep, to the Counteſs's

Houſe,

Houſe, where, upon a Signal agreed on to be giv'n, the Door was to be open'd. No-body but the Waiting-maid knew any thing of the Affair, ſhe promis'd to come to the Door at the Hour appointed, to lead us to an inner Court,to which the Counteſs's Chamber look'd; there we were to find a Ladder of an exact Height, by which my Maſter was to mount up to her Cloſet, where ſhe ſaid ſhe wou'd expect him with a Candle. This was a very pretty Adventure for a Perſon of a Publick Character; but the wicked Girl had ſo repreſented the Matter to me, that I thought there was not the leaſt Danger in the World; ſhe told me the Count had a ſeparate Apartment at a Diſtance from his Lady's; that all the Domeſticks wou'd then be aſleep, and in a word, that her Miſtreſs wou'd have the Aſſignation no where but there, where her Reputation wou'd not be expos'd. Theſe Reaſons prevail'd upon my Maſter, whoſe Paſſion had made him blind, and he had dreſs'd himſelf as fine as ever he cou'd againſt the time, as I alſo, following his Example, had done; ſo both of us were equipp'd as if we had been going to a Wedding, and indeed we thought 'twas to ſomething very much like it. We were both wrapped up in our ſhort Cloaks, and 'twas well we had them to put on, for it rain'd a Storm, which I took for an ill Omen. We march'd along very privately to the Counteſs's, where, when we arriv'd, we gave the Signal, but there was no great Haſte made to let us in; which I took to be done out of Malice, becauſe it rain'd. We ſtay'd there a good while, it rain'd ſtill; and beſides that we were in the middle of the Street, our Affairs were very preſſing, and requir'd ſpeedy Admittance. We renew'd our Signal again and again, and at laſt we heard a Noiſe at the Door, which was open'd to us a Moment afterwards by the traiterous Wench that waited on the Counteſs. She made us 2 or 3 raſcally Compliments

ments for letting us ſtay ſo long in the Rain; ſhe had no Candle, and we car'd as little for Light as ſhe did; there's certain Affairs that don't ſtand in need of it, and ours was of that kind. She gave me her Hand to conduct me along, becauſe ſhe cou'd be familiar with me; I led my Lord Ambaſſador, ſo we march'd Tail to Tail very ſoftly, for fear of being heard; ſhe carry'd us thro' ſeveral Lodgings, up ſeveral pair of Stairs, and down others, till we came to the inner Court, where, as ſhe promis'd us, we ſaw the Lady's Cloſet very well illuminated, and all the reſt of her Apartment in the dark; without that Light we cou'd hardly ſee one another, and with it not very well. I ask'd of the Girl with a low Voice where the Ladder was, and ſhe put my Hand upon it as it lay along on the Ground; I rais'd it up, and planted it exactly againſt the Cloſet Window; after which my Maſter gave me his Cloak and mounted it. The Wench ſeeing he was upon it took me by the Hand and whiſper'd, Come, let's leave your Maſter to my Lady, and you and I go and chat together. I had as good a Mind to withdraw with her as ſhe; and not believing the Ambaſſador had any further Occaſion of my Service at that time, I did not give her much Trouble to hale me after her. We went back into the Houſe by the ſame Door we came out at, which ſhe lock'd after her, for fear, ſaid ſhe, any of the Servants might have the Curioſity to come that Way. We grop'd our Way Hand in Hand thro' ſeveral Apartments, till, as I gueſs'd by the Smell, we came to the Kitchin; we cou'd ſee nothing, ſhe open'd a little Door, and ſaid, go in, 'tis my Chamber, fear nothing, you'll find a Bed at the further end of it, lye down till I come again, I'll go into the Kitchin and light a Candle, and come to you immediately; ſhe ſpoke ſo naturally and chearfully, that I did not ſuſpect her Sincerity, neither wou'd

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the most diffident Man upon Earth have suspected her. I went in, and walk'd up towards this happy Bed; I had not stepp'd far before I came to one, lay down upon it, and sunk in much farther than I had a Mind to do; for in short 'twas a common Sink, cover'd with an old Rug, into which all the Filth and Garbage of the Kitchen was thrown. Never Man was so frighten'd as I; I gave my self over for a lost Man, and never expected to get out again; as good Luck wou'd have it, 'twas not above Knee-deep, but it stunk like a Butchers Slaughter-House; and my Master's fine Cloak as well as mine had a good share of it; for having both on my Arm I fell in with them, and they both sunk down under me to the bottom. I saw well enough 'twas a Trick which that little Slut had play'd me, but did not guess what Reason she had to use me so scurvily. I then began to be very apprehensive of my Master's Fate, for such a Treatment as mine cou'd prophesy no Good by him. However, I was too much concern'd at my own Misfortunes to reflect long upon his. I did not think it proper to go on farther, lest I shou'd meet with something worse, and sink down deeper in the Nastiness that surrounded me; I stepped back 2 or 3 Steps, and reach'd the Door by which I enter'd the Sink, but I found the Jade had lock'd it upon me. I cou'd not tell now what to do; to make a Noise and wake the Dogs and Servants might be of dangerous Consequence; to stay there all Night was next to hanging; and 'twas now that I heartily wish'd Love and Lovers to the Devil. I was in Despair, and cou'd not support my self under my Misfortunes; at last I took Courage, and said thus to my self; 'Tis on such Occasions as these that a brave Fellow, as thou art, shou'd shew that he is above the Strokes of ill Fortune, and make use of his Wit to extricate himself out of them. These Moral Reflections having giv'n me a little Courage, it

came into my Head that this Sink muſt have more Ways out of it than one, for I felt the Air come in at more than one place; I believ'd therefore there muſt be ſome other Door to it which led into another Court, from whence the Wind came; all the Difficulty was to find it; for I cou'd ſee no more than if I had been in an Oven, and I was afraid of diving farther into the Filth if I ſtepp'd one way or t'other. At laſt I reſolv'd to wade thro' it, and march'd along by the Wall, treading very leiſurely one Foot after another to ſound the place, and try how far 'twas to the bottom. This Method ſucceeded, for I had not ſtepp'd many Steps before I came to the wiſh'd-for Door, which led out of that naſty Jakes to a Court, and by good Luck was only latch'd; 'twas rather a Hole than a Door, and the Servants us'd to throw out all the Filth and Ordure of the Kitchin at it. I did not mind whether 'twas a Door or a Hole, the one was as welcome to me as the other, as long as I cou'd make my Way thro' it out of that obſcene Sepulchre; and when I had crept thro' it into the freſh Air, a Man who had riſen from the Grave cou'd not be more tranſported at the Sight of the Sun than I was to be deliver'd out of ſo foul a Priſon. My Joy was the greater, becauſe I found my ſelf in an open Country, where I hop'd I might make my Eſcape. But I did not know where I was; and op'ning my Eyes as much as I cou'd, it ſeem'd to me to be the ſame inner Court where I left my Maſter. Groping about a little farther I felt the Ladder, and then I was ſatisfy'd 'twas the ſame place, only I wonder'd I ſaw no Light at the Window of my Lady's Cloſet, nor heard the leaſt Noiſe. Theſe were dreadful Preſages; what's become of my poor Maſter ſaid I to my ſelf? For after I had been us'd ſo roughly my ſelf, I doubted not of his meeting with ſome ſuch like Treatment, and that his Stars wou'd be as malignant

lignant as mine; yet I ſometimes flatter'd my ſelf that if any thing ill had come to him, I ſhou'd have heard a Noiſe, being ſo near him. I cou'd not tell what to make of it, but ſhook from Hand to Foot when I reflected on his Danger and my own. In this ſad State and Pickle was I, when I fancy'd I ſaw ſomething ſtir in one Corner of the Court, which was not very large, and what was worſt of all, it ſhin'd like a naked Sword or Dagger, either of which in my preſent Circumſtances was a terrible Sight to me. 'Tis impoſſible for a Man's Courage to ſink lower than mine did at this time; I crept off from that ſhining thing as ſoftly and as faſt as I cou'd, for I did not at all like its Neighbourhood; tho' I was willing to have my Eye upon it, not knowing what it might be, whether Friend, Enemy, or Neuter. In this Agony I heard ſome-body call me by my Name, but with ſo low and weak a Voice, that I cou'd not imagine 'twas my Maſter; yet I ſtopp'd, to try if I cou'd hear it call again, not daring to anſwer. He call'd me again, and obſerving that I ſtay'd to hearken to him, he cry'd, Dear *Guzman*, Is it thou? I had put my good Lord into a Fright, as well as he had done me, and he trembled every whit as much as I, and truly not without Reaſon. Yes, my Lord, 'tis I, quoth his moſt obſequious Servant, I did not think you were there; the very ſame, reply'd my Maſter ſighing, to my Misfortune; we are betray'd. Whence cam'ſt thou? Cannot we get out into the Street by the Way thou cam'ſt hither? No, my Lord, anſwer'd I, Care is taken for that, every thing is faſt lock'd; and I came out of a place that you may ſmell, an't pleaſe your Honour, if you can't ſee. Yes, ſays his Excellency, thou do'ſt ſtink abominably. For God ſake, *Guzman*, think of ſome means or other to make our Way into the Street, for I had rather loſe my Life than ſtay to be affronted, as I expect I

ſhall be, and as my Folly deſerves. My Lord, ſaid I, ſince I have frequented this Houſe I have obſerv'd moſt of the Paſſages to it, and particularly this Court-yard, tho' 'tis the innermoſt; to the beſt of my Remembrance the Stables and Coach-houſes are at the farther end of it; if ſo, one may eaſily get off by help of this Ladder, which we may plant againſt the Wall of the Coach-houſe, mount it, fix it there, and ſlide down by it into a By-Street, which I know the Stables and Coach-houſes open to. My good Lord was as well pleas'd with this Advice, as if I had reſtor'd him to Life from the Dead, ſo impatient was he to deliver himſelf out of this curs'd Adventure, and out of the Houſe of a Perſon who had play'd him ſuch a Trick, and intended him ſtill worſe Play. He took the Ladder himſelf, put it to the Wall of the Coach-houſe, and ſearch'd with his Eyes and Hands to try whether what I told him was true. I got up the Ladder after him, and convinc'd him that I was in the right of it; ſo down we both got, by the help of the Ladder, on the other ſide into the By-Street, and then we drew the Machine a little Way off, that it might not give occaſion to People to talk or think upon what might have happen'd. 'Tis impoſſible for a Man to be more tranſported with the good Succeſs of an amorous Intrigue, than my Maſter was to find himſelf deliver'd from the Effects of his Miſcarriage, and at Liberty. He believ'd all that had happen'd to him was nothing to what he had to fear, if he had ſtay'd in that Houſe all Night, expos'd to the Mercy of a Man who had juſt Reaſon to complain of him, and had both Right and Power to be cruelly reveng'd on him. He now breath'd freely, and was his own Man again; yet he ſaid never a Word of his Reception till we came Home; where he told me, that as ſoon as he came to the Window, which he ſcratch'd twice or thrice, as had been concerted before, he

heard a Noiſe, and the Window open at the ſame time; but, to his Mortal Aſtoniſhment and Surprize, found the Count there, inſtead of the Counteſs. Her Husband had a Lamp in his Hand, which he held up to my Maſter's Face, that he might not miſtake him: How, Monſieur Ambaſſador, ſays he, does it become a Man of your Character to break into Peoples Houſes thus, like a Robber, at this time of Night, eſpecially a Friend's Houſe, which is always open to you by Night and by Day? He did not hear a Word more; and how he came down the Ladder again he cou'd not tell; he expected to be aſſaulted every Minute. And when I came out of my Hole, he ſaid 'twas well I did not come up near him; for taking me for one of the Count's Valets whom he had ſent to aſſaſſinate him, he had certainly ſtabb'd me to the Heart with his Dagger, which he had drawn on purpoſe. But when he ſaw me grope about like one who was a Stranger in the place, he ſuppos'd 'twas I. We then conſider'd who it ſhou'd be that had betray'd us; he imputed it to one of the Count's Domeſticks. And tho' I had been ſerv'd ſo unworthily alſo, he wou'd not believe the Counteſs had any hand in it; ſo blind are Lovers when their Lady's Conſtancy is in diſpute, and ſo loth to believe they are jilted by a Perſon they love. I wou'd not offend him, by contradicting him, and telling him what I thought of the Buſineſs. I help'd undreſs him, and put him to Bed, which he ſtood more in need of than of a Miſtreſs, for he was very faint, and look'd as pale as Death; ſo I left him to his Reſt, if 'twas poſſible for a Man to reſt after ſuch a wicked Nights Work.

Next Morning, before I was up, I ſpy'd the Counteſs's Page coming into my Chamber; I had already ſcrap'd an Acquaintance with him, in our Viſits to the Count and Counteſs, and engag'd him in my Intereſts: He fell a laughing at our late Ad-

venture, as ſoon as he ſaw me, and then inform'd me the Truth of it in every Particular of what had paſs'd between the Count and his Miſtreſs on that Subject, of which he was an Eye and Ear Witneſs. He ſaid the Count came Home, and was going to Bed about half an Hour after Eleven a Clock, and not finding the Counteſs there, who did not uſe to be up ſo late, he ask'd him himſelf where his Lady was, the Page anſwering, in her Cloſet; he went thither to know why ſhe did not go to Bed. When he came there he found it dreſs'd out magnificently, and her Ladyſhip as fine as Fingers and Cloaths cou'd make her; ſhe had an Air of Gallantry which ſurpriz'd and alarm'd her Husband; ſhe had more Powder in her Hair, more Patches on, more Jewels and Ribbons, than ſhe had ever worn ſince their Marriage. The Counteſs ſtill continuing to ogle her ſelf in the Glaſs, he burſt out into a Fit of Laughter; hey dey! What's the Matter now, Madam, quoth he? One wou'd think indeed that you expect a Gallant to Night; you have hit right, reply'd the Lady, I do expect one, and a very tender one too. Methinks, ſays the Count, with the ſame gay Air, the Aſſignation Hour is paſt, and with your pretended Gallant's Leave I ſhall make bold to go to Bed; as for the Hour, reply'd his Wife; I am not yet very well acquainted with theſe things, but I ſhou'd think Midnight is the beſt Time for it: And as to going to Bed, you'll diſpenſe with me, I hope, for this Night; I have giv'n my Word, and you are a Man of ſo much Complaiſance for your Friend, that I am ſure you will not let me break it; One Night will make no Difference between you and I, when a Friend is in the Caſe. The Count, who had not often ſeen his Wife in ſuch a merry Humour, wonder'd more and more at the Airs ſhe gave her ſelf; nevertheleſs he cou'd not help laughing, and then he continu'd the Dialogue thus: I

ſee you are in a rallying Vein, Madam; I, Sir, ſaid ſhe, you ſhall ſee in a Moment or Two that I am in good earneſt; don't you trouble your ſelf about it, go to Bed, and let me alone with my Lover, without diſturbing us; we will not, I'll warrant you, diſturb you; for the Gallant I expect does not intend to come the common Way, but there, ſhe added pointing to the Window, like a true Romantick Lover, as indeed he is. The Count ſtar'd upon her, and all ſhe ſaid was a Riddle to him; which ſhe obſerving, kept on with her Story, and ſaid ſmiling, Why are you ſurpriz'd, Sir? I only follow your Orders, or at leaſt your Inſtructions; I have been as Complaiſant as you wou'd have me; an Hour of private Conference was ask'd, I was very much preſs'd to grant it, and cou'd not, you know, handſomely refuſe it; but I gave the Perſon timely Warning that I wou'd tell you of it, and have your Conſent, without which I cou'd go no farther; you ſee I do it, and I think there is no more to be deſir'd of me. The Count, who all this while thought her in jeſt, was about to anſwer her in the ſame Language, when the Jade of a Waiting-maid came to tell her that 3 or 4 Signals had already been giv'n, and to know if ſhe ſhou'd open the Door; yes, reply'd the Counteſs, go, go. What's this, ſays the Count? What does ſhe mean by her Signals? Nothing, Sir, nothing, reply'd the Counteſs, but that the Lover is come, and wants Admittance. And are you in earneſt, Madam, ſays her Husband? For I ſhou'd think my ſelf the greateſt Fool in the World if I cou'd believe you to be ſo fooliſh as you make your ſelf. In what am I ſo fooliſh, ſays ſhe? Have I done any thing that has not been by your Order? See there, ſhe added, and gave him one of my Maſter's Letters, if one muſt not have a Heart of Stone to reſiſt ſuch a tender Billet; I receiv'd it this Morning, and have a Dozen in the

ſame Stile on the ſame Subject. But let us be gone, ſaid ſhe, riſing up, nothing is more impertinent to People who have a right Underſtanding than the Preſence of a Husband. The Count took the Billet, and preſently knew the Hand, having often ſeen my Maſter's Writing in Letters to him, and otherwiſe. He follow'd the Counteſs out of the Cloſet, and caſting his Eyes on the Billet read as follows.

'I muſt die, or ſee you to Day, my adorable 'Counteſs. Never Man lov'd to ſuch a degree as I 'do; but 'tis true never Man lov'd ſo amiable a Per'ſon. You may be ſure of my Company at the Time 'appointed; if I had a Thouſand Lives I wou'd ex'poſe 'em all for ſuch a dear Bleſſing. How long will 'this Day ſeem to me? How many tireſome Minutes 'am I to paſs, before I arrive at that which is the Per'fection of my Happineſs? Thus dearly Love will 'make us pay for his Joys. But I ſhall owe him the 'more, if in this Time of my Penance I can prevail 'upon you to believe, that never Man deſerv'd more 'than I to poſſeſs you; I ſhall give you a Proof of 'it anon; and if you bring all your Heart with 'you, I'll anſwer for all mine.

The Count perceiv'd now that 'twas not Raillery, he ſaw more of the Tragedy than of the Comedy in it; neither cou'd he comprehend how a Man of my Maſter's Character cou'd be guilty of ſuch an unjuſtifiable Action, as well with regard to himſelf as to a Woman of his Wife's Quality. The Counteſs obſerving he grew very penſive upon it, and having inſenſibly led him into another Apartment, where he ſometimes lay, ſhe made him a very low Courtſy, and humbly begg'd him to lye there that Night, and the next Day ſhe wou'd tell him all the Paſſages of ſo agreeable an Adventure. I believe, Madam, ſaid he, I ſhou'd put you to it too much to take you at your Word; however, I am too much concern'd in the Feaſt not to have any Share of it. Let me ſee

this Worthy Perſon, and I believe I cannot chaſtize his Boldneſs better than by giving him a Sight of me. Upon this they return'd to the Counteſs's Lodgings, who continu'd to banter him on this Buſineſs. The Count went into the Cloſet, open'd the Window, found my Maſter on the Ladder, and ſpoke to him, as I have ſaid elſewhere. Tho' I apprehended that this News wou'd not be very welcome to my good Lord, I thought 'twas ſo much his Intereſt to know how the Counteſs had trick'd him, that I reſolv'd to tell him what the Page had told me, that he might be the better able to manage his Affairs with the Count; who it ſeems was ſo far from being outragious againſt my Maſter, that he ordered the Doors ſhou'd be open'd, and he let out without Noiſe or Scandal; but his Wife, for her Diverſion, had hinder'd it, reſolving we ſhou'd ſtand a little longer in the Court-yard, expos'd to the Violence of the Weather. When the Servants came to ſee for us we were gone, and they ſuppos'd we got over the Coach-houſe, for there was no other Way out, except at the Doors. The Ambaſſador heard all my Relation, which was the ſame the Page told me, without interrupting me: When I had done, he ſaid, if the thing happen'd to become publick, he wou'd poſitively deny it; and that he wou'd carry himſelf towards the Count as he had always done, but wou'd never go to his Houſe again.

The next Day there was an extraordinary Entertainment at the *French* Ambaſſador's Houſe; he ſent to invite all the Foreign Miniſters and Principal Perſons in *Rome*, and my Maſter one of the firſt, being his Friend; he was ſo chagrin, that had he had no-body to ſatisfy but the Ambaſſador he wou'd have made an Excuſe, and not gone to the Feaſt; but after what had paſt, for fear his Abſence might occaſion the Adventure to be more talk'd of and jeſted upon, he reſolv'd to go, tho' he knew the Count

Count wou'd be there alſo. Accordingly he went, but came late, juſt as the Company was ſitting down to Table; he took his Seat, as was his Due, at the upper end of the Table, and the firſt Man he ſet his Eyes upon was the Count, who with an open and agreeable Air ask'd him how he did, becauſe, ſays he, you ſeem to be a little alter'd ſince Yeſterday. My Maſter rejoycing at the Count's frank Way of Proceeding, anſwer'd ſmiling, That truly he had not ſlept very well that Night, but otherwiſe he was in good Health. This was all they ſaid then in particular, for the Converſation preſently became general and tumultuous, as it always is at ſuch great Feaſts, eſpecially at the beginning of them. At the end of this, when, as is uſual, Wine and good Cheer had put every Body in a better Humour, the Company fell to telling pleaſant Stories; every Man told one upon ſome Subject or another, the Count kept his till the laſt; there was not a Lord in *Rome* who cou'd tell a Tale more pleaſantly than he; and when he ſaw the Audience was prepar'd for it, and he for them, he began, by ſaying that he had a pleaſanter Story to tell them than any they had yet heard; and if the Truth and Novelty of a Tale make it the better, as is generally thought, he wou'd anſwer for both the one and the other in the Story he was about to relate; for he believ'd there was not a newer nor a truer in the Town, ſince the Matter was tranſacted within Four and Twenty Hours of the Time preſent; that he knew the Perſons concern'd intimately, and that every Body there knew them alſo. This Preamble rais'd the Curioſity of every one preſent to know it, my Maſter and I only excepted; we both turn'd as pale as Death to hear ſuch a notable Farce, where our own dear ſelves were the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, the Perſons repreſented. The Count made a Recital of every thing that had paſs'd between his Wife and

my

my Maſter, from his finding her Muff to the laſt Nights Diſgrace, as far as the Counteſs had acquainted him with it. You may imagine he nam'd no Names; and as he did not ſpare my Maſter, ſo he was very free with himſelf, as a very civil obliging Husband, which is an odious Creature in *Italy*. He interlac'd ſo many pretty Turns of Wit, and adorn'd the Story with ſuch pleaſant Images of Perſons and Things, that I never was better pleas'd with one in my Life. But what I admir'd moſt of all on this Occaſion was, my Maſter's cold and indifferent Countenance on the Matter, while in his Soul he cou'd have chopp'd him as ſmall as minc'd Meat, as well as I. Indeed no Man was more Maſter of his Temper than he, nor knew better how to deceive People with falſe Appearances, that they might not penetrate him. 'Tis true, his Love to the Counteſs having made no Noiſe, nor being at all known in *Rome*, they cou'd not ſuppoſe he was the Subject of the Hiſtory, without Divination; beſides, who cou'd imagine the Count wou'd divert the Company with ſo gallant a Story before the Hero, wherein he himſelf was at half the Charge of the Jeſt, and furniſh'd the Audience with half the Mirth of the Tale? When 'twas done there were a Hundred Arguments and Reflections made upon it, and a Hundred Jeſts crack'd, the moſt part of which fell upon my Maſter's Back, who reflected and jeſted as well as the reſt; yet in the main he pity'd the Lover, without vindicating him, and blam'd the Lady more than the others, who were almoſt all on her ſide, and mightily commended her Addreſs, becauſe they were not ſo much intereſted in the Matter as my Maſter. There had been ſeveral other Stories told, but none made ſo much Impreſſion on the Company as this, nor excited ſo much Curioſity in them to know who were the Perſons concern'd.

CHAP. VIII.

A ſad Rencounter between Guzman *and a Great* Hog, *wherein the Latter is notably diſgrac'd, aud the Ambaſſador grows weary of him.*

MY Maſter did not ſtay long after the Feaſt was done; he took his Leave, as well as he could, of the *French* Ambaſſador, and pretending to have Affairs of Moment to diſpatch, he retir'd very glad that he was got out of the Company, for he had been unſpea kably uneaſy; and when we came home, confeſs'd to me, he had never in his Life paid ſo dearly for his Dinner. I left him to himſelf, for I ſaw well enough he was not in a Humour to argue the Caſe with me; and beſides, his Head and Heart was ſo full of his Diſgrace, that he wanted Reſt and Retirement: His Melancholy ſtay'd upon him ſeveral Days, at laſt it wore off, and he told me he was weary of vexing himſelf about a Trifle, that if he gave way any longer to his Grief, he ſhould kill himſelf: Wherefore he would have me look out for ſome Diverſion for him, otherwiſe he ſhould die with Sorrow and Vexation. Theſe Words ſtruck me to the Heart, for I could readily have laid down my Life for him, and never was ſo well pleas'd, as when I could by any means divert him. I told him I knew of a very pretty Girl, who liv'd in the Street call'd *Navona*, of whom I had already gain'd the good Graces. I was no Stranger to my Maſter's Taſte, and what he wanted; and beſides, there was not a Prettier Creature in *Rome*, young and freſh as a Roſe newly blown. He anſwer'd, he ſhould be oblig'd to me if I could

bring him into her Company. I employ'd an Old Woman to learn where I ſhould come to the Speech of her, and underſtood by her that the Girl's Mother would be gone to Prayers at ſuch an Hour, and then ſhe would talk with me through the Window of her Houſe looking to a Narrow Lane: I came thither punctually at my time, with a Large Plume of Feathers in my Cap, my Hair well powder'd, a Patch upon my Cheek, and all my Equipage anſwerable; very ill ſuited with the Lane which was the Place of Aſſignation: Indeed 'twas rather a Common-ſhore than a Lane, I could hardly find a Place to ſtand upon, that was not half way up my Leg in Filth, and that did not much damage to my New Ribbon Shoe-ſtrings; however, I muſt bear all this, or not ſpeak with my Damſel: For her Mother, who was an Old Scold, and good for nothing when ſhe was young, us'd to lock her up in the Houſe when ſhe went abroad, and did not take her with her. This Window was the only Place in the Tenement which ſhe left unbaricaded becauſe ſhe did not imagine any Gallant would ſtalk thro a Jakes to come at it; nevertheleſs I got through it, ſuppoſing a New Pair of Shoes would make good the Damage, and ſome New Shoe-ſtrings: I ſtept as carefully as I could; my Feet touch'd both the Walls, for the Lane was not a Stride over: When I came to the Window, I found *Dorithea*, my Maiden's Name, at the Window; ſhe was very glad to ſee me, and after a few ſhort Compliments on one ſide and th'other, we came to the Buſineſs, and had almoſt brought it to a Concluſion, when in the Minute I was ſpeaking to her moſt earneſtly, and concerting Meaſures with her, to carry her off to my Maſter's Houſe, little thinking of the Danger that threatned me, a huge filthy Hog ſallying out of his naſty Sty, two or three Yards of, ran between my Legs, and bore me away with

with ſo much violence, that I was in the midſt of *Navona-ſtreet* before I knew where I was: You may gueſs how merry the Mob were at this Sight, and I'll aſſure you, not a few of them came to ſee it, and that Street is almoſt always crouded. It muſt be own'd 'twas very comical, to ſee ſuch a Beaux as I come out of ſuch a Naſty Place, mounted on a Monſtrous Hog, who grunted horribly, holding by his Neck and Briſtles, for fear of falling, which might have endanger'd the breaking of a Leg or Arm, all over ſplaſh'd with Dirt, my Hat and Feather in the middle of the Mire in the Lane, and my Cloths daub'd ſo with the Naſtineſs, that they ſtunk a hundred Paces off; nothing could have been ſo welcome as this Sight to thoſe Unmerciful Laughers, whom I met with on this Occaſion: I flung my ſelf off the Damn'd Beaſt at laſt, and let him go to Old Nick if he would: I did not come off the better for being diſmounted, the Laughers rally'd me as much as ever, I wiſh'd I had been under Ground, or any where out of their Way: I got up as well as I could, and truly that was not very well, for I felt I was hurt in two or three Places: I took up my Plume of Feathers, and my Cap, that I might not go home like a Madman, and was follow'd thither by a Detachment of the Rabble, who loaded me with Affronts, and hooted and hollowd ſo all the Way, that they made the Streets ring again. Thus was I attended, till by Good Fortune, as I thought, I came to a Houſe, the Door of which was open, and I knew the Miſtreſs of it intimately; I ran into it, and ſhut the Door after me; but I reckon'd without my Hoſt, for if I was very well with the Wife, I was as ill with the Husband, as it almoſt always happens; and he no ſooner ſaw me, but he ran to the Fire-ſide, took down an old Halberd, came to me, call'd me a hundred Names, and would have knock'd me down, had not the Lady ſtept between,

and

and ſtopt his Hand, which gave me time to open the Door, and make my Eſcape, or without doubt he had finiſh'd the Work which the Curs'd Hog had begun. Thus I fell a ſecond time into the Hands of the Rabble, who ſhouted more than before, ſeeing me fly out of the Houſe like a Thief, the Maſter of it following me with his Halberd. I did not know what would become of me; I ran with all my might, and the number of my Perſecutors increaſing every Street I came to, gathering like a Snow-Ball by rolling, I gave my ſelf over for an Undone Man, when, by Good Luck, three or four of my Acquaintance came by, who ſeeing me on full ſpeed, ask'd what was the Matter: I had not time to anſwer, ſo faſt the Mob and the Man of the Houſe purſu'd me, I thought only of making off, and finding 'twas in vain to think of doing it with my Heels, I reſolv'd to endeavour it with my Hands, turned about, faced my Purſuers, clapt my Hand on my Sword, and my Friends joining with me, we ſoon diſperſt the Raſcals: When we had done that, inſtead of ſtaying to tell them my Caſe, I deſir'd they would accompany me till I was out of ſight of the Remainders of that Rabble, which they did; and thus I was deliver'd out of one of the moſt Vile and Cruel Difficulties in which I was ever involv'd: Though I had not got quite clear of it, for the Filth and Mire ſtill ſtuck to my Cloaths, my Cap and Feather was in a ſad pickle, no body could tell what Colour they were of; my Face full of Dirty Spots; my Band, my Shirt, in a word, every thing I had about me was in a moſt lamentable Condition; Dung and Dirt was the Compoſition of the Plaiſter with which I was cas'd, and which hid all my Finery. Thus it was with me when I arriv'd at our Houſe, where if I had met with ſome of our Servants who ow'd me a Spite, they would have triumph'd over my Misfortunes, and I ſhould have

been their Laughing-Stock for a Month or two; but as Good Luck would have it, and Fortune does not always delight in ruining Men at once, I ſaw no Human Creature in the Court-yard; I mounted the Stair-Caſe, run to my Garret Door, and might have been follow'd by my Track, or rather Stink: I made as faſt haſte as I could to my Chamber, and when I came there, Oh Heav'ns, worſe and worſe! I could not find the Key; I ſearch'd my Pockets, turn'd 'em inſide outwards, and all to no purpoſe, no Key was to be found, 'twas more than probable I loſt it in the Hurry and Confuſion of my late Diſgrace; What ſhall I do, thought I, this is the worſt Misfortune that ever befel me? I tore my Hair; I knock'd my Head againſt the Wall, out of meer Madneſs, but that did not recover my Key for me: The only Remedy I could think of in the Caſe, was to go to one of my Fellow Servants, in whom I had greateſt Confidence; his Room was next to mine; and to make amends for my Ill Fortune, he happen'd then to be in it: He was amaz'd to ſee me ſo worthily ſet out, and could not help laughing, which, you may imagine, was a very welcome Compliment to me: I told him the Story of my Miſhap, and begg'd him to fetch me a Smith, to open my Chamber Door for me: He did as I deſir'd him, though not without difficulty, he being afraid I ſhould foul his Things in his abſence; for every thing I touch'd partook of my Naſtineſs, never was there ſo Miſerable a Wretch; he would not ſo much as let me come near one of his Chairs, though he ſaw me faint and weary; he made me ſwear I would not ſtir from the Place where I ſtood, nor lean againſt any thing, till he return'd. 'Twas ſome comfort to me that he did not ſtay long, and my Chamber Door being open'd, in an Inſtant I chang'd my ſelf from Head to Foot, waſh'd and ſcour'd my Face and Hands, and perfum'd them

with

with ten ſorts of Waters, not forgetting my Hair, which ſtood in as much need of Eſſences and Pulvilio as if I had never powder'd it in my Life; thus in a little time I had repair'd the Breaches, and adjuſted the Diſorders of my late ſad Adventure, and was as freſh and ſweet as ever: All my Care now was to hide it from my Maſter, which in the end I thought would be in vain for me to attempt, and that I ſhould do like the Good Woman, who having quarrell'd with another Scold, and got a Hurt in her Face, was forc'd to go to a Surgeon to have it heal'd: She deſir'd of him, by all means, that he would do it ſo, that her Husband might know nothing of the Matter. If your Hurt was behind, quoth the Surgeon, you might, perhaps, keep it from him, but if he is not blind, 'tis very likely he will ſoon ſee your Face is not as it us'd to be, and the Secret we would keep from him will ſoon come out. 'Twill be the ſame thing with me, ſaid I to my ſelf; my Maſter will know it to morrow, and he had as good do it to day; and beſides, 'twill be better for me to tell him my ſelf, than to ſtay till he hears it from the whole Town; I can give the Story what Turn I pleaſe, and he'll believe me ſooner than another. 'Tis a great matter in the Buſineſs of Tales, to be the firſt that tells one. I had no great mind to make mention of the Incident of the Hog, 'twas a little too ſcandalous; 'twas neceſſary he ſhould know ſomething of my Misfortune; there was no need of his knowing it all. While I was contriving what I ſhould ſay to him, a Page came to me, and told me, the Ambaſſador wanted to ſpeak with me: s'Death, ſaid I, he has certainly heard what has befallen me; as indeed it had happen'd; for the News was brought to him before I could get my ſelf ready for Audience, there being ſome ſort of Fellows who make it their whole Buſineſs to pick up Tales for Great Lords and Ladies, and they

as ſeldom go without their Reward as any Men: When I came down to him, I found him ſorry for my Diſgrace, believing the Count of *Urſini* had been the Cauſe of it, that Affair always running in his Head: He ask'd me as ſoon as he ſaw me, if Count *Gabriel*'s Men had not inſulted me, and done me the Miſchief I had ſuffer'd. I was very glad to hear him ask that Queſtion, becauſe I found he did not know the whole Truth, and I had an Opportunity to tell the Story in my own Way: I inform'd him, that truly I had been attack'd at a Diſadvantage by two Rogues of Lacqueys, while I was talking with the Young Girl I went to ſee, and whom I had juſt brought into the Mind of running away with me; however I made my Party good with them, did not ſuffer much, nor could I tell whether they were the Counts Men or not, they having no Livery on, and I had no knowledge of them: That our Quarrel began by their bantering me for conferring with the Girl in the Lane, whom, I ſuppoſe, they pretend ſome Intereſt in. I drew my Sword, and ſo did they, and had without doubt kill'd one of them, had it not been for a Hog, who running out of the Lane, forc'd his Way through us, and flung me down; yet I got up, and looking out for my Sparks, ſaw them running away like Cowards as faſt as their Heels could carry them. My Maſter ſeem'd to be very glad that the Thing was no worſe; he thought if the Counts Men had plaid me ſuch an ill Turn, he muſt himſelf have reſented: He caution'd me not to go out a Nights, nor frequent By-Places, where I might run any risk of the like Uſage. I thank'd him for his extraordinary Care of me, but with a Fierce Look gave him to underſtand, that I fear'd nothing; and when 'twas to do him any Service Night or Day, a By-place, or Publick was all one to me, I was afraid of no Aſſaſſins, and they themſelves would not be very forward

to

to aſſault a Man of Courage. My Maſter either took me to be a reſolute Fellow, as I pretended, and believ'd what I ſaid, or did not think it worth his while to diſprove me. Lying was my predominant Quality, a Talent Nature had beſtow'd upon me, which I had practis'd from my Childhood, and I cou'd not give it over if I was to have been hang'd. I often told Lies out of meer Wantonneſs, and without any manner of Occaſion. I us'd to ſay I wonder'd why any Man wou'd give himſelf ſo much Trouble to tell Truth? 'Twas the Vice of Blockheads, that had not Wit enough to tell a Lie. 'Tis never good to ſpeak Truth in any thing; Men of moſt Honour, who are ſo fond of this Virtue, very often find it coſts them very dear. I never knew one of theſe Truth-tellers in my Life but he repented of it one time or another, and in the end told Lies as ready as other Folks. Look into the Houſes of the Great, and ſee who they are that are moſt welcome there and beſt rewarded; are they not Flatterers or Liars, for the Terms are ſynonimous? The Great are willing to be deceiv'd. What have they to do with a virtuous Man, who wou'd tell 'em the Truth? Truth always diſturbs them, and puts them out of Humour; and who loves to be diſturb'd and put out of Humour? *Tu mi aduli*, you flatter me, ſaid a Famous Cardinal to a Man of the lying Character; *ma tu mi piaci*, but you pleaſe me. If any Perſon wou'd continue in their good Graces a long time, he muſt do what's moſt pleaſing to them, and ſerve them in their own Way: Nay, this Method of Proceeding is not only neceſſary to the Great, but to our Equals, if we wou'd be thought ſociable Creatures, and not Miſantropes or Manhaters. No Man who knows how to Converſe in the World ſpeaks Three Words to another but one of 'em flatters, and that's a Lie; thus People acquire the Reputation of being civil and obliging. Who-

ever wou'd define a truly ridiculous Perſon, need only ſay he told ſuch a Lord he committed a Sin, and wou'd ride to the Devil in a Coach and Six, if he ruin'd his Tenants ſo to maintain his Extravagances, his Equipage, Train, Table and Gaming, much above what his Revenues wou'd bear. What ſhou'd one think of a Man who, without having his Advice ask'd, or any other Concern in the Matter than his love to ſpeak Truth, ſhou'd tell a painted Lady that ſhe wou'd look much handſomer with her own natural Tallow Complexion, than with one of Plaiſter, which ſhe had borrow'd, tho' 'twas never ſo well ſet out with White and Red? Or where ſhall we find a Man who out of meer Charity will go to a Judge and ſpeak in Behalf of a poor Priſoner, who rots in Gaol for want of Money to pay Council, Attornies, and the reſt of the Raven Crew, to plead for him? 'Tis true, to ſollicit in favour of any one is a Reflection upon the Judge, it ſeems to accuſe his Capacity or Probity; and a Judge who knows his Duty ought to bluſh when he is ſollicited by one Perſon on another's Account; for he ſhou'd be afraid of his coming to prepoſſeſs him, or deſire an Injuſtice. 'Tis the ſame thing as if he ſhou'd ſay to him, Sir, I only come to let you know that the Poſt of a Judge was giv'n you only to do Juſtice, and that implies he did not know it before. Who wou'd go and make ſuch a Speech as this to a Judge? I require you in the Name of God and the Laws, that you do Right to ſuch a poor Man, and not only do it your ſelf, but oblige your Brethren to join with you in judging according to your Conſciences, for 'tis not enough to waſh your Hands after an unrighteous Judgment. *Pilate*'s Example is a very bad one for you to follow, if you are a Chriſtian, or an Honeſt Man. You are as much guilty of this Man's Sufferings, if you permit 'em, as they are who are the Cauſe of them, and perhaps more;

For

for thoſe Judges, blinded by Paſſion or Intereſt, believe they may with Juſtice act as they do, and don't underſtand their Duty ſo well as you; you are paid by the State, have large Salaries and Perquiſites. You believe 'twou'd be a great Breach of the Laws to defraud you of your Dues; and don't you think 'tis the ſame Injuſtice for a corrupt Judge, either out of Weakneſs or Avarice, to let a poor Wretch lye in Priſon, when he knows he ought to be ſet at Liberty? You can't come off by ſaying his Liberty is not in your Pow'r; you know very well that if you had done, or wou'd do, all that's in your Pow'r, and that your Conſcience bids you do, he wou'd not be in Jail now. The Matter is a little nice perhaps, what then? Is not that of your Salvation as nice? Is it not better to loſe your Place than your Soul? In a Word, without puſhing our Moral Reflections farther, tho' we talk only as one Man or as one Chriſtian may do to another, meaning no Harm to any one, and the Application is general; wou'd not that prodigal Prince, that vain Lady, and that corrupt Judge, take a Man who loves to tell Truth for a Fool? And wou'd he not come off very ill if he ſhou'd pretend to it? *Altro n'e il Mondo che Buggia?* What ſignifys it to ſay the World is full of Lies? It does not expreſs the thing; the World loves them, and is made up of Cheats and Liars. Frank indeed! But let whoever contradicts me, prove the contrary. Diſſemblers paſs for wiſe and prudent Perſons, or rather your wiſe and prudent Perſons are nothing but Diſſemblers; and what's Diſſimulation more than a delicate Lie? As for me, I am willing to live with the Living, to do as others do, and lye when 'tis for my Purpoſe: Thus at leaſt I us'd to reaſon then, and, conſidering my Character, I was not much out in my Reaſoning; for whether 'twas good or bad, you muſt remember 'twas the Reaſoning of a Raſcal; and you

have ſeen me argue much at the ſame rate in other Caſes, or at leaſt not much better.

As great a Liar as I was naturally, my Maſter did not like me the worſe for't, he either pardon'd me, or did not obſerve it: I pleas'd him by entring into his Pleaſures, and ſerving him in them: If he ſometimes ſmil'd with a malicious Smile, to let me ſee he cou'd not be impos'd upon, that was all the Rebuke I had, and the thing paſt over; 'twas forgot in a Minute, and we were as good Friends as ever. As to the Adventure of the Hog, ſo I call it for Reaſons you are very well appris'd of by this time; my Maſter heard the whole Story, as it really happen'd, the next Day; he underſtood that I had neither attack'd nor been attack'd, and that I had told him a moſt notorious Lie. He was ſtill troubled in Mind about the Counteſs of *Urſini*'s Affair, in which I had engag'd him farther perhaps than he wou'd otherwiſe have gone, and now that a Man, who was ſo often ſeen with him as I was, ſhou'd be ſo diſgrac'd, which added to ſome other Troubles upon Troubles, had ſuch an Effect upon him, that he began to look upon me as the Author of all of them, and conſequently to treat me with unuſual Coldneſs; I perceiv'd it at Dinner, where, as I was waiting upon him, he did me the Honour to rally me a little ſeverely on my imaginary Combat, and my Cavalcade, which he call'd my *grunting Courſer*; I was vex'd to the Heart to hear it, becauſe it encourag'd my Fellow Servants to laugh at me; and they were overjoy'd to find that I, who had been ſo much in my Maſter's Favour, was now become his Jeſt and Laughing-ſtock. To finiſh my Ruin, a Friend of his coming to viſit him, inform'd him that the Story of his Intrigue with the Counteſs was publick, and in every Body's Mouth, and his Character ſuffer'd extreamly by it. We did not ſuppoſe 'twou'd be very long before ſome one or other

of

of the Count's Domefticks, who all knew it, wou'd publifh it. My Mafter had prepar'd himfelf for it; poor I only was unprepar'd; and tho' I was not the fole Caufe of his unfortunate Amour, I was in a great meafure the fole Sufferer. All the Town knew in what Capacity I ferv'd him; that I was his Chief Minifter in Intrigues, and that I had been employ'd in this as well as others. The Perfon who came to vifit my Mafter was no lefs Man than one of the moft Illuftrious Cardinals of the Sacred College, who took hold of this Occafion to fpeak to my Mafter againft me, and reprefent to him what a great Injury he did his Reputation by entertaining fuch a Servant as I, whom every one knew procur'd his good Graces by the moft vile and infamous Offices; that he ought, confidring his Merit and Character, to difmifs fuch an Officer, for whom there was no manner of Occafion in his Houfhold, and who daily encreas'd the Scandal againft it: That fuch Minifters as he ought to be very careful how they behav'd themfelves, not only for their own Honour, but for the Honour of him they reprefent: Thefe and a Hundred Arguments he made ufe of to my Difadvantage, too long to be repeated here. My Mafter did not want his Inftructions, he underftood his Duty as well as any Minifter in *Rome*, cou'd he have practis'd it as well; and knowing the Cardinal was in the right, his Difcourfe made a terrible Impreffion upon him, and coming from the Mouth of a Man of his Eminency's Merit and Rank, at a time when I was finking in his Efteem; it work'd as the Cardinal wou'd have had it, and I had Reafon to fear it wou'd, yet my Mafter faid never a Word to me of it then, he carry'd himfelf towards me as he us'd to do; neverthelefs I had been too long acquainted with him intimately not to difcover fome Diffimulation in it; 'twas in vain for him to hide it, I perceiv'd Things did not go fo well with me as

they did before our late Miſhaps; I affected however to ſeem as contented as he did, and to diſſemble as well, which perhaps was as much my Talent as his. *Lent* coming on he took that Opportunity to tell me he wou'd not keep Company with Women during that Holy Time, which he reſolv'd to improve to the Amendment of his Life. 'Twas too juſt and noble a Deſign in him not to exact our Praiſe, but I knew full well why he ſaid ſo to me. I reply'd only, that I wou'd endeavour to follow his Example, and do the ſame. In effect I carry'd my ſelf as demurely as if I was beginning a ſincere Repentance. To make my Maſter and the reſt of the World believe ſo, I ſeldom ſtirr'd out of Doors; and the Ambaſſador having no Occaſion of my Service in his Diverſions, and rarely or never ſending for me to talk to him, I had a great deal of Time on my Hands, which, not knowing how to employ, I ſpent with my Fellow-Servants, whom before I did not much converſe with; they banter'd me upon it, and with the more Liberty, becauſe they perceiv'd I was not in Favour, as I was formerly. They not only laugh'd at me about the Miſchance of the Hog, but reap'd up all my Rogueries, as far as they had come to their Knowledge. They ſhew'd me the Malignity of their Hearts, and aggravated the Scandal of the Town to my Diſadvantage.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

An Account of another unlucky Adventure which happen'd to Guzman, *and occaſion'd his making an Acquaintance with a notorious Thief.*

I Cou'd not bear the Lectures with which they rally'd me, it made me weary of the Houſe, and my pretended Devotion; ſo I reſolv'd to go abroad, viſit my Friends, and divert my Melancholy. One Day as I paſs'd thro' the *Navona* Street I unhappily met with an Accident, as vile and diſgraceful as the former, that Street it ſeems being fated to be the Scene of my Diſgraces. It began by a Shoemaker's 'Prentice, one of the foremoſt of my late Perſecutors, who ſeeing me, remember'd me, and cry'd out to his Comrades, Look, there's our Knight of the Hog; preſently four or five luſty Rogues ran out of their Shops and hooted after me queek, queek, queek; and grunted like Hogs. The other 'Prentices in the Street, as well Shoemakers, of which 'tis almoſt full, as others, follow'd me, and grunted like the reſt. In the Twinkling of an Eye that Street, and others thro' which I was to paſs, were full of Rabble, all queeking and grunting, ſo that the Citizens cou'd not hear one another. You may imagine what Confuſion I was in; I clapt my Hand on my Sword, and was twice or thrice going to ſtick thoſe of the Raſcals that were neareſt at my Heels: Upon this the grunting and queeking were renew'd with louder Clamour; and when I did not ſee how 'twas poſſible for me to deliver my ſelf from the Mobb, my kind Stars, as I thought, tho' in the end you'll ſee 'twas my unkind, ſent a young *Spaniard* of about my Age to my Relief; he was ſomewhat like me in Shape and Coun-

tenance,

tenance, and had 3 or 4 *Italians*, his Friends, in his Company; they offer'd me their Service with the beſt Grace in the World, and, without making many Words of it, clapt their Hands to their Swords, as they ſaw me do. We ſoon put the Rabble to Flight, and ſome of 'em were ſoundly bang'd. Such an Obligation as this from a Stranger, and ſo ſeaſonable, touch'd me to the Soul, and I fancy'd I cou'd have laid down my Life for the young *Spaniard*, if there was need of it. The Rogues retreated into their Shops, where they queek'd and grunted in Safety, but not one of 'em durſt venture out into the Street. It muſt be own'd I never came off with more Honour than now; I was the foremoſt of the Aſſailants, and the Queekers and Grunters felt the Strength of my Arm. 'Tis true I was more concern'd than my Auxiliaries; and as my Intereſt in the War was greater, ſo were my Courage and Performances. When we had follow'd theſe Cowardly Raſcals to their Holes, and taught 'em more Manners by home Blows of a flat Blade, we thought 'twas time for us to make the beſt of our Way out of that and the neighbouring Streets. I return'd my hearty Thanks to the Gentlemen who aſſiſted me, for the important Service they had done me, and offer'd them mine, to the utmoſt of my Power, whenever they ſhou'd think fit to employ me, aſſuring them I ſhou'd never forget the Obligation as long as I liv'd. The young *Spaniard* reply'd in our own Language, and a manner every whit as obliging as his Aſſiſtance, he deſir'd the Favour of me to wait upon me to my Lodgings, for fear any other Miſchance might befal me; I was extreamly pleas'd with his Reaſon and Generoſity, and accepted of his Offer. We then took our Leaves of his Companions, when I thank'd 'em again and again for their Goodneſs to me, and they were ſo civil as to ſtop; where we left them to make Head againſt the Mob, if any of 'em ſhou'd have

have purſu'd us. In the mean time the *Spaniard* and I went to my Lodgings, where I renew'd my Compliments of Gratitude, and by all means wou'd have him ſtay and Dine with me, or at leaſt accept of ſome ſmall Preſent, but he refus'd both the one and the other, making nothing of the little Service he ſaid he had done me. I begg'd of him at leaſt to tell me what was his Name, and where he liv'd, that I might come and pay my Reſpects to him; he anſwer'd, 'twas not at all neceſſary, but that he wou'd another time pay his to me, and then let me know who he was. In ſhort, he ſeem'd to be a Man ſo diſintereſted, ſo honourable and generous in his Behaviour, that I was charm'd with him, and thought I never had met with a *Spaniard* more to my Humour, or whom I wou'd ſooner contract a Friendſhip with, than this. He told me alſo, that he had on his Part taken a Liking to me, by ſeeing me at the Ambaſſador's Chappel; that he had a long while deſir'd to be acquainted with me, and thought himſelf happy that Fortune had preſented him with ſo favourable an Opportunity; he hop'd that wou'd not be the laſt he ſhou'd have to ſhew his Zeal and his Friendſhip for me; thus he overwhelm'd me with Civilities. I made him ſuitable Replies; and having banded Compliments from one to t'other ſome time, we parted, not without Promiſes of mutual good Offices. I impatiently deſir'd to ſee him again, and he as earneſtly aſſur'd me he wou'd be as good as his Word.

My Head was ſtill ſo full of this laſt Adventure, that I did not know what I went about; and hearing Dinner was ſending in, I follow'd the Pages with my Cloak on, and my Sword by my ſide, like our Gentlemen, forgetting my Poſt, and what I was going to do. I ſoon recollected my ſelf, and was haſtening out of the Hall to take off my Cloak and Sword; the Ambaſſador having caſt his Eye

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upon me, and obſerving my Countenance chang'd, call'd me back, and ask'd what was the Matter with me that I look'd ſo wan, and ſo confounded? I cou'd not tell what Anſwer to make him; my laſt Lie had ſucceeded ſo ill, that I was afraid of being laugh'd at, as I was before, ſhou'd I be found out in another; ſo I told him the whole Truth, and indeed I believ'd 'twas the firſt time that it ever came out of my Mouth. My Maſter made no Anſwer, he look'd cold and penſive upon me; but the Servants rejoyc'd that they had more Sport to make with my Misfortunes; ſome of 'em were ſo glad, they cou'd not contain themſelves, but were forc'd to run out of the Hall, or they had burſt out into a Laughter there right; which the Ambaſſador obſerving chid them ſeverely for forgetting the Reſpect they ow'd him. As for me, I was in a terrible Confuſion; one wou'd not have thought I was the ſame *Guzman*, who had renounc'd all Shame, for now I look'd as if I had loſt ſome Honour, whereas in truth I had none to loſe. However, I experienc'd now, that let a Perſon of my Morals ſpeak Truth or not, he will ſeldom or never be believ'd, and every thing makes againſt him. The moſt important Thing of a Man's Life is the Choice of a Trade; Chance often directs it, but wretched is he who chuſes ſuch a one as mine, by which I procur'd ſuch a Noble Reputation in *Rome*. My Misfortunes came ſo faſt upon the back of one another, that I learn'd by them, 'tis neceſſary ſome Men ſhou'd be unfortunate, to make them wiſer and better. I was in ſuch a miſerable Condition now, that I cou'd have renounc'd all Maſters and Miſtreſſes Favour and Fortune for ever, to have been a Hundred Leagues off hid in a Hole, where no-body cou'd ſee me, reſolving never more to be concern'd in the like Intrigues; and well reſolv'd wou'd it have been, cou'd I have kept my Reſolu-

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tion; but this was like the reſt, I made them always when I cou'd not break them, and broke them always as ſoon as I cou'd. The Matter went no further this time; my Maſter continu'd in his penſive Humour, and after Dinner he ſtay'd at Table longer than ordinary, leaning his Head on one Hand, and picking his Teeth with the other; 'twas plain by his Poſture that he was Contemplative, and by his Look that ſomething troubled him, and all upon my Account; he was loth to turn me off, and as loth to keep me, knowing as well as any Man what an Injury ſuch a Servant did his Reputation, Maſters commonly having their Actions meaſur'd by thoſe of their Domeſticks. He order'd me to go to Dinner with the reſt, and he was ever after ſowre and out of Humour. As for me, I thought it my wiſeſt Way to keep within Doors, that I might not fall into the ſame Inconveniencies again; I never went out but a Nights, when I had any thing to do abroad; I ſpent my Time at Home in my Chamber, reading good Books, and entertaining ſome Friends that came to viſit me; for I did not care to converſe with the Ambaſſador's Servants, notwithſtanding he had chid 'em ſo ſeverely for uſing me ill, and they were ſince more civil and modeſt; however, I avoided their Company as much as I cou'd, that I might not give 'em an Occaſion to renew their Raillery, and by this means I in ſome meaſure recover'd their good Opinion of me, and my Follies in the Town were ſo far forgot, that there was little or no Talk of me.

The young *Spaniard*, to whom I was ſo much oblig'd, made me ſeveral Viſits in this time, and had told me he was born at *Sevill*, the City I was born in, and of the Houſe of *Saavedras*, which I knew to be one of the moſt Noble and Ancient in our Town; that he came to *Rome* to ſollicit an Affair in the Apoſtolick Chamber. I rejoyc'd to hear

hear he was my Countryman, and of ſuch a good Family, which made me the more ambitious of his Friendſhip ; indeed he had the Brogue of *Andalouſia*, and knew the Affairs of *Sevill* as well as I or any Man cou'd do who had been born and bred there, and yet there was not one Word of Truth in what he ſaid. He was born a great Way off *Andalouſia*, in the Kingdom of *Valentia*, and had aſſum'd the Name of *Savaadra* to catch me and deceive me, as in the end he did, to my Ruin. I offer'd him my Service in helping him to ſollicit his pretended Cauſe, and wou'd have engag'd my Maſter to have ſerv'd him with his Intereſt at Court, which was very powerful ; but he excus'd it, ſaying,he had carry'd it on by ſome private Ways, which he hop'd wou'd ſucceed, if not, he wou'd make uſe of my Aſſiſtance. He obſerv'd I never went abroad, and that I ſpent all my Time in reading at Home ; he ask'd me the Reaſon why I did not take a Walk now and then ; I told him ingeniouſly, that ſince my laſt Miſchance in *Navona-ſtreet*, and the Shoemakers Inſults, I thought it my moſt prudent Courſe not to ſtir out till the Matter was huſh'd up, and I was in leſs Danger of a new Inſult ; he approv'd my Conduct, and aſſur'd me again and again that his and his Friends Swords were at my Service, if ever I had Occaſion of 'em ; and they wou'd accompany me if my Affairs at any time ſhou'd require me to go into the City. I embrac'd him, and let him ſee I thought my ſelf infinitely oblig'd to him for his repeated Goodneſs to me. And talking a little further on this Subject, he told me, that tho' my Conduct was very commendable to retire ſo as I did, yet he cou'd not but think it a tireſome and tedious Way of Living for a young Man, as I was, who had been us'd to a great deal of good Company, to ſhut himſelf up in his Chamber, and leave off all his former Diverſions ; that he ſhou'd hardly be able to bring himſelf to it, for

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fear of the Rabble; that if he was in my place, rather than ſtay at Home ſo, and lead ſuch a melancholy and ſolitary Life, he wou'd take a Turn into the Country, and go to *Venice*, *Bologna*, *Florence* and *Piſa*; that ſuch a Journey wou'd divert my Melancholy, and wou'd be more advantageous and honourable for me than my preſent Confinement; that 'twou'd be an effectual Way to ſtop Peoples Mouths, and I might return, when my Buſineſs call'd me, to *Rome*. I ſaw there was Reaſon in what he ſaid, and reply'd, that if I did not follow his Advice 'twas becauſe I ſerv'd a Maſter, without whoſe Leave I cou'd do nothing, having infinite Obligations to him, and my Fortune depended on him; that I wou'd ſpeak to him about it, and if he thought well of it I ſhou'd quickly come to a Reſolution what to do. This young Rogue of a *Spaniard*, as great a Cheat as ever was in the World, and a greater than I if poſſible; this noble *Don Saavedra*, I ſay, finding I caught at the Bait as greedily as he wou'd have had me, to tempt me further deſcrib'd all thoſe Cities to me at large, pretending he had been at all of them, and ſeen all the Curioſities in them; his Deſcription was ſo pleaſant and ſo compleat, that I was charm'd with it; indeed the Knave did not want Wit, tho' one wou'd not have thought ſo by his Looks. He needed not have been at ſo much Pains to perſwade me to do a thing which agreed perfectly well with my Inclination and the Circumſtances of my Affairs; the very Idea of ſuch a Journey pleas'd me. I reſolv'd to ſpeak to the Ambaſſador at his Levee next Day, and cou'd not ſleep all Night for thinking of it, and of ſetting my little Matters in order. The Journey ran ſtill in my Head, I deſign'd to go firſt to *Florence*, and thence to *Siena*, where a particular Friend of mine, one *Pompeo*, liv'd; 'tis true, I had never ſeen the Man in my Life, but by correſponding by Letters we had contracted

tracted a close Friendship, and he stood indebted to me for an Obligation I had laid upon him, by procuring the Ambassador's Interest for him in a certain Affair; he invited me several times to *Siena*, where he wanted mightily to see and entertain me; I promis'd him to come, in several Letters, and now I believ'd I shou'd have an Opportunity to visit him, to whom I flatter'd my self I shou'd be extraordinarily welcome.

CHAP. X.

Guzman *leaves the Ambassador, intending to Travel; but he is robb'd of all at* Siena *by his new Acquaintance.*

AS soon as I got out of Bed next Morning, I prepar'd to go and ask my Master leave: When his Dressing-time came, I went to his Chamber, and in Discourse with him brought in my intended Journey to see *Italy*; a little insinuating that I hop'd Absence wou'd wipe off the Scandal I had got by my Follies in *Rome*. I saw presently by his Looks that the Proposal was lik'd by him; and he declar'd as much by saying, That I shou'd act like a sensible and prudent Man in it; and he cou'd not have advis'd me better, if I had been his own Son. He then inform'd me what Discourse had pass'd between him and the Cardinal, as well touching the Affair of the Countess, as my self. He added, That I cou'd not but observe that my last Adventure had made him very uneasy; and as the Case stood, there seem'd to be a Necessity for our Parting. That I cou'd not be ignorant of his Reasons: However, he was very glad 'twas of my own Motive; and

and not his; for he cou'd not have brought himſelf to it, ſo great was his Affection for me; which he wou'd always demonſtrate, in whatever Part of the World my Fortune threw me. That I ſhou'd ſee what he wou'd do for me in this Journey: And he advis'd me not only to travel thro' *Italy*, but to go into *France* and *Germany*; in all which Places he had Friends, to whom he wou'd give me Letters of Recommendation; For I had behav'd my ſelf to him like a faithful Servant, and he wou'd endeavour to ſhow himſelf a kind Maſter. You may eaſily imagine I did my utmoſt to expreſs my Gratitude in proper Terms. His Kindneſs indeed was ſuch, that it touch'd me to the quick to think of Parting; yet I anſwer'd, That I had a great Deſire to ſee *France*, being one of the moſt flouriſhing Kingdoms in the World; eſpecially the King then reigning, one of the Greateſt Monarchs upon Earth; whoſe Glory was at the Height: But I did not ſee how a *Spaniard* cou'd travel thither with Safety, conſid'ring the State of Affairs between that Crown and the Crown of *Spain*; therefore I muſt be contented to ſee *Italy*, and thence return to *Spain*, to viſit my Relations and Friends. I only begg'd of him to continue his Protection of me; and he aſſur'd me, I ſhou'd never want it: And having done what I had to do in his Chamber, I return'd to my own, to prepare for my Journey.

Neceſſity is a ſtrange Thing. We have already ſaid enough upon that Subject, and there's yet a great deal more to be ſaid. I ſhall only add ſomething with relation to this Young Man, the pretended *Saavedra*; a handſome Youth, who had a tolerable Share of Wit, a genteel and honeſt ſort of Behaviour, which look'd very promiſing, and yet Neceſſity made him a Rogue. He ſtudy'd night and day how to cheat me, and rob me of that which I ſhou'd readily have giv'n him; for I had taken a

fancy to him, ever ſince he had done me ſuch a piece of Service, as to deliver me from the Inſults of the Mob; and was mightily pleas'd with his Diſintereſt, for I cou'd not ſo much as faſten a Preſent of the leaſt Value upon him, hardly a Bottle of Wine, or Diſh of Chocolate: And yet all he did, was to make me have the better Opinion of him, that his Blow might be the more ſure and ſafe. There is no Man ſo cunning, but if he is prepoſſeſs'd with an Eſteem and Friendſhip for another, may be deceiv'd by that other Perſon, if he will deceive him. 'Tis true, had not I known this *Saavedra* a long while, I ſhou'd have been more cautious if I had had a Thing of great Importance to have manag'd with him: What I had ſeen of him, was enough to deceive any Man who had to do with him as to Matters relating to common Converſation only; and I might very well be deceiv'd, without paſſing for imprudent. I have told his Character already: And what cou'd be more plauſible than this Man's Outſide? He had render'd me a conſiderable Service; and cou'd any one be more civil, more obliging and diſ-intereſted after it, than he in appearance? Beſides, he ſeem'd to me to want nothing. He was well dreſs'd, and of a good Family, at leaſt, if I cou'd take his Word for it. He was my Countryman, and wonderful zealous to contract a Friendſhip with me. He that will pretend to guard himſelf againſt ſuch Cheats, muſt convince me that he is much wiſer than his Neighbours, and has found out an Art to diſcover what paſſes in the Minds of Men. As for me, I own frankly, that tho' I was not then a Fool, and had (as young as I was) ſeen and done as much as another Man; I was not wiſe enough to find out *Saavedra* to be a Rogue.

This noble and obliging Spark, who liv'd in ſuch a friendly manner with me, and for whom I had

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ſuch an Eſteem, coming to ſee me one day, after he had given me ſuch ſage Advice, to know what I intended to do; was ſurprix'd to find me preparing for my Journey. How! ſays he, are you ſo forward, and in earneſt? You ſhall ſee, reply'd I, in four or five Days time, whether I am in earneſt, or not. In the mean time, I will pack up my Things, and ſend 'em away beforehand, that I may not be incumber'd with them on the Road. I ſee, quoth my *Spaniard*, you are a Man of Reſolution. Yes, ſays I, when I reſolve once on a thing I generally go thro' with it. I ſpoke to my Maſter about it, he approv'd of it, and I ſhall have nothing to do now but to prepare for my Journey, and take Leave of my Friends. In three or four Days I'll mount a Horſeback, and ſet out for *Siena*, where I ſhall ſtay ſome time with a Friend of mine, a Merchant in that City, call'd *Pompæo*, whom I became known to by Letters, wherein he has ſhewn his Gratitude for ſome Services I have done him; ſo I hope to be very merry there: I will ſend my Things to him, and when we have been as long together as I think proper I'll proceed to *Florence*. The Rogue *Saavedra* liſten'd very attentively to what I ſaid, and was very diligent about me to ſee how I pack'd up my Things in Three Portmanteau's, which lay open before me. Out of Vanity I was willing enough to let him ſee what I had, for I was well ſtock'd with Cloaths, and change of Suits, having had a great many given me by the Ambaſſadors and the Ladies he intrigu'd with. He obſerv'd alſo I pack'd up a Purſe of Gold of a conſiderable Bigneſs; I was not ſo vain as to ſhew it him on purpoſe, tho' I had no manner of Diſtruſt of his Honeſty; there were Three Hundred Piſtoles in it, which I had ſav'd under my generous Maſter, for I did not play away my Money, or ſpend it at Taverns and Eating-houſes, as others did, I hoarded it up very careful-

ly; and happy ſhou'd I have been cou'd I have kept it out of the Thieves Hands as well as I did out of the Cooks and Vintners. I had alſo ſome Jewels, a Gold Chain, ſome Diamond Lockets, two or three Rings, and ſuch like Treaſure, which I lock'd up in a Portmanteau altogether, and put the Key in my Pocket. As for the other Two Portmanteau's I did not mind 'em ſo much, becauſe there was nothing in 'em but common wearing Apparel. I left the Two Keys of thoſe Portmanteau's ty'd together on the Table, becauſe I had other Things to put in them, and went about ſomething elſe preparatory to my Journey, talking and laughing all the while with my Friend. At laſt Word was brought me that ſome-body wou'd ſpeak with me below; I did not know who 'twas, my Room was all out of order, and not fit to receive any one but particular Friends, who came up directly and ſaid nothing. I was oblig'd to go down and ſee who it was that wanted me. I deſir'd *Saavedra* to excuſe my leaving him in my Chamber for a Moment, and he anſwer'd my Compliment as well-bred Perſons uſe to do in ſuch Caſes. I found 'twas the *Siena* Carrier, whom I had ſent for to know when he went, to ſhew him my Baggage, and agree with him for the Carriage, which we ſoon did. I ſaid a Word or two to him below Stairs, and then led him up to my Chamber, but my Buſineſs was done before I came up again, for *Saavedra*, who was no Novice in Roguery, watch'd this Opportunity, and as ſoon as I was gone with a piece of Wax, of which there was Plenty in my Chamber, took the Impreſſion of the Two Keys that lay upon my Table. He alſo ſaw a Letter there directed to Signior *Pompæo*, which was of no ſmall uſe to him; that was all he did then, and enough too for my Ruin, which he ſaw in a fair Way, by the Advantages I had given him in my Abſence. The Carrier look'd upon my

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Portmanteau's; we agreed the Carriage, and the next Day he was to fetch them and begin his Journey. *Saavedra* renew'd our Diſcourſe upon ſeveral Matters when the Carrier was gone, but he did not ſtay long after him, pretending he was afraid of diſturbing me, and hindering my packing up my Things, which he ſaid I muſt haſten, the Carrier having ſo little Time to ſtay; whereas his Haſte to be gone proceeded at the bottom from his Impatience to have the falſe Keys made. The next Day he did not come to viſit me, that I might not think him too officious, but the Day after that I had him with me betimes; he look'd very melancholy, affecting to appear weak and faint, as if he was not well: I quickly perceiv'd it; I ask'd him with ſome Concern what was the matter with him that he look'd ſo out of order? He told me in a feeble Tone of Voice that he had been a little ill the Day before, was to take Phyſick on the Morrow, and cou'd not come to me till the next Day. I let him ſee I was ſorry for his Indiſpoſition, tho' I believ'd 'twas of no great Conſequence; however I wou'd by no means have him be at any Trouble to viſit me; for beſides that it might do him hurt to leave his Chamber ſo ſoon after taking Phyſick; I knew my Duty too well not to come and viſit him; wherefore I deſir'd that, without any more Ceremony, he wou'd tell me where he lodg'd, that I might ſend him in a Treat on the Day he took Phyſick, as 'tis the Cuſtom in *Spain*. He thank'd me for my kind Offers, which however he wou'd not accept, giving me to underſtand by Grimaces and oblique Diſcourſes that he lodg'd at a Woman's Houſe, where, for ſeveral weighty Reaſons, he was oblig'd to deprive himſelf of his Friend's Viſits, and even not let them know where he lodg'd. When I heard that, Diſcretion wou'd not ſuffer me to puſh the thing further. I took the Confidence he had in me for another

Obligation, and thought he had a Value for me, or he wou'd not have communicated ſuch a Secret to me. I begg'd him to let me hear from him, for otherwiſe I ſhou'd be uneaſy to know how 'twas with him. He promis'd to do what I deſir'd of him, and excus'd himſelf that he cou'd not make me a longer Viſit; ſo he withdrew, without ſtaying to eat ſome Sweatmeats, which I had brought out for him; and to content me, he aſſur'd me he wou'd come and dine with me before I went. No-body cou'd be more pleas'd with a Man's Carriage in all this than I was, nor with more Reaſon, as I believ'd then; and yet he went directly from my Chamber to his Comrades, who were then ſetting out for *Siena*, to rob me of all I had in the World. Theſe Comrades of his were four notorious Thieves, and himſelf as bad as the worſt of them. They were the ſame that had with him aſſiſted me againſt the Inſolence of the Shoemakers; one among the reſt was call'd *Alexander Bentivoglio*, a Famous Robber, chief of the Band, who employ'd the others, a Parcel of Villains, all like this pretended *Saavedra*, whom he only ſuffer'd to act the principal Part in this Villany, becauſe he was a *Spaniard* as well as I. 'Twas this *Bentivoglio* that had equipp'd him with new Cloaths, and Money in his Pocket, to deceive me the eaſier. They all Five went to *Siena*, where they arriv'd late, as 'twas their Deſign, and divided themſelves into Two Companies; *Saavedra*, and Two others who wore Liveries, took up their Quarters in one of the moſt Topping Inns in the Town, giving out he was a Gentleman belonging to the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador, attended by Two of his Lacqueys. *Alexander* being better known in *Italy*, and his Character too common and too infamous for him to appear in Publick, lodg'd in a By-Inn with another Thief of the Band. *Saavedra* was no ſooner ſettled in his Chamber, the beſt in the Inn, but he ſent one

one of the Lacqueys to Signior *Pompæo* to notify his Arrival, pretending he was Don *Guzman*, his Friend, and praying him to excuſe his not waiting upon him, becauſe he was tir'd with the Journey, having rid Poſt all the Way. As ſoon as Don *Guzman*'s Name was mention'd to Signior *Pompæo*, the Man was overjoy'd at the News of his Arrival; he left all Buſineſs, and return'd in Haſte with the Lacqueys to pay his Reſpects to the Don. He enter'd his Chamber, which was very well illuminated, and found there a Man of a handſome Preſence lying on a Couch, and who ſeeing him come, roſe up and ran to him with open Arms; Ah, my Dear Signior *Pompæo*, cry'd he, What will you ſay of me for being ſo uncivil as to give you the Trouble of coming to me the very firſt time I ſee you? I ſhall ſay, replies Signior *Pompæo*, making him a profound Bow, that you are not kind, to have taken up your Lodgings here, and not come directly to my Houſe. 'Tis true, ſays the falſe *Guzman*, that you have often invited me; and I think I have your laſt Letter to that purpoſe in my Pocket: He then pull'd out that which he ſaw lye upon my Table, and which he carry'd away with him; yes, added he, here it is, and you will know your Hand again. I own I did promiſe to come directly to your Houſe, and to ſpend ſome Time with you; but ſince my laſt to you, the Ambaſſador, my dear Maſter, having receiv'd Advice of an important Affair at *Florence*, which he wanted to have negotiated immediately, has honour'd me with the Commiſſion; and being but to ſtay one Night in this Town, I cou'd not think of putting you to Trouble for ſo ſhort a time, reſerving my Performance of my Promiſe till I return, which will at leaſt be within 15 Days. You'll ſee I have been forc'd to come away 2 or 3 Days ſooner than I intended to do. *Pompæo* intreated him over and over to go to his Houſe, tho' it were but

for one Night, and he ſhou'd never think any thing he did for him a Trouble; beſides, his Room was ready, and he ſhou'd be as welcome as if he was a Thouſand times his own Brother. The falſe *Guzman* ſtood out againſt all his Intreaties; but with a moſt ſincere Air of Gratitude he anſwer'd 'twas late, that he was tir'd; that he had order'd Supper to be got ready, reſolving to go to Bed early. Upon which *Pompæo* ſubmitted, took his Leave of him, and promis'd to wait upon him in the Morning, to have ſome further Diſcourſe with him, aſſuring him he was very ſorry he had loſt the Honour of entertaining him at his own Houſe. The mock Don *Guzman* begg'd him not to take it ill if he ſent one of his Men to his Houſe to take ſome Linnen and other Apparel out of his Portmanteau: Then addreſſing himſelf to one of the Laçqueys, he ſaid, take theſe Keys and go with Signior *Pompæo*; in ſuch a Portmanteau you'll find a Morning-Gown, and in ſuch a one a Pair of Silk Stockings, with ſome Linnen; bring me enough to ſhift my ſelf. The Lacquey took the falſe Keys, and *Pompæo* having no more to ſay then, retir'd with him, and ſent his Man back to the Don, with the Lacquey who came to fetch the Things, and a Noble Treat of Wine, Fruit, and Sweet-meats. Thus every thing went as the Thieves wou'd have it; Don *Guzman* rewarded the Signior's Man, and return'd a Thouſand Thanks and Compliments to his Maſter. Next Morning, as ſoon as the Merchant thought the Don might be ſtirring, he went to his Levee, but was told when he came to the Inn, that the Don had not ſlept well all Night; that he was ſtill in Bed, and was not certain whether he ſhou'd depart that Day on account of his Indiſpoſition. *Pompæo*, troubled at this News, wou'd have been gone without ſeeing *Guzman*, for fear of diſturbing him, but *Guzman*'s Men ſtopp'd him, and ſaid, their Maſter wou'd be angry with

them if they ſhou'd let him go and not tell him he was come to ſee him; they therefore pray'd him to ſtay a Moment, till they had let him know of his being there. The Merchant was very hard to be perſuaded to it, ſo fearful he was of being troubleſome to the Noble Don *Guzman*; and preſently a Lacquey ran to acquaint his Maſter of *Pompæo*'s coming to ſee him. The Cheat by all means deſir'd him to walk in; *Pompæo* enter'd his Chamber, and found him a-bed; ah, my dear Friend, ſaid the Traytor, with a faint and languiſhing Air, which he knew well how to counterfeit, wou'd you have gone away without letting me have the Satisfaction of ſeeing you? That wou'd indeed have been unkind. The Merchant anſwer'd, he did it only for fear of diſturbing him, and condol'd with him very affectionately on his Illneſs. Don *Guzman* reply'd as became a Man of pretended Honour, and return'd him a Thouſand Thanks for his delicious Preſent laſt Night, the Excellence and Delicacy of which he exaggerated in pompous Phraſes. *Pompæo* from this Indiſpoſition of the Don's deſir'd him again to come and make uſe of the Apartment in his Houſe provided for him, where he wou'd at leaſt be better accommodated than in an Inn, which was not a proper Place for a ſick Man. The Cavalier reply'd in very obliging Terms, that his Illneſs was only occaſion'd by his riding too much the Day before, and he hop'd a little Reſt wou'd recover his former Health; that he reſolv'd not to depart till the next Morning early, when, if he was better, he wou'd proceed to *Florence*; that if he found himſelf worſe, and was oblig'd to be let Blood, he wou'd preſume to accept of the Civilities he ſo kindly offer'd him; but he did not ſuppoſe he wanted any thing but Reſt to relieve him. The Merchant wou'd then have retir'd, praying for the Return of his Friend's Health, which *Guzman* perceiving call'd

to him, and desir'd him to send his Portmanteaus to him; for being to go to *Florence* on the Ambassador's Business, 'twas requisite he shou'd have one of his best Suit of Cloaths on, and he did not care to let his Servants, the best of which was not worth much, to tumble his Things up and down, and besides he was not very willing to trust them. The Merchant reply'd, he wou'd order them to be brought to him immediately, asking his Pardon if he did not visit him again till the Evening, because 'twas Post Night with him. Don *Guzman* begg'd him by no means to put himself to any manner of Inconvenience on his Account; saying, if his Health wou'd permit he wou'd do himself the Honour to visit him at Four or Five a Clock; that he wou'd return the Two biggest Portmanteaus, and keep the least for his own use in his Journey to *Florence*. *Pompæo* after this went Home, and half an Hour after in came Three Fellows with the Three Portmanteaus, and a Servant of the Merchant's, to see the Delivery of them to the Don himself. With the Portmanteaus, a finer Present than the first was brought to *Guzman*; upon which the Don cry'd out 'twas too much, that Signior *Pompæo* had overwhelm'd him with Confusion. The Man had another Reward, and other Compliments of Thanks were return'd to the Master. The Man was scarce got out of the Inn before the Famous *Alexander Bentivoglio*, who had Notice of it, enter'd it, went up to *Saavedra*'s Chamber, open'd the Portmanteaus, rifled them, broke open that which was least, and in which was my Mon:y and Jewels, and divided it among his Comrades according to his own Will and Pleasure, for he was Master of the Company, and they attended him like another *Drawcansir*. Thus 'twas a true Wolf's Partition, all on one side, and none on t'other, for he only gave Thirty Pistoles, and some Cloaths to each of them, and such Cloaths as he did

did not matter himſelf, what were cumberſome and of little value; his own Share he cramm'd into the little Portmanteau, which was fill'd with the choiceſt of my Goods and Treaſure, paid *Saavedra*'s Reckoning, and went his Way, giving out they were going to dine together in the City, ordering the Innkeeper to ſend the Two Portmanteaus which were left at his Houſe to Signior *Pompæo*'s, an Hour or Two after they were gone. Then they took Poſt Horſes, and away theſe Five Rogues ſcamper'd, Whip and Spur, in the Road to *Florence*, whither they rode Poſt. *Saavedra* was the only Perſon who was not ſatisfy'd with my Lord *Alexander*'s Dividend, he thought it too much, conſidering the whole Booty was entirely owing to him: He reckon'd, that ſince he had acted the Principal Part in this Roguery, he ought to have had the Principal Share; but he durſt not diſpute the Matter with his Maſter, who out of the exceſs of his Bounty preſented him with the Cloaths on his Back, which had only been lent him to counterfeit *Guzman* with. *Saavedra*, in diſcontent, left the Band at *Florence*, deſigning to go to *Spain* with his Thirty Piſtoles, but other things were decreed for him: Man deſigns, but Fate prevents, and none are any more Maſters of their Actions, than of their Lives: The two Portmanteau's which were fill'd with Straw and Stone of a juſt Weight to what they ought to be, being brought to *Pompeo*'s, he order'd them to be carry'd up into the Apartment intended for *Don Guzman*, and when the Merchant had done what he had to do, he repair'd to the *Don*'s Inn, thinking to find him there; and preparing all the Way as he went, an Excuſe that he had not kept him Company more. But his Excuſe was uſeleſs, for he underſtood he had been gone three or four Hours; that he paid his Reckoning, order'd the Portmanteau s to be ſent back to his Houſe, and was gone to Dinner out in the Town.

Pompæo

Pompæo was ſo ſurpris'd at this Extraordinary Way of Proceeding, he could not tell what to think of it; he enquir'd the ſame things over and over again, and as often had the ſame unſatisfactory Information: He ask'd ſeveral other Queſtions of the Innkeeper, who knowing no more, could tell him no more. The Merchant did not like the Buſineſs one jot, and he began to believe he had done a Fooliſh Thing; However, ſaid he to himſelf, and his Thought was good and juſt, if this was not the True *Guzman*, he could never have come by my Letters, and known what he had written to me, and I to him: Beſides, how elſe could he have had the Keys of the Portmanteau's: Could a Thief, unleſs he was a Conjurer or a Magician, know ſo much, and do ſo much? and if I am cheated, it muſt be by ſome Supernatural Method. He then ponder'd in his Mind the Behaviour of the Man, and the more he reflected, the more he miſtruſted. 'Twas very odd that a Perſon who was ſick, or pretended to be ſick, ſhould go out after a bad Night's Reſt, and he wanted Sleep. 'Twas alſo ſtrange that he ſhould ſend his Portmanteau's back by Ordinary Fellows, and neither come to his Houſe, nor return to the Inn: Why ſhould he pay his Reckoning, and carry off the third Portmanteau, if he intended to come back again, and why go away without taking his Leave of him? Theſe, and ſuch like Reflections, made him conclude that there was Matter of Hope and Fear in the Buſineſs, and that he ought in Prudence to ask a Friend's Advice in it. He apply'd himſelf to the *Barigello*, a ſort of a Provoſt in *Italy*; he was his Friend, and underſtood ſuch kind of things as well as any Man, for he had Experience of them every Day, and was the Perſon that was to execute them whenever any thing of that nature was brought in queſtion; though Signior *Pompæo* was not the moſt Prudent Man in the World

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in going to conſult a Perſon of his Character, for he addreſs'd himſelf to one, who, next to the Thieves themſelves, was moſt concern'd in the Affair, and could give him no Advice againſt his Intereſt: For where's there a Provoſt in the World, let him be never ſo much a Man of Honour, who does not prefer his Purſe to his beſt Friend, and will adviſe another to do a thing which will coſt him Money out of his Pocket? Here was more than Probability or Suſpicion that there was a Robbery committed: Signior *Baregello* ſoon ſmelt the Matter, and adviſ'd his Friend *Pompæo* to follow the Robbers with all ſpeed, unleſs he would render himſelf reſponſible for the Goods, as indeed he was already, by his Eaſineſs in parting with them. The firſt thing the Merchant did, was to go to the Poſt-houſe, to ſee if any Young Gentleman had been there to hire Poſt-Horſes, with two Lacqueys in Liveries; there he learnt that Five Perſons had that Morning hir'd Horſes to go to *Florence*, three of which were juſt ſuch ſort of Men as *Pompæo* deſcribed; they had no other Baggage but one little Portmanteau, which the Fellows belonging to the Poſt-Houſe deſcribed to be ſo and ſo, and the Merchant eaſily perceiv'd 'twas the ſame; as alſo, that the Perſons who had been at the Inn were Aſſociates of other Thieves, and all together had plaid him a Trick, for he more than half believ'd now that he was robb'd, at leaſt he thought the ſureſt Card he had to play was to ſend his Friend the *Barigello* after them: He deſir'd him to mount a Horſeback, and away to *Florence*, to arreſt them there, if he could; that the Charge, he ſaid, would be ſomething, but he did not value it, believing 'twould be well laid out, and he wiſh'd it did not coſt him more. The Provoſt punctually comply'd with his Orders: And indeed 'tis the Excellence of that Sett of Men to be expeditious: For Expediti-

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on is the main of their Matter, and when they act otherwise, there has been Money in the Case from some invisible Hand or other: Their Business is Speed, and they generally are as speedy as any Men. *Pompæo* having given the Provost his Instructions, went home very anxious, uneasy and troubled in Mind, not knowing what to think or do, and seeing no way to get off without Sorrow and Expence. As for me, I was all this while highly treated by my Friends at *Rome*, and found they took their Leave of me as a Man they could unwillingly part with: I had not the least Suspicion of the Cheat that had been put upon me at *Siena*: I receiv'd a Letter from Signior *Pompæo*, advising the Receipt of my three Portmanteau's: I knew them to be in good Hands, and could not imagine that I should miss any thing, much less all, when I came there: I was only sorry for my Friend *Saavedra*, whom I heard nothing of, and could not know whether he was better or worse; I was afraid of the latter, because I had not seen him in two or three Days, which I doubted not I should have done, had he been in good Health, for he had not us'd to miss a Day without visiting me: I lov'd him so, that I wanted mightily to know how he did, and should have enquir'd concerning him of some *Spaniards* of my Acquaintance, had I suppos'd they could tell better than I, where he lodg'd; but I did not imagine any such thing, after he had so frankly made me his Confident: I was extreamly concern'd that I should be forc'd to go away without taking my Leave of him, and hearing in what State of Health I left him. I wrote a Letter, and gave it to one of our Servants, whom I could trust, to deliver it to him, if he came to enquire after me: In that Letter I express'd my self in all the obliging Terms I could think of. When I had bid every body that I knew at *Rome* farewel, I went to wait upon my Master, in

in his Chamber, to take my Leave of him ; I enter'd it with a Melancholy Look, and I confeſs I did not part from ſo good and honourable a Lord as he without Regret, having demonſtrated my Gratitude in the moſt Warm Expreſſions,and aſſur'd him that I ſhould never forget his Bounty and Goodneſs as long as I liv'd, I had the Satisfaction to ſee him touch'd with Grief at my Departure; and every Word he ſaid to me, prov'd that he did not let me go willingly. He added to the reſt a long Lecture of Advice, which he did more like a Father to a Son, than a Maſter to a Servant, and in ſuch tender moving Phraſes, that the Tears came ſo faſt into my Eyes, I could not ſay any thing more to him. Sure I am thoſe Tears were not counterfeit or unjuſt, but the beſt Anſwer I could make him ; and putting one Knee to the Ground, to kiſs his Hand, he gave me his laſt Embrace, and put a Chain of Gold about my Neck, which he us'd to wear about his own, and bad me keep it for his ſake, and to remember him as often as I ſaw it. He had given me the Night before a Purſe of Gold, with fifty Piſtoles in it, to bear my Charges, and one of the beſt Horſes in his Stable, with all convenient Furniture to ride on. All my Fellow Servants ſeeing I was going in good earneſt, began to ſhew their Sorrow for it ; and they had no other Reaſon, for I had done 'em a great many Good Offices,and never any Ill ones in all my Life ; all their Spite to me was out of Envy and Jealouſy that my Maſter was kinder to me than to them ; and now I was about to leave them, they ſeem'd to vie with one another who ſhould ſhew me moſt Civility and Friendſhip, which they did from the Higheſt to the Loweſt : In a Word, I departed from that Houſe with all the Satisfaction and Honour, that a Man of much better Faſhion than I could deſire ; I had reaſon to be contented ; for what

what I carry'd with me, and expected to find at *Siena*, was enough to enable me to defy Fortune's Malice: I never had been ſo rich and ſo well equipp'd in all my Life-time before, though I had not always taken honourable Methods to get what I got. I was reſolv'd to begin a New Courſe of Life, to repair theſe and all of my paſt Actions, and procure me a Good Name wherever I came. Well reſolv'd, could I have perform'd my Promiſe to my ſelf; but I was ever better at making good Reſolutions, than at keeping them; which I ought to have known after ſo many Experiments as I had had of my own Weakneſs, and not to have depended on them as I did, or think my Beard would mend me: For there are certain Defects of Temper and Complexion which no Age can correct; Vice had taken ſuch deep Root in me, that I wanted ſomething more powerful yet to convert me, and make me an Honeſt Man: The fine Deſigns which I form'd to my ſelf of growing better, were only the Flouriſhes of my Imagination, which are forgot on the leaſt Occaſion, and a Man returns to his Natural Diſpoſition; yet 'tis a ſign that we love Virtue and hate Vice in every body but ones ſelf.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Guzman *arrives at* Siena, *diſcovers he is robb'd, and who robb'd him: Ill us'd by his Friend there, who had invited him to come and ſee him.*

I Got a Horſeback, like another St. *George* well equipp'd, and ſet out like a Gentleman; I took the Road to *Siena*, looking upon my ſelf as one of the Happieſt Men upon Earth; I turn'd my Back upon *Rome*, reſolving to forget every thing in it, but my Good Maſter; and travelling on, came in due time to the City I was bound for. I made no Ceremony of the Buſineſs, but rode to my Friend Signior *Pompæo*'s Door, and alighted at it; I ask'd for him, he appear'd, and I embrac'd him, ſaying, I believe, Dear Sir, you are Signior *Pompæo*: Yes Sir, at your Service, reply'd the Merchant coldly; and I am your Servant and Good Friend *Guzman*, ſays I. You *Don Guzman*, quoth my Merchant, ſtepping back and bluſhing, as a Man that was very much ſurpriz'd; and that Saying of his threw me into as great a Surprize as his; for it boded nothing that was good to me, conſidering the Look he put on when he ſaid it. Impatient to know what he meant by receiving me thus, I ask'd him, with ſome Concern, Why he ask'd me that Queſtion, and in that manner? You will know why, reply'd he, more confounded than before, too ſoon for your Content and mine; but pray walk in, ſays he, giving my Horſe to one of his Men to take care of, for I ſee you are the True *Guzman*, and that I have been

cheated. This was all a Riddle to me, but 'twas eaſy enough to gueſs that ſome Misfortunes had attended my Baggage, and that I was robb'd. I was ſo chang'd on a ſudden with the Thought of it, that I cou'd not ſpeak a Word; however I put the beſt Face I cou'd on the Matter, that I might not ſhew my Weakneſs to a Man whom I was loth to give an ill Opinion of me at firſt Sight. What's the Matter then, ſaid I, with a different Tone of Voice? Have I been robb'd? You ſhall ſee, reply'd *Pompæo*, ſtill in Diſorder, and ſo he led me up Stairs to the Room that was provided for me; and I was in ſuch a Concern I knew not whither he led me. But I was ſo impatient to learn the worſt of my Misfortune, that I cou'd not ſtay till I came there. I beg you to tell me, ſays I, what is it that I have ſuffer'd? Have my Portmanteau's been open'd or carry'd away? One or t'other, I ſuppoſe, has happen'd. There's but one loſt, reply'd the Merchant; but 'tis true they had all in their Cuſtody, and I don't know what they have taken or left. How cou'd that be, ſaid I, interrupting him? You wrote to me in your laſt that you had receiv'd 'em all Three. That was true, anſwer'd Signior *Pompæo*; but ſince my laſt there came hither a Don *Guzman*, one of the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador's Gentlemen, going from *Rome* to *Florence* on ſome Buſineſs for that Miniſter, attended by Two Lacqueys in Liveries, who pretended he was my Friend that had done me Services at *Rome*, and ſhew'd the Keys of your Portmanteau's; the Keys of my Portmanteau's, cry'd I ſo loud that it made the Houſe ring! Yes, the Keys of your Portmanteau's, reply'd he, all my Men are Witneſſes of it; and more than that, my very Letters to you, particularly that in which I deſir'd you to take up my Houſe for your Lodging when you came this Way. When I heard that, I was ready to ſwoon away; I turn'd as pale as Death, as I cou'd ſee by the

the Lookinglafs. I durft not ask him which Portmanteau they had taken, for fince they had the Keys, and the Three in their Cuftody, I did not fuppofe they were fuch reafonable and generous Thieves as to leave me that which had the moft Treafure in it, or indeed that I fhou'd find much in the others; however I was in hafte to open them and fee how they had dealt by me. He fhew'd me my Chamber and the Two remaining Portmanteau's; at which Sight I was fo troubled I hardly knew what I did. I took out my Keys, open'd them, and you may imagine how my Grief was increas'd when I found nothing there but Stones, Straw and Dirt. Signior *Pompæo* was in truth as much griev'd as I, and efpecially when he underftood I valu'd the little Portmanteau, with my Money, Jewels, and other Things in it at 4000 Franks, and the other Two with my Cloaths at as much more, which together made 8000 Franks; and he cou'd not but apprehend that the Lofs might fall upon him, tho' he thought he had Reafon on his fide to juftify his Conduct, and clear himfelf of the Bufinefs. I walk'd up and down the Chamber fome time, and did not fay a Word, pond'ring all the while on my Misfortune, and who fhou'd have done me fo much Mifchief: I cou'd think of No-body but a Fellow that us'd to come in and out frequently to my Lord Ambaffador's Houfe, who was a Perfon that none of the Servants lik'd, and whom they had often affronted to make him forbear coming; and yet I did not fee how he cou'd come by my Keys to make falfe ones, for I never had trufted them with any one long enough to take off the Impreffion. And the Letter confounded me more than the reft, for I had had it a Day or two before I came away in my Pocket, and laid it on the Table in my Room; 'twas all a Myftery to me. As for *Saavedra*, he never once came into my Mind as a Perfon that was

capable of doing ſuch a baſe Action; 'twas ſo far out of my Thoughts, that ev n-then in the midſt of my Grief I wiſh'd for him to adviſe with him in the Matter, he having appear'd always to me to be a Man of good Senſe, and capable of adviſing. When I had reflected upon this fatal Stroke as much as I cou'd, without running into Confuſion and loſing my ſelf in the Dark, I turn'd to Signior *Pompæo*, who all this while had been as ſilent and penſive as I, and it behov'd him ſo to be, demanding of him what ſort of a Man the pretended *Guzman* was. He then told me the whole Story, from the beginning to the end; and you may gueſs what a pleaſant Tale 'twas to me when he came to deſcribe the Perſon of the Thief, his Complexion, Features, Shape, Hair and Voice, his Air and Dreſs ſo like *Saavedra*'s, that I thought I ſaw him before me. I was in a dreadful Fright, hardly knowing what Ground I ſtood upon; ſo amaz'd was I at the very Imagination that he was the Thief who had robb'd me. I cou'd not contain my Sorrow and Aſtoniſhment; Oh Heav'n! cry'd I, is it poſſible that ſuch a Man as he cou'd be guilty of ſuch a Piece of Treachery! The more Queſtions I ask'd of the Merchant, the more I was confirm'd in my Doubts by his Anſwers. Upon which I walk'd more penſively from one of the Chamber to the other, lifting up my Hands and Eyes to Heaven, and ſtamping and making ſuch Grimaces, as ſtill more ſurpriz'd my Hoſt the Merchant, who ask'd me very haſtily if I knew the Thief? I reply'd no, but he had deſcrib'd a Man ſo like a Friend of mine, that I cou'd not tell what to think, and that the falſe Keys only made it improbable to be he, for I cou'd not imagine how he cou'd come by them; beſides that 'twas almoſt impoſſible for me to ſuppoſe a Man of his Character cou'd do ſuch a villanous Trick. I did not remember he ever cou'd have had

an Opportunity to take the Impreſſion of my Keys, or that they were in his Power to do it when the Carrier of *Siena* came to ſee my Things, ſo that I cou'd not believe *Saavedra* was the Man. While I was contemplating about it, Word was brought that Supper was upon Table, and we both ſat down, tho' with very little Stomach to our Meat, eſpecially I, whoſe Head was too full of my Loſs to think of my Belly; 'twas a good, tho' a ſad Meal; little was ſaid, much thought on, and nothing agreeable; all the Talk was about the *Barigello*, whom Signior *Pompæo* expected that Night or next Morning back from *Florence*; but I did not much depend on him, for I knew thoſe ſort of Fellows too well to value their Service. However, I was glad to find my Hoſt, Signior *Pompæo*, had taken ſo much care of my Intereſt, and was ſo concern'd for my Misfortune, as to ſend away to *Florence* about it. I cou'd not excuſe his Eaſineſs in parting with my Portmanteau's, notwithſtanding there was ſo much likelihood of Impoſture in the falſe *Guzman*; yet I found he was not ſo much to blame as I, if it ſhou'd happen that *Saavedra* was the Thief, a Young Man whom I had put ſo great Confidence in, tho' I knew nothing of him; but I did not yet believe a *Spaniard* cou'd have done ſuch a Diſhonour to our Country. Neither Signior *Pompæo* nor I had eat much, ſo Supper was ſoon done; and having ſhewn an Inclination to go to Bed, being weary after my Journey, my Hoſt conducted me to my Chamber, where a few Moments after he left me to my Reſt. When he was gone I again rummag'd my empty Portmanteau's, and finding nothing, I began to expoſtulate with Deſtiny on the Cruelty of Fate, to be robb'd of all after I had taken ſo much Pains to get ſomething together, and not by the moſt honourable Means; Ah, thought I, when ſhall I be able to fill Three ſuch Portmanteau's again with ſuch good Cloaths, ſuch fine Lin-

nen, Silver, Gold, Jewels, and other Things of Value? This Robbery brought Repriſals into my Head, and put me upon a Temptation to return to my former Trade; I knew no better Way of recovering my Loſſes, and 'twas neceſſary, as Caſes ſtood, that I ſhou'd think of ſomething or other to comfort me, whether I ever put it in Practice or not, tho' I ſeem'd much more inclin'd to do it than not to do it. Farewell all my fair Reſolutions of a new Courſe of Life, of Probity and Virtue. Powerful was the Temptation, and let any Man that ever was a Robber, and meets with ſuch a Loſs, reſiſt it if he can, when 'tis in his Power to make himſelf amends with one ſure Blow; whoever can do it muſt be a Saint, whoever ſays it a Hypocrite; I was neither the one nor the other and I own that had it not been for the Laws of Hoſpitality, which I wou'd by no means break, I ſhou'd have begun my Trade in his Houſe, as it ſeem'd ſomewhat reaſonable ſince he was ſo much in fault, that at leaſt he ought to have made good half of the Loſs; but the Man was honeſt, and what he did was to do me a Kindneſs; he alſo entertain'd me very nobly, for which Reaſons I reſolv'd to ſpare him. The beſt part of the Night I ſpent in ſuch worthy Reflections as theſe, walking up and down my Chamber, believing I ſhou'd not ſleep if I went to Bed, and ſo it fell out, for my Head was ſo full of this Miſchance that I did not cloſe my Eyes till Seven a Clock in the Morning; then I dropt aſleep, but was ſoon wak'd by a Noiſe of People coming up Stairs, who came bolting into my Chamber, crying out all the Way, like Men out of their Wits, *The Thief is taken, Sir, the Thief is taken; you'll have your Money and your Things again.* I was ſo ſtunn'd with their Clamour that I did not know whether I was aſleep or awake. I rubb'd my Eyes, and drawing the Curtains to ſee what was the Matter, found my Room was full of

Signior

Signior *Pompæo*'s Family, his Wife, Children, and Servants, who all of them repeated their Cries, and told me further, that the *Barigello* wou'd be there in an Hours time with the principal Thief, and had ſent one of his Serjeants before, ordering him to gallop all the Way to let Signior *Pompæo* know it; that the Signior was dreſſing himſelf, and wou'd bring the Serjeant to me if I pleas'd: I anſwer'd, I ſhou'd be very much oblig'd to him, for I wou'd fain talk to him my ſelf. So my Hoſt and the Serjeant came into my Chamber; I examin'd the latter, and found by his Deſcription that the Thief they had caught was the ſame who had play'd the Part of *Guzman*, and Signior *Pompæo* ſuppos'd as much. Thus he very well deſerv'd the Name of the principal Thief. I was ſo overjoy'd at this News, that tho' I had reſolv'd not to let my Hoſt know I had any Money, to ſee if he wou'd ſupply me with ſome, yet I cou'd not forbear putting my Hand in my Pocket and giving the Serjeant a Piſtole, hoping now the chief Rogue was taken, I ſhou'd at leaſt get the beſt part of my Things again. Signior *Pompæo* was of the ſame Opinion, and we both rejoyc'd over our good Fortune. 'Twas in vain to think of ſleeping after it. Every one went out of my Chamber, and I got up and dreſs'd my ſelf, to be ready againſt the Thief arriv'd, to go with him before the Judge, and have his Trial come on immediately, that I might not waſte my Money in Charges, as it almoſt always happens. Signior *Pompæo* came to me again as ſoon as he thought I was near being dreſs'd, and we talk'd over the Matter, that we might come to a Reſolution what to do in it before the Provoſt arriv'd. We had not debated it long, before *Barigello* rode up to the Merchant's Gate, and his Men led away the Thief to Priſon. We deſir'd the Provoſt to walk in, and he immediately fell a bouncing and bragging how he had caught the Thief, as if it had

been one of the moſt Artful and Glorious Actions of the Age. I did not hearken much to his Hiſtory, my Impatience to know what was become of my Treaſure made me interrupt him in the middle of his Tale to ask him if 'twas found. As for the Money, ſaid he, I only found 28 Piſtoles about him, and ſome odd Things; for tho' he acted the chief Part in the Plot, he was but an Underling to one *Alexander Bentivoglio*, who kept moſt of the Booty himſelf. I know the Character of that *Bentivoglio*, and doubt he's got off, but you may be glad you have got the Rogue who was the only Cauſe of your Misfortune, and if you'll let me alone I'll warrant he ſhall be hang'd. When I had heard this fine Story, I cou'd have wiſh'd Maſter Provoſt, his Serjeant, who had my Piſtole, Signior *Pompæo* and all his Family to the Gallows for waking me as they did about nothing, the Money recover'd being not enough to pay the Charge of committing the Fellow to Jail. I cou'd not help letting my Gentleman the Provoſt ſee I was very much diſſatisfy'd with his Performances; and he who expected a good Reward from me for his Induſtry and Art in catching the Thief, was very angry at the Baulk he ſaw he was like to receive. He mutter'd to Signior *Pompæo*, who accompany'd him as he went out, that he wou'd do me no Service in the Matter. I told my Friend when he inform'd me of it, I did not ſee wherein he cou'd do me any; that 'twas not the Death of the Thief I wanted, and my Pocket wou'd not be the fuller for hanging him. As to the 28 Piſtoles, I underſtood the Ways of the Courts too well to expect a Penny of it, if the Judges finger'd the Money; that I had very fooliſhly thrown away a Piſtole already on the Serjeant, and they ſhou'd have no more of my Money. *Pompæo* ask'd me if I wou'd not go and ſee the Thief, to ſatisfy my ſelf whether 'twas the ſame Perſon of whom I had ſome

Suſpicion?

Suspicion? I reply'd, if I did go, 'twou'd be for that Reason only, and if I was not mistaken I shou'd be the most surpriz'd Man in the World. We went to the Prison, and as soon as I saw him I found 'twas *Saavedra*, who threw himself at my Feet, and look'd as pale as Death, either thro' Fear or Confusion; he begg'd me to pardon him, saying, he knew he deserv'd Death, but he hop'd I wou'd take Pity on him, and not consent that a Man whom, tho' unworthy, I had honour'd with my Friendship, shou'd be condemn'd to die the most shameful Death. He had time to make his Harangue as long as he pleas'd, for I was struck dumb and immoveable with the Sight of him; my Heart was touch'd with Pity, and at the same time fir'd with Indignation, which being the most violent Motion, evaporated all in Reproaches, and Pity triumph'd, so that if I had stay'd to hear him much longer I shou'd have shewn my Weakness to all that were present, the Tears coming into my Eyes; and turning short from him, went my Way, having ask'd him several Questions, in Answer to which I understood that Three of the Five Rogues were gone to *Trent*, and their Captain *Bentivoglio* to *Bologna*, where the latter's Father dwelt, a scoundrel pettyfogging Lawyer, who liv'd by cheating and persecuting his Neighbours; and tho' the Father was a Rogue, according to Law he deserv'd the Gallows as much as his Son, than whom no Man cou'd ever more deserve it. I return'd to Signior *Pompæo*'s House very little satisfy'd with the Discovery I had made; Pity wou'd not suffer me to be the Death of the Rascal, and the Gallies was the least he cou'd expect. The Judges next Day sent to know whether I wou'd prosecute him or not; I made them the same Answer as I had done *Pompæo*, That I wou'd prosecute him if I cou'd get my Money by it; but if he had nothing to refund I had nothing to say to him. The Magistrates finding there

there was no more to be got by it, condemn'd him Three Days after to the Pillory, and banish'd him out of that Territory for ever. He had no Mark on his Body of any former Punishment; so this being look'd upon as his first, his Treatment was the milder. Tho' he had been an old Offender, yet he had the good Luck to escape hitherto, and now came off much better than he cou'd have expected for such a Robbery. The Officers divided the 28 Pistoles among them; the few Things that they took about him they also plunder'd, and I had only the Satisfaction of hearing that he had stood in the Pillory and was banish'd. Had the Judges stood there themselves, or been hang'd, there had been no great Hurt done; the World wou'd have had a fair Riddance. Right and Law are every Day sold, and the Scales of Justice rise or fall as Gold turns the Balance, or Favour prevails. 'Tis an old Trade, and will not soon be left off. *E rare volte un giudice buen more.* To Morrow Morning, Friend, if you are not weary of my Story, you shall have more of it. Rise betimes, eat a good Breakfast, and then we'll at it again.

CHAP. XII.

Guzman *departs from* Siena, *in order to go to* Florence; *he meets* Saavedra *who had robb'd him, on the Road; pities him, and takes him into his Service.*

A True Friend is the rarest Thing in the World, yet we must not think the Age we live in in fault; Times past were as bad as the present, and Four or Five Thousand Years of Antiquity can hardly

hardly furnifh us with four or five fair Examples of a true and faithful Friendfhip; Men are neither better nor worfe on this Account than they were; Intereft always govern'd them, and has always been the Occafion of the clofeft Engagements between them; every Thing fmells of this Corruption; where there is no Intereft there is no Friendfhip; Intereft begets it, nourifhes it, and deftroys it; we have no other Tie to bind us one to another; and the Emblem which Lovers give to Fidelity ought to be giv n to Intereft; when Intereft fails farewel Friendfhip. All the fine Notions of Sympathy of Humours, Wit, Inclinations, all the pleafant Arguments from Stars and Planets, and other tender and rare Chimera's, which Speculative Lovers imagine, are Whimfies, like Mad-men's Dreams, and they wou'd not hold Two Men together Four and Twenty Hours without the help of Intereft, who faftens all natural Knots as well as accidental with her own, or they wou'd not keep clofe long. 'Tis all idle and ridiculous to fet up for an Heroick Pitch of Friendfhip above what is common, to value one's felf on Purity of Intention, a meer Imagination only; let's fee whether your Difintereft will out-live a Storm; the leaft Misfortune will ferve inftead of a Touchftone, to try whether there is no Counterfeit Coin in it. There is no Friend but feels fome Alteration in his Heart tow'rds another on the Change of his Fortune. The beft and deareft of your Friends are thofe that fooneft leave you in Adverfity, and often-times who throw the firft Stone at you. 'Twou'd be fuperfluous to give Examples of fuch a common and known Truth. There's no Man who has had fo little Experience of the World, but has known more than one Inftance of this nature, with refpect to himfelf or others. The worft of it is, that 'tis common for People to break with their beft Friends for the leaft Matter of Intereft, and to fall

out

out with them almoſt about nothing. A Trifle in a Money Buſineſs, or ſome other little piece of Service, is enough to let us ſee that all their boaſted Tenderneſs, their Proteſtations and Vows of Services were a meer Cheat; and that there is nothing ſo fatal in Friendſhip as a Time of Trial. What a pitiful Machine is Man, who is naturally ſo vain and proud, ſince there's ſo little neceſſary to diſmount him and reduce him to a Condition of being good for nothing? For if you are good for any thing, my Friend, ſhew it me, let me ſee in what you will make it appear; if you don't do it when you have an Opportunity to ſerve me, when will you? If you are only a Friend in Word, you are either not a Man, or if a Man, a Cheat, which is ſomething worſe. What need is there that you ſhou'd abuſe me then with your Offers of Service, your Embraces, your Tranſports of Joy at the Sight of me when I don't want your Help? Why ſhou'd you be ſo eager to impoſe on my Credulity, only to give me an Occaſion to ſee that you are like the reſt of the World; and whenever Fortune frowns on me will diſown me, as if you had never ſeen me, and knew nothing of me, or any thing that belongs to me? Oh poor Friend! How I pity thee. Don't think that I will ever make my ſelf ſo mean as to reproach thee with the Services thy counterfeit Friendſhip engag'd me to do for thee, perhaps I ſhou'd not have the Satisfaction of ſeeing thee bluſh; Shame is not an ungrateful Man's Vice. If thou canſt bluſh I ſhall put thee to it, by being ſtill more ſerviceable to thee than ever, that's the only Way I ſhall triumph over thee, and let me have the Pleaſure to make a very ungrateful Man of an ungrateful.

Thus did Signior *Pompæo* deal by me, and 'twas my Reflections on his Conduct that produc'd this little Preamble upon Friendſhip. Never Man ſhew'd more Inclination to be grateful for Services done him

him than he did in all his Letters to me; I thought I might depend upon him, as the moſt faithful and zealous Friend I had in the World, and one who wou'd, as he ſaid, look upon himſelf as the moſt unfortunate Man upon Earth if I did not give him an Opportunity to let me ſee how much he was my Friend; in a Word, that I ſhou'd infinitely oblige him by putting his Friendſhip to the Proof. All his Letters were full of ſuch Profeſſions as theſe, and I had never undertaken this unhappy Journey to *Siena*, had it not been that I reckon'd my ſelf oblig'd, after ſo many preſſing Invitations, to viſit ſuch a good Friend as Signior *Pompæo*, and ſpend a few Days with him. You will ſay perhaps that I carry'd my ſelf like a Novice in the World, to take all that he ſaid,to be any thing elſe but Words of Courſe, coming from the Mouth of a Man who thought I might be ſtill ſerviceable to him, and who deſign'd to pay me in Words and falſe Money what he did not care to diſcharge, like a Man of Honour; I knew all this as well as you, and how little Mens Words go for in ſuch Matters. Yet after I had ſo frankly and generouſly oblig'd him in Affairs of great Conſequence, who cou'd imagine he wou'd have us'd me as he did, and that ſo ſmall a Buſineſs as his fear of making me ſome Compenſation for the Loſs I ſuſtain'd by his Imprudence, ſhou'd carry him on a ſudden from one Extremity to another, as it did while I was under his Roof? He behav'd himſelf tow'rds me afterwards as if I was a Man who was a Burthen to him, and whom he wou'd willingly rid his Hands of, which he ſhew'd by all his Actions, and grew ſo cold at laſt, that he wou'd hardly look upon me. His ill Uſage increas'd daily, and I help'd to increaſe it, by ſaying fooliſhly, I did not think of returning to *Rome*; ſo he thought I cou'd do him no more Service, and 'twou'd be the laſt time he ſhou'd ſee me, as well as it was the firſt, wherefore he put

no

no Constraint on himself to dissemble his Uneasiness, and seem'd not to value how I took it, or whether I went away in a good Humour or a bad one. This is the Character of all dishonest Men; the World is full of them, and with a very small allowance of difference are all of the same Make with Signior *Pompæo*. I was heartily vex'd at his Usage of me; in short, he was an ungrateful Rascal, who, not satisfy'd with being in part the Cause of my Ruin, wou'd have driv'n me out of his House, where he ought to have entertain'd me as well as he cou'd, and as long as I wou'd stay. I had no Way to right my self; to bring an Action against him for my Loss was both chargeable and uncertain, and might reduce me to a worse State than I was in already; for I found that the Lawyers in *Italy* were like those in all other Places, give 'em Money they wou'd promise you Mountains, but Right and Reason weigh'd nothing with them. 'Tis seldom that a Poor Council gains a Cause against a Rich one. I was not so great a Fool as to let them rook me of the little I had left. If my Host was weary of me, I was as weary of him, and was very well pleas'd to see him avoid my Company, for truly his was not at all agreeable to me, it serving only to renew my Grief; I therefore resolv'd, as soon as the Sentence was executed against *Saavedra*, and I found I cou'd not get any of the Twenty Eight Pistoles out of the Judges Clutches, to leave *Siena*, where I had nothing to do. I told the Signior this welcome News over Night; he was so far from desiring me to stay, that he cou'd not hide his Joy to hear I was going, but was in the best Humour I ever saw him in since I came into his House; which however did not last long, for bringing up the Discourse of my Pocket, and hinting a little how low it was, on purpose to see how far 'twas possible for him to shew his Baseness and Ingratitude; it struck him dumb all at once.

once. He fell a coughing and ſpitting, to turn off the Diſcourſe, and I found there wou'd no Good come of it, I gave him to underſtand I had a juſt Notion of his wretched Temper, and that there was not a greater Raſcal than he in *Italy*; but that did me no Good, nor him any Hurt; ſo I went to Bed as ill ſatisfy'd with him on that Score as on the reſt. I was going away next Morning without taking Leave of him, and had done it, if he had not run after me when I was about to take Horſe, and ſtopt me, to ſtay and dine with him, which I did with ſome Reluctance. Our Dinner was the moſt magnificent of any we had had ſince I lodg'd at his Houſe. However we were not reconcil'd one to the other, and we parted with ſo many cold Compliments, at leaſt on my ſide, that they better deſerv'd the Name of Affronts. I got a Horſeback, and ſpurr'd heartily, to get as ſoon as I cou'd out of *Siena*, far from *Pompæo* and all that belong'd to him, looking upon his Houſe as the Place of my Ruin, which I cou'd not think of without new Trouble. Thus I parted from *Siena* like a true Knight-errant, or rather like a true Diſciple of the Philoſopher *Bias*, carrying my All with me, being diſincumber'd of my Baggage; for the duce a bit of Linnen or Cloaths had I but what was on my Back, or in my Pocket. I had made a very hopeful Buſineſs on't. I cou'd argue very morally on my Condition, but I was never a whit the wiſer for it. Never Man had more need of making his Advantage of his Miſfortunes, and improving them, by growing more diſcreet for the future, and never Man made leſs. A little Matter griev'd me, a little Matter comforted me; and my Head was full of this Maxim, The more Man knows himſelf to be miſerable, the more miſerable he is. I hop'd much from my Induſtry, and doubted not but that Fortune, who had juſt play'd me ſuch a ſcurvy Trick, had done her

worſt,

worst, and wou'd smile in a little time. I was stout enough; the World's wide, said I, every Thing lives in it, and whatever Country my Destiny leads me into, it must be very barren if with the little Wit that I have I can't make my Way thro' it. Thus I travell'd on gravely, reflecting on such kind of Morality; and when I was about four Leagues from *Siena* I saw a Man before me built exactly like my Rogue *Saavedra*; my Blood curdled at the Sight, and I was tempted to shoot him thro' the Head; he deserv'd it really, but that I thought wou'd not get me my Money again. Hold, *Guzman*, said I, kill no-body, that's still worse than the rest. If thou wert in his Place wou'dst thou be willing to be kill'd? Thus I brought my self into a little Temper, and resolv'd to ride by him without so much as speaking to him, or looking upon him, any more than if I had never known him. He was before me, trudging it along in the High-way to *Florence*, whither I was going as well as he. When I came within 50 Paces of him he turn'd about, and spying me was terribly surpriz'd; he cou'd not tell what to do, seeing himself at my Mercy, and not knowing how far my Choler and Resentment might transport me. But when he saw I pass'd by him without saying a Word to him, he ran after me with his Hat in his Hand, and made such lamentable Complaint to induce me to pardon him for betraying me, that I was touch'd with it, and stopp'd to hear him. Coming up to me he kiss'd my Boots with the Tears in his Eyes, and shew'd so much real Sorrow for his Ingratitude, that I began to melt; and he observing it, begg'd that to expiate so great a Crime, I wou'd take him into my Service, and I shou'd find I never had a more faithful Servant. I reproach'd him a thousand times with my Civilities tow'rds him and his Treason; but at last, seeing all the Signs of an unfeign'd Repentance in him, and not forgetting the

Assistance

Aſſiſtance I receiv'd from him in the Adventure with the Shoemakers, I forgave him, bad him follow me, and I wou'd get Bread for him. That if he ſerv'd me as well as I might expect after ſuch a Favour, ſo ill deſerv'd from me, I might do more for him. Upon which, hugging my Boot in his Arms with all his Might, and kiſſing my Hand, he follow'd me with as much Joy as if Fortune had been reconcil'd to him, and he had made his by meeting with me. I rode ſoftly that I might not tire him. We were not far from our Inn; and by the Way I made him tell me all the Story of that unfortunate Robbery, which had coſt me ſo dear. He told me all very faithfully and ingeniouſly, without ſparing himſelf; but I cou'd not help ſighing more than once when I thought of the fine Cloaths, the Jewels, and the Gold that I was lately Maſter of. I had reſolv'd not to think of 'em, becauſe it cou'd do me no good; on the contrary, ſuch Thoughts only help'd to deprive me of the little Comfort that was left me. You will ſay perhaps that I acted very much like a Fool to bring the Charge of a Servant upon me when I was ſo ill able to bear it, and eſpecially a Servant of *Saavedra*'s Character, who had lately prov'd himſelf ſuch a falſe Traytor to me, and might do the ſame upon occaſion again; for I cou'd have ſeen by my ſelf that when a Man is naturally giv'n to ſuch ſort of Villanies he cannot leave them off, 'tis Heav'n only that muſt reform him. All that I can anſwer is in the firſt place this, That ſuch able Perſons as my ſelf, who know how to fill their Pockets when they are empty, don't matter what they ſpend as long as they have a Farthing left. And as to the Character of my Pilgrim *Saavedra*, I beg you to tell me what I ſhou'd have done with an honeſt Fellow for my Servant? I who ſeldom ſerv'd my Maſters or my ſelf, but I deſerv'd to be put into the Hands of Juſtice for it?

He might rob me 'tis true by the Experience he had had of his Trade; and you believe 'tis eaſier to be robb'd by a Servant, whom you know to be really a Robber, than by one whom you don't diſtruſt, whom you think faithful, and depend entirely upon his Fidelity. You are miſtaken, all Servants are Robbers; and a Man laughs at Robbers when he has nothing to loſe. However the Caſe was not thus between *Saavedra* and me, we were of the ſame Trade, Brothers in Iniquity, and knew how to be uſeful to one another. I look'd upon him as a Perſon that might be neceſſary to me in the Profeſſion, to which I foreſaw I muſt return. I was glad that I knew him ſo well before-hand, and that he did not know me; ſo that I was at liberty to tell him what I thought fit of my ſelf. A Man that wou'd live in the World muſt know how to make uſe of every thing and every body; in this conſiſts the Art of a cunning Man; and tho' I was not a Perſon of that Character, I had my Talents as well as others. When we came to our Inn he began to diſcharge the Office of a Valet, as one that had been us'd to the Buſineſs. He ſerv'd me ſo well, that I was glad I had found him, and almoſt comforted by it for the Loſs of my Goods, which he had been the Occaſion of.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

They arrive at Florence. Guzman *is introduc'd to the Great Duke as the* Spaniſh *Ambaſſador's Nephew, and is very graciouſly receiv'd by him.*

WE arriv'd at *Florence*, the Place I long wiſh'd to ſee; and indeed all the Deſcriptions I had heard of that City fell ſhort of the Beauty and Magnificence of it. Nothing can be more agreeable than the Out-parts of the Town nothing more convenient than the Situation, nothing more magnificent than the Palaces and Churches, the fineſt in *Italy*; not to ſay any thing of the Great Duke's Palace, which is an entire World of Treaſure and Curioſities. Enough has been ſaid in other Books of that and the other Beauties of *Florence*. When I have told you all that I can ſay upon the Subject, you may eaſily know much more than I can tell you; for all Authors that ſpeak of it, ſay there is never a City in *Italy* that deſerves to be ſeen more than this. *Saavedra* was very well acquainted there, having liv'd there ſome time; he carry'd me to the beſt Inn in the Town, and I gave out that I was a *Spaniſh* Gentleman, a Relation of the Ambaſſador at *Rome*; and becauſe it did not look very probable that I ſhou'd be a Man of that Importance, having a very thin Train and Equipage, we pretended our Baggage was coming by the Carrier. I confided in *Saavedra*'s Conduct for the Management of theſe ſmall Matters, and lying for his Maſter's Reputation, which alſo better'd his own: And in truth he underſtood ſuch Things as well as any Man; he had a way of carrying an Affair off ſo that none ſuſpected his Sincerity. His Look wou'd have deceiv'd any Body, 'twas ſo fair and plauſible, very

well ſuited to his Words; whereas 'twas my Miſfortune that my Looks were too much a-kin to my Manners. 'Twas not difficult to be ſeen what I was by my Countenance and Air, tho' I did all I cou'd to counterfeit thoſe of a Man of Honour. *Saavedra* provided one of the beſt Rooms in the Houſe for me, tho' 'twas full of Perſons of Quality, my Man telling our Hoſt that I came about Affairs of Conſequence, which the Ambaſſador had order'd me to negotiate there with his Highneſs, and that in all likelihood I might ſtay ſome time; which was good News to my Hoſt, and he paid me extraordinary Reſpect upon this Account. *Saavedra* adviſ'd me to buy the next Day a fair large Portmanteau, which we might pretend to be come by the Carrier, and to contain our Baggage, and what we might afterwards fill with the Goods Fortune ſhou'd throw into our Hands. I approv'd of his Advice, and gave him Money to make the Purchaſe, which he did, and executed his Commiſſion with the utmoſt Dexterity.

I happen'd to come to *Florence* in the luckieſt time that cou'd be, for the Great Dutcheſs was juſt brought to Bed of a Son, and there was nothing but Rejoicing, Feaſting, Singing and Dancing in Court and City. The Palace was open to all Gentlemen, and the Great Duke and Dutcheſs receiv'd all Comers ſo graciouſly, that every Body came thence charm'd with their Generoſity. Moſt of the Gentlemen who lodg'd in my Inn, came to *Florence* on purpoſe to participate in the Diverſions on this Occaſion, and make their Court to their Prince. My Hoſt asking me whether I wou'd eat by my ſelf or in Company, I who cou'd make nothing by being alone, and whoſe Buſineſs it was to get as much and as good Acquaintance as I cou'd, reply'd, I had rather have the Honour of eating with the other Gentlemen in the Houſe. Accordingly when Supper-time

time came I had notice of it, and went into the Hall, where I found the Company ready to ſit down at Table. I enter'd the Room with an Air of Quality and Importance, which I knew well how to counterfeit. I was dreſs'd as handſomly as cou'd be expected from a Traveller, and *Saavedra*, who underſtood his Trade, ran and plac'd a Chair for me tow'rds the upper end of the Board, in which I very boldly ſeated my ſelf; and this manner of Proceeding acquir'd me the Reſpects of the whole Company; who, by the Airs I aſſum'd, and the Submiſſions paid me by my Servant, took me for an important Perſon; yet they did not know what or who I was, for *Saavedra* had only told my Hoſt my Name and Quality. They all ſtar'd upon me, and were all at a loſs to gueſs what Country-man I was, my Looks having little or nothing of the *Spaniard* in them. I was not quite ſo ſwarthy as generally our Country-men are; my Air was entirely *Italian*, and like a *Roman*, who had been well bred, and had been us'd to frequent Perſons of Quality; ſo ſome thought me a Citizen of *Rome*, others took me for a *Neapolitan*, and others for a *Piemontois*. They liſten'd impatiently to hear me talk, to ſee whether they cou'd find out by my Accent and Diſcourſe of what City I was; but I, who was willing to be better acquainted with them before I let them be better acquainted with me, made no great haſte to ſatisfy their Curioſity. My Health went round, and the whole Company by ſeveral other Civilities endeavour'd to engage me in the Converſation of the Table. I anſwer'd all of them with an obliging Mein and civil Grimace, with bowing, and an Air ſo engaging, that it had as good an Effect upon them as Words cou'd have had. The little I ſaid however made them conclude I was an *Italian*, and my Accent was ſo good, they thought I cou'd be nothing but a *Roman*; but talking to *Saavedra* in

Spanish with an Air of Command, which I always affected, the Company were divided in their Opinions; some of them took me for an *Italian*, others for a *Spaniard*, or at least that I was born in the King of *Spain*'s Dominions. One of them was more impatient than the rest, and rose from the Table to learn of our Host who I was, it being common for the Innkeepers to know such Things sooner than others. He was told what *Saavedra* had said, and return'd to the Hall very well satisfy'd. When he came he whisper'd what he had learn'd to those that sat next to him, and so the News of my pretended Quality went from one to another all round the Table. They did not pay me more Respect than before, for indeed they cou'd not do it, had I been really what *Saavedra* said I was, the *Spanish* Ambassador's Kinsman. But however the Company's knowing it had a good Effect, for they fell presently into Discourse about *Rome*, and often apply'd to me to induce me to talk with them, yet I avoided it as much as Decency wou'd permit. So much Discretion in such a Young Man, for I was the youngest at the Table, gave them a good Opinion of my Merit, it not being usual for Young Men to be shy in Company, and not to love talking of themselves or others. And indeed Talkativeness is not only the Vice of Young Men, but of Travellers in general, of what Age soever. Every thing I said was thought to be very witty, either because 'twas new, as I endeavour'd it shou'd be, or because, studying to say my best, I said something that was to the purpose, and shin'd among their ordinary Discourse. They were all surpriz'd, and as often as I open'd my Mouth to speak there was a great Silence in the Room, as if they look'd for something extraordinary. Supper being done we rose from Table, and I was presently surrounded, as a Person of Consideration; one of the Chief Men there applying him-

self

ſelf to me more familiarly than the reſt ſaid, 'Twas impoſſible but I muſt know 'twas a Time of Rejoycing in *Florence*; that there were Balls at Court every Night, for Joy of the Birth of a Prince, and particularly wou'd be one to Night; if I had any Curioſity to ſee it he ſhou'd reckon himſelf highly honour'd to wait upon me there. I thank'd him very courteouſly for his obliging Offer, but excus'd my ſelf on account of my Equipage, which was not arriv'd. They all complimented me on that Occaſion; and tho' they were certainly much better dreſs'd than I yet I had ſomething in my Cloaths ſo gay and courtly, that I look'd as fine as the beſt of 'em, tho' their Suits were all new, and as rich as they cou'd be made, to appear at Court in. Having the Scruples of my Undreſs remov'd, I conſented to accompany them; ſo to Court we all went, and found it almoſt full; the Great Duke was in the middle of the Aſſembly, and as ſoon as I enter'd the Room he caſt his Eye upon me: I don't know whether it was becauſe my Dreſs was particular, or becauſe I was a new Face to him, or that my Mein and Air pleas'd him; but in ſhort, I found I was not like long to eſcape his Curioſity, for tho' I was not at all fond of approaching ſo great a Prince as he nearer, thinking that wou'd be to carry my Impudence too far, yet I perceiv'd I ſhou'd not be able to avoid it, for I ſaw he whiſper'd one of the Lords of the Court in the Ear, and gueſs'd, by his looking on me at the ſame time, 'twas to bid him enquire who I was, and whence I came. I made as if I had not ſeen it, being at a pretty good diſtance from him in a Crowd of Gentlemen; but I ſoon was convinc'd of the Truth of what I fancy'd, for one of the Gentlemen of our Inn came and told me 'twas ſo, and that I ſhou'd do very well to go up and ſalute the Great Duke. I had told them I intended to put off paying my Duty to him till the

next Day, but ſeeing I was taken notice of, that his Highneſs look'd upon me more than ever, and underſtanding he had been inform'd I was the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador's Nephew, I drew up boldly nearer to him; and he obſerving I had a mind to pay my Reſpects to him, was ſo kind as to order room to be made for me. Thus it happen'd that this Scene was the moſt illuſtrious of my Life hitherto, and I behav'd my ſelf as if I had been indeed my Lord Ambaſſador's Nephew. I began the Ceremonies by a very low Bow, which had ſomething in it at the ſame time of Liberty and Reſpect, and ſaid, That being but juſt come, and a Ball being not a proper Time to pay my Duty to his Highneſs, I durſt not preſume to approach him, had I not been inform'd that he had done me the Honour to enquire who I was, which I then thought my ſelf oblig'd to tell his Highneſs my ſelf. The Great Duke very graciouſly reply'd, he knew it already, but ſhou'd not have believ'd it, had he not been told; for I had nothing of a *Spaniard* in my Air or Mein, and ſpoke ſo good *Italian*, that I muſt have either been long in *Italy*, or made greater Progreſs in learning the Tongue than my Country-men us'd to do, who ſeldom leave the Brogue. Upon which I ſpoke to him in *Spaniſh* to return him my moſt humble Thanks for ſo great a Favour. He reply'd alſo in *Spaniſh*, which Language he underſtood and talk'd perfectly well. He ſaid he knew my Uncle, and had treated with him ſeveral times about different Affairs; adding, he had a particular Reſpect for him, and was glad he had an Opportunity to ſhew it tow'rds me, whom he invited to come and ſee him. Other gracious Speeches I had from him, to which I anſwer'd by abundance of Cringes and few Words. The Great Dutcheſs coming in at the ſame time, I had the Honour of ſaluting her alſo, and the Great Duke himſelf told her who I was. The Ball then begin-

beginning I withdrew a little to one ſide, to make room for the Dancers. They had not danc'd above Three Dances before the Duke made a Sign to a Lady, whoſe Turn it was to dance, to take me out: That was what I wanted, yet I made as if I wou'd have avoided it, and excus'd my ſelf on account of my being in a Diſabille, juſt alighted off my Horſe; but the Duke crying out, that if I had my Boots on I cou'd not refuſe dancing with ſo fair a Lady, I prepar'd to do what was deſir'd of me. You know I was not the worſt Man in the World at Dancing, 'twas one of my beſt Talents, no Man cou'd out-do me at it who was not a profeſs'd Maſter, and few of the Profeſſion cou'd match me. I ſhew'd the Ladies at *Rome* my Excellence that Way, and you may imagine I did my utmoſt now to let the Ladies at *Florence* ſee I was as much a Maſter of the Art as any in their City, tho' I did not teach it for Hire. I came off anſwerably to my Skill, and the Great Dutcheſs, who lov'd Dancing entirely, mightily applauded my Manner and Performance. She oblig'd me to dance three times one after another, and ſaid ſhe cou'd not tell which was beſt; nevertheleſs I danc'd only ſuch Dances as were common and well known at *Florence*, to which I added ſome Flouriſhes of my own as good as any of the Maſters. There were other new Dances at *Rome*, which had not reach'd *Florence* yet, and thoſe I reſerv'd for the Concluſion of the Ball. The Honour that was done me inſpir'd me with ſo many Graces, that with my natural Gaiety and free Air I gain'd mightily upon the Ladies of the Great Duke's Court, the moſt civil and obliging, and yet the moſt virtuous of any in *Italy*, tho' they have more Liberty than others, which they very rarely abuſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

He falls in Love with a Lady at the Great Duke's Court, is favourably receiv'd by the Great Dutchess, courts the Lady, and is like to marry her.

AMong other Ladies there were three at the Ball who were extreamly charming, about whom I was most officious, and whenever I danc'd took out one or t'other of them. They all Three pleas'd me so well that I cou'd not tell which I shou'd chuse, if I had been to have made Choice of either of them. One of the Gentlemen of our Inn observing I was very assiduous about one of them, came up to me and said, if you dance always with that brown young Lady you'll make half the young Fellows in *Florence* jealous of you, for she's a very rich Widow, and has a Crowd of Lovers. That Hint was sufficient to make me downright in Love with her; a very rich Widow was a resistless Charm; and she soon got the better of the other Two Ladies, herself being the Third of the Three I mention'd to be my Partners when I danc'd. I had not so much Vanity as to think I cou'd carry such a Lady, she being a Senator's Widow, yet believing 'twou'd be a good Amusement while I stay'd at *Florence*, twou'd make me talk of it in the Town, and give me the Pleasure of mortifying abundance of Fops who pretended to her, I resolv'd to begin an Intrigue with her; besides, my Sighs and Vows wou'd not be thrown away upon her, for, to speak Truth, she was a very deserving Lady. I therefore accosted her as one of her Votaries; she heard me, and ev'n heard me without Anger, which was a good Step gain'd

gain'd for the firſt time. My Succeſs encourag'd me, and I grew wonderfully bold when I met with ſo favourable Reception, which I had ſo little Reaſon to expect. I made Advantage of her Indulgence, advanc'd my Works, and at laſt found that the Place was not impregnable, and that I ſhou'd have a Correſpondence within in a little time. Thus I got a great deal of Ground in a few Minutes, and with a ſmall Expence ſaw my Fortune change on all ſides. A King cou'd not be more vain, nor ſatisfy'd with himſelf than I was. New Honours were heap'd upon me ev'ry Moment, and, to crown all, the Dutcheſs her ſelf deſir'd to dance with me: She had not danc'd ſince her Lying-in; and this was ſuch a Favour that I cou'd not bring my ſelf to accept of it a good while, knowing it might be of very ill Conſequence if ever 'twas known who I was; but all my Excuſes were to no purpoſe, the Great Dutcheſs wou'd have it ſo, and I was forc'd to obey her. The Duke himſelf made me a Sign to do it, tho' I perceiv'd he did not take it ill that I had, by my refuſing that Honour, ſhewn the Reſpect I had for a Perſon of the Great Dutcheſs's Rank. Dance I muſt, and did, and you may eaſily imagine that on this Occaſion I did my beſt, taking a great deal of Pains ev'n to out-do my ſelf. That Princeſs was ſo extreamly pleas'd with me that ſhe danc'd till ſhe was ſo weary, that the Great Duke, fearing it might do her hurt, pray'd her to give over, and I led her to her Place with ſo good a Grace, that ſhe and the whole Court were pleas'd with it. When the Ball was over,all the Company prepar'd to withdraw, and I, with the other Gentlemen preſent, waited on the Great Duke and Dutcheſs to their Apartment, where I ſtay'd as little as I cou'd, becauſe I wanted to get back to the Room where we danc'd, before my Miſtreſs was gone, that I might ſay ſome more ſoft Things to her before ſhe went.

I came

I came just as ſhe was going away, and had the Pleaſure to ſee that my Tenders of future Service were not diſagreeable to her, and that ſhe left me with ſome Regret. I talk'd to her like a paſſionate Lover, and knew ſo well how to counterfeit thoſe Sentiments which take with the Fair, that ſhe believ'd her Beauty had made her a Conqueſt in me. I took my Leave of her, and return'd to the Company that brought me to the Ball; but my Heart was ſo full of the Glory of that Day, and of the Change of my Fortune, that tho' they all complimented me on the Honour I had of giving the Court ſo much Satisfaction my dancing,yet I hardly deign'd to anſwer them, looking on their Applauſe as poor in Compariſon of the Great Duke and Dutcheſs's Favour, and above all my Miſtreſs's. I did not hear half they ſaid to me; however we took our Leaves one of another very civily, tho', to ſay Truth, there was a little too much Statelineſs on my ſide. But how cou'd I help being proud upon ſo much good Fortune? I haſten'd to my Chamber, where I diſcharg'd my ſelf to *Saavedra*, telling him all my Nights Adventures, ſince Joy as well as Grief will make a Man burſt for want of Vent. He had heard ſomething of it already, for crowding in among ſome Gentlemen who did not make a better Figure than himſelf, he had ſeen me very far advanc'd in the Aſſembly, and one of the foremoſt of the Circle. He had alſo heard what Applauſe the Company had giv'n my Dancing, but he cou'd not find out the Article of the beautiful Widow by his Eyes or Ears, unleſs I had told him. He was glad to hear it, becauſe he thought it the moſt important Incident of the Night, conſid'ring our Circumſtances and hers. He was always for ſomething ſolid, and told me 'twas on that ſide I muſt puſh my Fortune, all the reſt being Smoak, and liable to a very bad Reverſe; but that I might hope, by

by means of Marriage with that rich Widow, to be in a little while as great a Lord as any in *Florence*, if I knew how to improve the good Diſpoſition ſhe ſeem'd to be in by hearing me at firſt ſight. If this Fancy had only come into my Head, I ſhou'd have neglected it as extravagant; but finding *Saavedra*, who, as I have told you, was no Blockhead, had the ſame Opinion of this Adventure as I had, I believ'd the Buſineſs was not ſo impracticable, but that I might conquer it by Induſtry and Management. I took Fire upon't, and reckon'd my coming to *Florence* to be under the Influence of my kind Stars. We argu'd gravely upon the Matter a long time, we ſpent part of the Night upon it, and we concluded that I ſhou'd ſpare for no Coſt, as far as my Money wou'd go, to buy me new Cloaths, and procure a ſort of an Equipage, which might fit me for my Appearance at Court, like a Perſon of the Rank I had aſſum'd. I underſtood ſuch Things better than *Saavedra*, to whom I gave the neceſſary Inſtructions what he ſhou'd buy next Day, and ſent him to Bed. As for me, I cou'd not ſleep all Night; I meditated on the Fortune of the Day, and the Advantages I might expect from it. I was ſo pleas'd with theſe charming Idea's that I cou'd not leave them to ſettle to ſleep, tho' they were no more than what I might have had in Dreams. At laſt I fell aſleep about Six in the Morning, and ſlept till *Saavedra* return'd, who, having bought moſt of the Things I order'd him, brought a Taylor with him to take meaſure of me; but *Saavedra* telling me he had ſeen a Suit of Cloaths at the Taylor's Shop, which he believ'd wou'd fit me, I deſir'd to ſee it. The Taylor made it for a Courtier, at leaſt one who pretended ſo to be, and who, before the Suit was ready, vaniſh'd, and no-body cou'd tell what was become of him, he having loſt a great Sum of Money at Play. The Cloaths lying on the Taylor's

Hands, he desir'd nothing more than a favourable Opportunity of disposing of them. *Saavedra* telling me he believ'd they wou'd fit me, and that they were very fine, I order'd them to be brought. Accordingly the Taylor fetch'd them, and nothing cou'd fit a Man better than they fitted me. They were a little of the least, but that the Taylor cou'd accommodate in an Instant, without going Home for it. The Price was soon adjusted; he had a mind to sell, I to buy. I order'd a little more Lace to be added to the Coat; and when 'twas all done there was not a finer Suit of Cloaths to be seen at Court. Nothing in the World cou'd have happen'd better to me, for, you must know, while *Saavedra* was abroad buying the Things I wanted, the Great Duke sent me a Present of Sweet-meats, Wine and Fruit, as he always does when any Person of Quality comes to his Court, and has had the Honour of saluting him; but my Valet being gone abroad, and my Host fearing to wake me, the Gentleman who was order'd to compliment me in the Great Duke's Name, only told my Host what he was commanded to tell me, and left the Present with him; with which I was very well pleas'd, for it sav'd me the Charge of a Reward, that I must else have been oblig'd to give him; in which I was however mistaken, for I was scarce awake before I was inform'd the Gentleman who brought the Wine and the Sweet-meats desir'd to speak with me. I order'd him to be carry'd into a great Hall, whither I came very gravely and heard out the Speech, that those sort of Present-bearers have always by heart, for 'tis always the same thing where-ever they go, only changing the Title. He ended it with the welcome News that the Dutchess desir'd to see me after Dinner. I let the Gentleman know I was very sensible ofthe Great Duke's Favour to me,and wou'd do my self the Honour to wait on their Highnesses in the After-

Afternoon, to thank them for their Goodneſs and the Obligations they heap'd upon me. The Ceremony was done with this Anſwer, and *Saavedra*, who was by this time return'd, at his going out took an Opportunity to ſlide ſome Ducats into the Gentleman's Hand, which were the Things he wanted. Then I ſent for my Taylor, who put on my Cloaths, and ſet ev'ry part in due order; for I reſolv'd not to eat, drink or ſtir till the Decoration of my Perſon was accompliſh'd. I alſo look'd over the reſt of my Equipage which *Saavedra* had bought, as Silk Stockings, rich Ribbons, neat Shoes, Gloves, Linnen, and in a word, ev'ry thing proper for a compleat Beau, which he had choſen very well, and each ſort was of the neweſt Mode. As ſoon as I had examin'd them all, they were carefully depoſited in the new Portmanteau he had purchas'd. When my Taylor was gone, *Saavedra* and I ſet our Heads together to put on all my Accoutrements to the beſt Advantage; and having both of us been at a great deal of Pains to dreſs me, ſhave, powder, perfume and equip me as gallantly as we cou'd, my natural Air, which was not the worſt that ever was ſeen, receiv'd ſuch an Addition of Grace and Beauty, that I might well paſs for a finiſh'd Spark. I doubted not but to kill all the Gallants of the Court of *Florence* with Envy and Jealouſy, and to charm all the Ladies who were ſuſceptible of the Darts of Love. To all this Finery I added the Gold Chain which my Maſter had giv'n me, and hung his Picture ſet in Diamonds at the bottom of it. I rejoyc'd ſo much to ſee my ſelf ſo magnificently ſet out, that I cou'd not take my Eyes off the Lookinglaſs which was in my Chamber, and had no Stomach to my Dinner, tho' I was told 'twas ſerving up in the Hall. I was impatient to ſhew my ſelf at Court, but a good old Cuſtom having provided for the furniſhing a Man's inſide as well as his out, I order'd my Din-

ner to be brought into my Chamber, the Company below having din'd while I was busy'd in adorning my self to go to the Palace. I was not long at Dinner. My Belly seem'd as full of Wind as my Head, and that all my Thoughts running upon my fine Cloaths, I was so afraid of soiling them, that while I was eating I cou'd scarce put a bit in my Mouth, so circumspect was I on that Point, and the Constraint I put upon me made me willing to get rid of it as soon as I cou'd. The Present which the Great Duke had been pleas'd to send me was the greatest part of my Meat, I being very desirous to taste the several Sweetmeats, not having been much us'd to such Dainties,and I was careful not to omit taking a chearful Glass of good *Florence*, which is so necessary to make a Man's Conversation brillant, when he can drink with Moderation. Thus, having fortify'd my self without and within, and being swoln all over, but in my Pocket, which was indeed terribly evacuated by so much bleeding, and yet I cou'd not help it, having thrown the Dye, and being resolv'd to go thro' with my Game, thus, I say, I set out for the Palace, taking *Saavedra* with me, who, by my Order, and at my Expence, was also much better equipp'd than when he arriv'd at *Florence* that he might do me the more Credit when we came to Court. One of the Great Duke's Gentlemen, who was order'd to wait my coming, introduc'd me to his Highness, who receiv'd me with all the Honours that a near Relation of my Lord Ambassador's might pretend to. The Great Duke had a particular Esteem for that Lord, and my Reception was the more favourable on that Account. He was also willing to oblige that Minister by treating me honourably, expecting some Services from him at the Court of *Spain*, where his Highness had some Affairs to negotiate. After his first Expressions, which were very kind, he turn'd the Discourse to my Lord

Ambassa-

Ambaſſador, ſuppoſing I came to *Florence* purely out of Curioſity, and that my Stay wou'd not be long. wherefore he deſir'd to talk to me on ſome Affairs which he was willing to have reported to him by Word of Mouth, not thinking convenient to truſt them to Paper. He was the moſt politick Prince in *Europe*, Famous for his Wiſdom; and none ever knew his true Intereſt better than himſelf, nor how to manage his Matters in difficult Times, as thoſe were. He was of the *Spaniſh* Faction, but not out of Inclination. He was entirely a Well-wiſher to *France*, but he made his Inclination ſubmit to his Intereſt, and for Reaſons of State fell in with *Spain*. Thus when the *French* Ambaſſador complain'd to him of his Partiality to the Crown of *Spain*, notwithſtanding he had Cauſe to reſent ſome Proceedings of that Court, the Great Duke reply'd, he knew what he did; and when the King of *France* had Forty or Fifty good Gallies in *Marſeilles* and *Toulon* to come to his Aſſiſtance, he wou'd be at his Service; till then he muſt do what the Neceſſity of his Affairs requir'd, for he was not ſo much a Child as not to know a Man muſt always ſide with the ſtrongeſt Side. He wanted mightily to come to an Underſtanding with our Ambaſſador concerning an intricate Matter which he had depending in the Court of *Spain*, about which he deſir'd a poſitive Anſwer from his Excellency, all his Diſcourſe turn'd upon that, but he did not expect to find me ſo well acquainted with that Buſineſs, and others which concern'd him, as I ſhew'd my ſelf to be; and he liſten'd to my Arguments with a great deal of Surprize, not thinking a Man of my Age cou'd have been ſo well inſtructed in State Affairs. I cou'd have told him much more than I did; for beſides that you have ſeen my Maſter put a great deal of Confidence in me, I wrote many of his Letters to the Great Duke for him, eſpecially thoſe that he did

not care to let his Secretary know the Contents of; and the Ambaſſador, miſtruſting his Highneſs's Sincerity, had carry'd on a cloſe Correſpondence to endeavour to diſcover it, by this means I became acquainted with ſeveral Secrets, which he cou'd not imagine I knew any thing of. I had however too great a Value for my Maſter to betray any of 'em that were of Importance; yet either out of Vanity, or to do this Prince a Pleaſure, which I believ'd wou'd faſten me more in his Favour, I let him know ſomething, by which he receiv'd great Lights; and being a Prince who always made his Advantage of other Peoples Talking, tho' he talk'd little himſelf, ſometimes by flattering me, ſometimes by contradicting, he endeavour'd to get out of me as much as he cou'd, which made our Conference laſt Two long Hours; inſomuch that the Great Dutcheſs, who impatiently expected me, ſent for me twice or thrice in the time, tho' I knew nothing of it, for thoſe Meſſages were whiſper'd to the Duke, who always anſwer'd preſently, and I heard no more. At laſt he gave me Leave to go to the Dutcheſs's Apartment, being loth to tire me, or apprehending that if I ſtaid longer I might ſuſpect he had ſome Deſign upon me. I made him a very low Bow and went my Way, very glad to be deliver'd from ſuch a ſerious Converſation, which did not at all ſuit with my Genius. I had to do with another ſort of a Perſon in the Great Dutcheſs, ſhe lov'd Men that cou'd rally and banter, which was my Talent. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, ſhe ask'd why I ſtay'd ſo long with the Duke? I affected Diſcretion, and ſaid he had enquir'd ſeveral Things of me relating to the Courts of *France* and *Spain*. She then ſaid ſhe had taken ſo much Pleaſure in ſeeing me dance at the Ball, particularly the Two laſt Dances, that I muſt needs teach her them Two. I reply'd, I ſhou'd always be proud of paying my Duty to her, and prepar'd

par'd to do what ſhe deſir'd of me. She lov'd Dancing ſo well, and I had, by teaching the Ladies at *Rome*, acquir'd ſuch a Facility of ſhewing my Art to others, that in Two Hours time, and ſo long ſhe ran the ſame Steps over and over again, ſhe cou'd dance the Two Dances ſhe had been ſo much pleas'd with, and I told her ſhe knew them well enough to dance them in Publick at the next Ball, which was to be in a Day or two, but however I wou'd wait on her Highneſs the next Day to practiſe them again. She ſhew'd a great deal of Satiſfaction in what I did, and forbad me to tell any Perſon, that the Aſſembly might be ſurpriz'd. There was to be a very fine Conſort that Night for the Entertainment of the Court. The Time ſlid away ſo faſt, that I cou'd not imagine I had ſtay'd as long as I did with the Dutcheſs, for when I thought 'twas but juſt Night, News was brought that the Conſort was ready, which was not to begin till Nine a Clock, and that the Muſick waited for her Highneſs's coming. I had taught her the Two Dances already mention'd, and afterwards ſhe fell into Diſcourſe with me about the Intrigues of the *Roman* Ladies, of which I knew as much as any Man. When ſhe was ready to go to the Muſick-Hall, I waited upon her in the Office of Gentleman-Uſher, where we found the Aſſembly almoſt compleat. I look'd about ev'ry where to ſee if I cou'd find out my Widow; 'twas no hard Matter to do it, for beſides that her Quality gave her a Place in the foremoſt Rank, ſhe was dreſs'd out that Day in her richeſt and gayeſt Cloaths, ſo 'twas very eaſy to diſtinguiſh her. I believ'd ſhe did not forget me when ſhe made her ſelf ſo fine, and was proud to ſee me ſo well dreſs'd as I appear'd; the more, becauſe ſhe ſaw the Ribbons I wore were of the ſame Colour with thoſe ſhe had on the Ball Night, and which ſhe told me were her Colour. I gave the Great Dutcheſs the Slip to ſpeak

to my Miſtreſs, and coming up nearer to her we ogled one another, examin'd and admir'd; in ſhort, there was a Profuſion of Looks, Darts, Fire and Flame, which we ſhot at each other without Mercy, as if we ſtrove who ſhou'd come off Conqueror. But I having no Time to loſe, and ſeeing I cou'd never expect a more favourable one to explain my Sentiments of her, and improve the Advances I had made the Ball Night, broke Silence, and ask'd her what Puniſhment a poor Mortal might expect who was ſo bold as to love her with the moſt reſpectful Paſſion that ever Man felt, and was ſo preſumptuous as to tell her ſo? She bluſh'd and reply'd, 'Twas poſſible that Mortal might be ſuch a Perſon that one cou'd not have the Heart to puniſh. I was tranſported with ſo charming and favourable an Anſwer, and told her, that nothing but ſuch an Aſſembly as that we were in cou'd hinder me from falling at her Feet, to ſwear to her, that as I never ſaw any thing ſo lovely in the World as her ſelf, nor that merited more to be belov'd, ſo ſhe ſhou'd find me the moſt faithful of her Slaves, and the moſt devoted to her Service. She look'd upon me, and ſaid nothing, but ſuch a Look was worth a Thouſand Anſwers. Thus I was ſeiz'd with ſo great an Extaſy of Love and Joy, that I was my ſelf ſtruck dumb for ſome Moments, and cou'd not open my Mouth, but to utter Raptures that had ſomething of Madneſs in them; which ſhe perceiving, believ'd I was the moſt zealous of her Adorers, and as ſuch let me ſee ſhe was not inſenſible. I talk'd with her full half an Hour. She then obſerving that the Great Dutcheſs obſerv'd us, pray'd me to retire, and told me the Reaſon. I went away ſighing, and telling her the Great Dutcheſs was very cruel to diſturb the happieſt Moments of my Life, and that one time or other I wou'd complain to her of it. I approach'd that Princeſs, and ſince I cou'd not have the Pleaſure of

paſſing the Time with my adorable Miſtreſs, I intended to do it in making my Court: I prais'd the Conſort highly, and ſaid to her Highneſs, drawing up tow'rds her behind her Chair, that nothing cou'd be finer; and I was not out in my Judgment, for the Great Duke's Muſicians valu'd themſelves on their Excellence in the Art, and perform'd as well as any in *Italy*; but 'tis true I had not giv'n my ſelf Time to conſider their Performances, and my Judgment therefore appear'd too precipitate; which the Great Dutcheſs knowing well enough, as alſo the Cauſe of it, ſhe turn'd about and ſaid with a malicious Smile, you have not been ſo attentive that you can ſay this without Flattery; you have been buſy'd about Things which are more charming; however we forgive you for the Sake of the Fair, who is worth your Devotion. She added, conſid'ring you are a new Comer you have made no ill Choice. I reply'd ſmiling, That tho' the Choice was good, it did only ſhew a Man's Taſte, his Stars muſt govern the Succeſs. If your Star depended on me, ſhe anſwer'd very obligingly, the Influence wou'd be as favourable as you cou'd wiſh; this was enough on ſuch a Subject. She then talk'd of the Conſort, and ask'd my Opinion of the Symphony and Voices, in which I let her ſee I was not ignorant. The Conſort laſted an Hour. There was then an Opera and a Collation worthy the Prince who gave it. I took my Opportunity to return to my Miſtreſs, to ſerve her and ſee her ſerv'd with all the Dainties there, preferable to the other Ladies, in which I aſſum'd a greater Liberty than belong'd to me, thro' the Favour of the Great Duke and Dutcheſs, who, I believ'd, wou'd warrant my Proceedings with reference to the Ladies, whom they ſaw I knew how to entertain; which was a terrible Mortification to my Rivals, who perceiv'd that I was a Lover, and not unfortunate; yet as much as they were vex'd at

it, there was not one of them so bold as to dare to oppose me, or give me the least Trouble, and I did not matter how much I gave them. I endeavour'd only to please the Fair, and finding the Way prepar'd, 'twas not difficult to succeed in it, because the Lady seem'd as willing to be pleas'd as I to please her. While I was serving her, one of the Musicians came by, he was famous for his Voice; I stopp'd him to praise his Singing, and ask'd him if he had any of the new *Roman* Airs? He reply'd he had not, but one of his Comrades had. He call'd him, and the Musician said he just then receiv'd them by the Post, and had not had Time to learn 'em; but if I knew 'em, and wou'd sing 'em over to him once, he shou'd be infinitely oblig'd to me. 'Twas all I desir'd of him, that my Mistress might be charm'd as many Ways as I cou'd charm her. I therefore took the Paper and sung one or two of the Airs softly, yet not so softly but several Ladies and Gentlemen heard it, and others came about me to listen. As I perform'd what I undertook with equal Skill and Grace, so seeing the Applause I met with was as pleasing to my fair Widow as to my self, and that she took a Concern in what related to me, I did my best, which was mightily admir'd by all that heard it. The Dutchess perceiving a Crowd about us, and missing me, ask'd what was the Matter? She was told that my Lord Don *Juan* was singing some new *Roman* Airs. She order'd me to be call'd, and, that my Mistress might not lose my Company, sent for her, and three or four Ladies more, to prevent the Assembly's taking notice of her distinguishing my Widow, which however was visible enough, for she gave her place next to her, and over-right against me, whispering me, that she was resolv'd I shou'd be oblig'd to her for something. She then commanded me to sing those Airs which I had sung to the Ladies. I saw now that the Influence of my Star began to operate.

operate. The whole Court was huſh'd to liſten to me, and I ſung ſeveral other Airs beſides thoſe two, adding ſome Graces of my own Manner, with which the Aſſembly were extreamly well pleas'd. Indeed I was reckon'd one of the beſt Voices in *Rome*, and my Manner lik'd as well as any Maſters. The Duke was ſurpriz'd at it, the Dutcheſs charm'd; and when ſhe had once heard me ſing, wou'd hardly let me give over. But the Time appointed for the Conſort expiring, ſhe was forc'd to let me adjourn the Performance of ſome other Airs to another Night; ſo a grand Chorus and Symphony put an end to this Entertainment. We waited on the Great Duke and Dutcheſs to their Apartment, as was uſual, and thence I return'd to my young Widow, who expected me, and wou'd not go till ſhe ſaw me. I had Leiſure to ſay ſome more ſoft Things to her, and to hear her reply very much to my Satisfaction. I accompany'd her as far as I cou'd, and ask'd the Favour of her to wait upon her at her own Houſe, to finiſh the Converſation we had begun? She conſented to it, and ſet the Hour the next Day at Five a Clock. I cou'd deſire nothing more of her, for this was an unqueſtionable Token that my Services were not diſagreeable to her. What Man ever made greater Progreſs in Love and Fortune in ſo little Time? In Two Days I found my ſelf almoſt at the Height of perfect Happineſs in both the one and the other. The Suddenneſs of my Felicity ought to have made me ſuſpect its Continuance, but I was ſo drunk with my Hopes, that I was not capable of ſound Reaſoning. When I came to my Lodgings I gave my Counſellor *Saavedra* an account of my Fortune that Day, at which he was tranſported. I ſlept very ſoundly at Night, as Men do who are very well contented with themſelves and their Deſtinies. As ſoon as I roſe next Day I ſent all the Preſent which the Duke's Gen-

tleman brought me from his Maſter,to my Miſtreſs, except a few Sweet-meats, and a few Glaſſes of Wine, which I had made uſe of. With the Preſent I diſpatch'd a Letter, and truſted the Execution of this Commiſſion to *Saavedra*, who carefully deliver'd both to her, and brought me back word that ſhe wou'd in the Evening give me an Anſwer by Word of Mouth. When I call'd to mind that Five a Clock was the Hour I had promis'd to be at Court to finiſh my Leſſon of the Two Dances which the Dutcheſs had begun to learn of me, I was very much embarraſs'd how to ſatisfy both Appointments. I reſolv'd to be a little earlier with the one and a little later with the other, which I hop'd wou'd pleaſe both; but 'tis a hard Matter to ſerve Love and Fortune together, and to be equally happy in both; I was however reſolv'd to try, and indeed had no other Courſe to take. I came ſomewhat ſooner than my Time to the Great Dutcheſs, who was glad of it, ſo impatient was ſhe to be perfect in thoſe Two Dances. Having danc'd them my ſelf, and ſeen her Highneſs dance them four or five times, I wou'd have taken my Leave of her, for my Hour of Aſſignation with my Miſtreſs was paſt already, and I ſtood upon Thorns; but ſhe did not approve of my leaving her, having depended upon my ſtaying with her till Ball-time, which I cou'd not do. She ſaw I was uneaſy, for I was not ſo gay and pleaſant as I us'd to be; all my Looks, Words and Actions had ſomething of Conſtraint in them, inſomuch that ſhe imagin'd my Thoughts were elſewhere; and there being nothing of which a young Man, as I was, ought to have been ſo proud of as of pleaſing ſo great a Princeſs, ſhe ſuppos'd I cou'd not be ſo willing to be gone, unleſs 'twas to ſee my lovely Widow, and ſhe told me as much. I believ'd if I confeſs'd the Truth ſhe wou'd let me go the ſooner; but when ſhe found that was my

my Reaſon, rather than loſe my Company ſhe was ſo kind as to ſend for my Miſtreſs, ordering the Meſſenger to make my Excuſes, and to tell her the Dutcheſs only was in fault. What cou'd be more gracious, more complaiſant? I return'd her my Thanks as humbly and eloquently as I cou'd, and then recov'ring my uſual Gaiety ſaid a Thouſand pleaſant Things, which made my Converſation very agreeable to her. The lovely Widow came, extreamly pleas'd with the Honour the Great Dutcheſs had done her in ſending for her, and much more ſo, when ſhe ſaw how her Highneſs careſs'd her on my Account, as if ſhe meant to make me amends for the Uneaſineſs I underwent while ſhe detain'd me. She ſaid ſo many tender Things in my Favour to the Lady, that the Joy they were like to produce cou'd not be more tranſporting than the Pleaſure I took in hearing them. She was ſo obliging as to dance before my Miſtreſs, and we Three made a ſort of little Ball, till the great one began. I had no Reaſon to complain of this Day's Fortune, 'twas as good as I cou'd wiſh, and better than I expected. I perceiv'd plainly that Love had made a conſiderable Progreſs in my charming Widow's Heart, and if ſhe did not tell me ſhe lov'd me as much as ſhe really did, 'twas becauſe ſhe was afraid of telling me too much at once; yet ſhe was not ſorry that I ſaw it without it, as I did, and ſo might others have done. She and I danc'd as much as all the reſt of the Aſſembly, I took her out almoſt always, and ſhe dancing finely the Great Dutcheſs was fond of ſeeing us dance together. This Partiality of mine put our Loves out of doubt, and all but my Rivals look'd upon us as a Couple of happy Lovers, ſaying Two Perſons were never better match'd. The next Day I waited on my Miſtreſs, and found her accompany'd by two Ladies, her Friends, whom out of Decency ſhe deſir'd to be there; but the Ladies

dies underſtanding what I came for, and perceiving our Hearts were agreed, gave us Opportunity enough to ſay what we had a mind to. My Miſtreſs frankly confeſs'd that from the firſt Minute ſhe ſaw me ſhe had had a particular Eſteem, and ſomething more than that for me. I anſwer'd in the moſt paſſionate Terms Love cou'd invent, and in truth found that I was without Affectation a Lover. There was no Aſſembly at Court that Day, the Great Duke and Dutcheſs were to honour a Wedding in the City with their Preſence, and my Miſtreſs being invited to it I accompany'd her. I found at this time that I was belov'd as much as a Man cou'd be, to hope to be happy, and my Hopes increas'd every Day, nothing but my Purſe diminiſh'd, 'twas almoſt at the bottom; we thought of ſupplying it by ſelling my Horſe, which was of no Service to me, and put me to Charge to keep him; 'twas not very difficult for me to diſpoſe of him, he was a fine Creature, and there were Buyers enough; all the Matter was how to excuſe the Sale of him, that it might not reflect on my Reputation; that we alſo got over, there being a great many Men who can tell how to put a good Colour upon Things which they do out of pure Neceſſity. I condemn'd my ſelf for being too dilatory in diſpatching my Affairs, which requir'd all poſſible Haſte; for *Florence* and *Rome* have ſuch a Communication one with another, 'twas not likely I ſhou'd live long undiſcover'd at the Great Duke's Court, where my Favour had rais'd me many Enemies, who were ſo out of Envy; or that having ſo many Rivals my Miſtreſs ſhou'd not ſoon hear of my being an Impoſtor; wherefore I reſolv'd to puſh my Fortune on that ſide out of hand as far as ever 'twou'd go, and I cou'd not foreſee any great Obſtacles I was like to meet with: I viſited her when I pleas'd, and had free Acceſs to her at all Times, when Decency wou'd permit it. I went

to

to her at laſt with a Reſolution to come to the Point, and ſee what ſhe wou'd do for me. I had prepar'd what to ſay, and concerted my Meaſures to a Nicety, but I need not have been at any Trouble about it, ſhe was as ready as I, and met me half way. She told me, That when ſhe began to love me ſhe did not reſolve to ſtop there, and that my Deſigns being what ſhe deſir'd, ſince we were both ſo well agreed, 'twas not neceſſary to delay our mutual Satisfaction by a ſtricter Union; that all I had to do was to go in the uſual Way, that we might finiſh the Matter, as became Perſons of our Quality; that in the firſt place I ſhou'd viſit her Relations, and propoſe it to them for their Approbation, and after I had paid them that Compliment ſhe wou'd do the reſt. I threw my ſelf at her Feet in an Extaſy of Joy, and taking her fair Hand, which ſhe abandon'd to me with Pleaſure, I kiſs'd it a Thouſand Times, begging the Favour of her to accept of a ſmall Ring I had on my Finger, to keep it for my Sake, and in Remembrance of the Promiſe ſhe had made me. The Stone was extraordinarily well ſet, and rich enough for the Uſe 'twas put to. She conſented to it, ſuffer'd me to put it on her Finger; and, not to be behind hand with me, went to her Cloſet and fetch'd a much finer and richer Ring thence, which ſhe preſented to me. After this we talk'd together freely, and like Perſons who, if were not marry'd, look'd upon our ſelves as much engag'd as if we were. Indeed I believ'd I might have continu'd in her Houſe to this Day, and been Maſter of it, had I had a little more Boldneſs; but I was loth to precipitate Things, and was extreamly fearful of offending her. I was too much in Love, for 'tis only ordinary Paſſions that inſpire us with Courage enough to do Things too haſtily.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

How the Marriage was broke off by the Discovery of Guzman's *having been a Beggar.*

I Came Home late at Night, a good part of which I ſpent at her Houſe ; I was ſo tranſported with Joy, and ſo full of my charming Idea's, that I cou'd hardly ſpeak or ſee. *Saavedra* obſerving it, left me to my Raptures ; and when I was a little Calm, I cry'd out, 'Tis done, my dear *Saavedra*, our Buſineſs is done ; and ſee here the Token of the Promiſe which my Miſtreſs has given me. My faithful Confident was as well pleas'd with the News, as if he had been to have ſhar'd my good Fortune. *Couragio*, my Maſter, quoth he, Joy ſparkling in his Eyes, you are upon the brink of Happineſs, and have but one Step more to take. Let us take care that it be not a falſe Step ; to prevent which, we muſt be more than ever on our Guard, and loſe not a Minute's time : The Wind is fair for you, you Sail before it, proceed and enter the Port, you have nothing elſe to do. Thus did honeſt *Saavedra* animate me, and charm'd me at the ſame time by the ſhare he took in my Joy, and the hope he gave me of being ſuddenly the happieſt of Men. I did not fail going the next Day to viſit my dear Widow's Relations, ſhe told me their Names and their Characters, that I might the better know how to addreſs my ſelf to each of them in particular. Two of them I knew already, they were young, near of my Age, and them I made no doubt of ſecuring in my Intereſts. But there were ſome grave formal flegmatick Fellows among them, of whom I was afraid, and with Reaſon; for as I gueſs'd, all but the two young Sparks,

Sparks, who ſaid preſently they conſented with all their Hearts, if their Couſin conſented, receiv'd me with Caution: Their Uncles, after a great many Compliments and Ceremonies ſaid, 'twas a Family Affair, that they wou'd have a Meeting, and wou'd give me an Anſwer in a Day or two. There was more Diſcretion in this Proceeding than I deſir'd, or ſuited with the neceſſity of my Affairs: However, I ſeem'd to be content, and had no Pretence to complain. I went after Dinner to viſit my Miſtreſs, who told me, 'twas enough, ſhe expected the Anſwer I met with; and now I had done what ſhe requir'd; when that Day or two was expir'd, ſhe wou'd put an end to this Affair: We then regulated our Houſhold Concerns, and thoſe of our Wedding, flattering our ſelves with no leſs than the Great Duke and Dutcheſs's Company. Among our Conferences, I by little and little took liberty to grow more familiar with her, and to anticipate ſome of the Freedoms of a Husband. Theſe are the happieſt Minutes of Love and Lovers. I loſt my ſelf in them, and thought if they wou'd always laſt, I ſhou'd never deſire to be marry'd, being ſo full of Joy now, no Felicity cou'd make me happier. For, in ſhort, when two young People, who Love one another, are ſo near the wiſh'd-for Moment of their Happineſs: When they are together, and give a looſe to their Wiſhes, when every Bliſs is heighten'd by the Expectation of the laſt, what is there in that which is more Tranſporting? After three Days waiting, two of my future Spouſe's Relations came with great Pomp and Ceremony to wait upon me with an Anſwer in the Name of the reſt, which was, That they all approv'd the Honour I deſign'd to do their Family, in entring into an Alliance with it: That they cou'd ſay nothing againſt my Perſon or Birth, tho' they had known me a very little while, and I had not been long in their Country. But they deſir'd of me,

me, that for the greater Decency of the Thing, I wou'd engage my Uncle the Ambaſſador to teſtify his Conſent in a Line or two to the Grand Duke, which wou'd give entire Satisfaction to all the Family. I had not Patience to hear their Harangue out, tho I did all I cou'd to diſſemble the Concern I was in. I interrupted them, and reply'd with an Aſſurance that border'd very nearly on Impudence; if that was all that hinder'd our Marriage, I promis'd to get them Letters from the Ambaſſador; not only General Letters, but Particular to every one of the Relations: And as to the Duke, I expected every Poſt a Letter from my Uncle to him, to deſire his Protection in the Affair of my Marriage, having written to the Ambaſſador about it already. My Gentlemen were mighty well ſatisfy'd with this Anſwer, and took their Leaves of me, in Expectation of the Performance of my Promiſe. Thus I had brought a fine piece of Buſineſs on my ſelf, who knew at the ſame time I promis'd it, that the Ambaſſador was a Man of too much Honour to own me, or countenance me in ſuch an Action. He wou'd have loſt his Life for it, and had he known it have abandon'd me for a finiſh'd Rogue. I was ſo far from deſigning to communicate my Marriage to him, that I never heard him nam'd without trembling. Being thus thwarted by the Uncles, I repair'd immediately to my Miſtreſs, my Heart beating like a Man in Deſpair. I reſolv'd to make the laſt Effort, to ſee what ſhe wou'd do of her ſelf. I told her what Anſwer her Friends had been pleas'd to make me, which doom'd me to dreadful Delays, during which I ſhou'd die of Impatience; for when I had got the Ambaſſador to write to her Relations, as he ought to do, and I doubt not wou'd do at my Deſire, yet to be ſure he wou'd enquire firſt about her Family and her ſelf, for fear it might be only the

Amour of a Young Man, who did not weigh all Circumſtances in a juſt Balance; that ſuch an Enquiry cou'd not be made preſently, not in two or three Days, as impatient Lovers wou'd have it, and perhaps not in two or three Weeks, if then, which wou'd be an Eternity to me, and throw me into Deſpair to think of it, it being impoſſible for me to expreſs what I ſhou'd endure all the Time of this tedious Negotiation. I then explain'd my Sentiments on that Matter much better than I can do it now, for when the Heart ſpeaks and ſays what it feels, 'tis a quite different thing from what the Head ſays and ſpeaks what the Heart has felt. She pity'd me, and ſeem'd pleas'd with my Impatience, being, it may be, as willing as I that we ſhou'd come cloſer together. She reply'd, to comfort me, That ſhe did not depend entirely on her Relations; that what ſhe did was for Decency's ſake, and out of Reſpect to them, but ſhe believ'd ſhe had done enough to prevent their reproaching her, and therefore I ſhou'd not be uneaſy on that Account, for ſhe knew how to remedy the Evil; that ſhe only deſir'd three Days Reſpite, to gain the Conſent of ſuch of her Relations as were beſt diſpos'd to it, and if the others did not comply by that time, we might be marry'd privately, and leave them and Monſieur the Ambaſſador to finiſh their Informations afterwards. What cou'd be more kind, more comfortable and charming? I can't tell what I ſaid to her upon it, but I can tell well enough that I ſhew'd my ſelf ſo ſenſible of her Goodneſs to me that it put her in a great Diſorder, and before I went Home I was almoſt ſure of my good Fortune. Next Morning, the moſt Fatal Day of all my Life, I roſe to go to the Church call'd *Annunciata*, one of the fineſt in the City, to hear Maſs. Hither all the People of both Sexes us'd to come, I met there with one of my Miſtreſs's Relations, who was well
inclin'd

inclin'd to the Match; I accosted him, we insensibly fell into a Conversation upon the Marriage, and I endeavour'd to sift out of him the Secret of the Family's Meaning by their Answer to me. While I was talking earnestly with him, a Beggar, who had importun'd me twice or thrice to give him something, and on whom I did not deign to look, came a fourth time to the Charge, at which I was so highly offended, that I struck him in the Face with my Glove, saying, you Rogue of a Beggar, will not you let me be in Quiet for you? The poor Man, who expected quite another sort of Treatment from me, enrag'd at the Blow I had given him, reply'd, O Monsieur *Guzman*, if you had been treated thus when you was a Beggar, as I am, you wou'd not now have set up for a great Lord as you do. This Man's Voice and Words, which I heard and knew distinctly, struck me to the Heart. I turn'd my Head about, and remember'd he was one of my dear Comrades at *Rome*, when I was one of the Gang of Beggars. I chang'd Colour twice or thrice in an instant, look'd on him without answering a Word, my Eyes sparkling with Rage and Choler, but he only made Mouths at me, and Grimaces of affected Humility, he mutter'd something as he retir'd. I did not hear what he said, and was loth to give him an opportunity of saying more to me; but what he had already said, and my Actions upon it, rais'd a Curiosity in some Gentlemen that were near us, and particularly in one of my Rivals, who long'd to know what shou'd make the Beggar so familiar with me, and why I was so out of Countenance at the Sight of him. He follow'd him to the Church Door, where the Beggar stood to ask Alms; he took him aside, gave him a few Pence, ask'd him, if he knew me, because he ventur'd to talk to me so, and where he had seen me. The poor Man resenting the Blow I had given

given him, and burning with Anger againſt me, told him the whole Story of my Life, as much at leaſt as he knew of it; that I had been of their Gang in *Rome*, and a long time a Beggar there; that by counterfeiting an Ulcer in my Leg, I had cheated a Cardinal, who, after he had taken care to have me cur'd, made me one of his Pages; that I was turn'd out of his Service for Roguery, and had been entertain'd by the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador, whoſe Confident and Factor I was; theſe three Epochas were the moſt conſiderable of my Stay at *Rome*. This Gentleman, who had the greateſt Pretences of any of my Rivals to my Miſtreſs, who lov'd her Paſſionately, and conſequently hated me moſt of all of them, rejoic'd to hear ſuch a ſingular piece of Hiſtory of my Life. He gave the Beggar more Pence, and bad him come to his Houſe after Dinner, to fetch an old Coat which he wou'd give him. He alſo advis'd him to keep out of the way for fear of me, who might perhaps Revenge the Affront he had offer'd him in the Church-yard, by ſpeaking to him ſo boldly. My Rival obſerving I had left my Miſtreſs's Relation, for I was put into ſuch Confuſion by the Beggar, that not being able to continue our Converſation, I had made an Excuſe to leave him; went up to him, and ask'd him ſmiling, when he ſhou'd Congratulate him on the Marriage. The other anſwer'd him gravely, that if the Matter depended on himſelf only, it wou'd be in a very little time, for he verily believ'd his Couſin cou'd not make a better Choice. Upon this, my Rival ask'd him if he knew me well enough to talk after that manner; and if he pleas'd he wou'd ſhew him one of my Comrades, the Sight of whom wou'd ſurprize him, and who in three Words wou'd tell him my Life: My Rival ſaid this ſo aſſuredly, that it made ſome Impreſſion on the Mind of my Miſtreſs's Kinſman, and he deſir'd to

know the bottom of it. Then my Rival enter'd into the Particulars of the Story as the Beggar had told it him, offering if he wou'd call at his Houſe after Dinner, to produce the poor old Man, and he might have it all from his own Mouth, for he had promis'd him to come to him at that time. The Kinſman knowing the Man who ſpoke to him was no Fool nor Backbiter, grew Penſive upon it, and remember'd what he had heard the ſame Beggar ſay, which agreed with the Story my Rival told; he alſo call'd to Mind the Confuſion I was in at the ſight of the Beggar, and with what Precipitation I left him after this Affair. This altogether rais'd Suſpicions that there muſt be ſomething in it,but he did not ſuppoſe what the Gentleman had told him was every word true; and not being willing that the other ſhou'd know what he thought of it, he reply'd only, That ſuch Adventures ſurpriz'd him very much, after ſo many publick Marks of Favour which the great Duke had beſtow'd upon me; that his Highneſs was not a Prince to be impos'd upon, and he knew not what to make of it: But if he had occaſion of any further *Eclairciſſement* about it, he wou'd apply to him for it. Their Conference ended thus, and Maſs being over they departed; but my Rival, whoſe Curioſity and Revenge were not yet ſatisfy'd after the Diſcovery he had made,reſolv'd to go on with it; and having taken other Informations of the Beggar, went at the uſual Hour to Court, which was from Eleven to Twelve. When his Highneſs ſat down to Dinner, he told this News to every Body, to whom he thought 'twou'd be welcome; for the Favour I was in had made me many political Enemies at the Palace, as well about the Prince as about the Princeſs: He told them as a Secret what he knew of me, praying them however not to let any Body know it; and then he went and ſaid the ſame thing

to others, under a ſtrict Charge of Secreſy, on purpoſe that they ſhou'd be the more eager to tell it, as in effect it happen'd, for in a quarter of an Hour's time it came to the Duke's Ears. Never was Prince ſo ſurpriz'd as himſelf, he cou'd hardly believe it, having had ſuch Knowledge of me by his long Conferences, in which he found I was intimately acquainted with the Ambaſſador's Secrets; and he cou'd not imagine that Miniſter, whoſe Character as a Politician was as good as any Man's, wou'd have confided ſo much in a Scoundrel taken from the Dregs of the People, nor that the Ambaſſador wou'd give ſuch a one his Picture, and do a hnndred other Things ſo contrary to good Senſe. He enquir'd who ſaid this of me, and was the more ſurpriz'd when he heard 'twas reported by a Man who was reputed a Man of Honour and Probity: However, he underſtood he was my Rival, and a Rival in Deſpair; and that Love and Jealouſy are able to ruin any Man's Virtue and Reaſon. He at laſt concluded there was a great deal of Malice in the Report; yet that he might proceed in the Buſineſs with his uſual Prudence himſelf, and the great Dutcheſs, who had carry'd her ſelf ſo kindly and ſo familiarly tow'rds me, being concern'd to know the Truth of it, he commanded the Beggar to be brought before him to Court. After Dinner he was obey'd, the poor Man came; and the Duke from behind the Hangings, without being ſeen of any one, heard him tell all theſe rare Adventures of my noble Life, and anſwer all the Queſtions which he order'd ſhou'd be ask'd about me. After this,that exact Juſtice might be done, he commanded the Beggar to be impriſon'd in the Palace Priſon, where however he ſhou'd be well us'd; with an Order that No-body ſhou'd ſee or ſpeak to him, till he was entirely ſatisfy'd in the Matter. I was all this while at my Inn very eaſy, or at leaſt very far

from imagining what was in Agitation concerning me: When I first reflected on the Accident which befel me in the Church-yard with the Beggar, I was in a terrible Concern; What shall I do, said I to my self, and how get rid of this fatal Comrade? At last, I resolv'd to give him a Sum of Money, and so engage him to leave *Florence*, or at least oblige him to hold his Tongue, by giving him hopes of a much greater Reward, if he was true to me; or threaten him with dreadful Revenge, if he betray'd me. As soon as Mass was over, I got out of the Church to endeavour to talk to him; but not finding him, I suppos'd he was gone, and put off my speaking to him till next Day, where I hop'd to find him near the same Church. As for what he said to me, I did not imagine any Notice had been taken of it; or if the worst came to the worst, I wou'd Laugh it off, if I was spoke to about it, pretending 'twas an insolent Rascal, that had affronted me for using him a little scurvily: Thus I strove to sweeten the bitter Thoughts that at first tormented me about this Events; and to drive the Consequences out of my Head as much as I cou'd, I had almost forgot it when I went to Court as I us'd to do after Dinner. I desir'd to see the Duke, but was told he was taken up with some Affairs in his Closet: I then ask'd for the Dutchess, who, they said saw No-body, being a little indispos'd. I was also inform'd there wou'd be no Assembly at Night, all which seem'd very Natural; and I was well enough pleas'd that I shou'd have all the Afternoon and the Evening entire to spend with my Mistress. Thither I went directly, and when I came to her House, finding the Door crowded with her Relations Footmen, I suppos'd there was a Meeting of them on occasion of our Marriage; so I let them alone, imagining my Presence wou'd disturb them: I thought 'twou'd be

more

more for my Advantage to leave them the liberty of their Reaſoning, without conſtraining them by coming upon them, not fearing any thing they cou'd ſay againſt me, after my Miſtreſs had given me her Word to Marry me. I made no Stay there, but went ſtrait Home to wait till the Conference broke up, that I might then go and hear the Succeſs. I ſent *Saavedra* twice or thrice to ſee if they were gone, being impatient to know what Reſolution they came to, ſuppoſing 'twas the laſt Debate that wou'd be upon the Matter; and that my good Fortune depended on it. *Saavedra* ſeeing the ſame Footmen at the Door, made as if he paſs'd by accidentally, and ſaid nothing, according to the Inſtructions I had given him. He went ſeveral times, and return'd to no purpoſe; at laſt Night came, I ſent him again, and he brought me Word they were all gone. I then order'd him to go to my Miſtreſs, and know when I ſhou'd wait upon her: He went, and was told ſhe was gone out. He brought me back that Anſwer, which boded ill to me, for that was not a time for her to go a Viſiting: I was extreamly troubl'd to hear it. An Hour after I ſent him again, and her Servants ſaid, ſhe ſaw and ſpoke to No-body: Worſe and worſe; my Heart was full of Sorrow and Vexation, never was it in ſuch Diſorder. The faithful *Saavedra* endeavour'd to Comfort me, but all his Reaſons and Conſolations did me very little good, my Diſeaſe was incurable as I then thought: I perceiv'd the Buſineſs was dark, and my Mind was ſo agitated, that it predicted diſmal Tempeſts, Wars ariſing from without and from within; I went to Bed without my Supper, but 'twas not to get Sleep, 'twas to meditate on my Condition, and try if I cou'd unriddle the *Enigma* of my Miſtreſs's Carriage tow'rds me: I thought of a thouſand Things that might have been the occaſion of it, and yet

the Rascally Beggar never came once into my Mind. I had almost forgot him, and was much more afraid, lest Somebody or other shou'd come from *Rome* and discover me, or perhaps was already come, and might have seen me at Church, or elsewhere, and told bad Tales of me to my Mistress, or to her Relations from *Rome*; I expected nothing Good cou'd happen to me. I rose early the next Morning, to dispatch away *Saavedra* with a Billet, to desire the Favour of her to let me know when I shou'd come and see her; but before my Letter was ready Word was brought me, that two Gentlemen of my Acquaintance wanted to speak with me: I suppos'd 'twas a formal Visit, and was going to desire them to Excuse me, because I was going Abroad about some Business of Importance. But they being two Persons, whom I had contracted the closest Friendship with of any in *Florence*, and whom I cou'd be so free with, as to desire them to be gone, if they staid too long, I order'd they shou'd be introduc'd. They took me aside, and told me very seriously and sedately, that they came out of pure Friendship to tell me a Matter of Importance; that there ran a very odd Report of me in Court and City; that I was very far from being what I pretended to be, that I had made very mean and different Figures at *Rome*; and that the best of them was my being the Ambassador's Domestick, and not his Kinsman, as I said I was. They added, they knew not if the Great Duke had heard of it yet: However, they advis'd me as my Friends, which they still were, notwithstanding these Rumours, not to go to Court, but as fast as I cou'd to procure the Ambassador's Attestations in my Favour; and till I had them, to be seen Abroad as little as I cou'd. They had scarce open'd their Mouths, when their very Mien struck me to the Heart, and their Words were

ſo many Thunder-claps to me: But their whole Diſcourſe ſo troubl'd me, that I was ready to ſwoon away. My Speech fail'd me, and tho' I did my utmoſt to recollect my ſelf, yet if they had not out of pity comforted me, I ſhou'd not have been able to have ſaid a Word to them; at laſt, I reply'd faintly, and in a Confuſion, I wou'd do my Duty in the Caſe. That I cou'd not have believ'd my Enemies cou'd have carry'd their Rage and Slander thus far, but before a Day went over my Head, I wou'd take Poſt, and go to *Rome* my ſelf, to fetch authentick Atteſtations of my Rank and Relation to his Excellency; not only from him, but from the Great Duke's Miniſter, and all the People of Quality at *Rome*. After this, theſe Gentlemen withdrew, ſeeing I was not in a Condition to talk longer with them: Beſides, they had no more to ſay, for they came wholly about this Buſineſs, and e'en from the Duke himſelf, tho' they pretended as he had order'd them to do, that 'twas purely of themſelves, and out of Kindneſs to me. When they were gone, *Saavedra* enter'd the Chamber, and gueſs'd by my Looks that the Enemy was Abroad; I told him what was the Matter, and with ſo much Grief, that he was in as bad a Condition as I at the ſight of it: However, he reply'd, that I muſt have a good Heart, and ſhew my ſelf a Man of Courage and Stedfaſtneſs, and not be caſt down upon ill Fortune; that 'twas well I had Notice of it; that as yet nothing was prov'd, and my Stars wou'd be very kind, if I cou'd get ſafely out of *Florence*, and the Duke's Territories. That I ought to have expected it ſome ſuch Adventure, in acting ſuch a Part as I did in the Eyes of all the World: That our Fall was not ſo great, but we might riſe again, if we cou'd but get out into the open Country; that we ought to make uſe of our Time, ſince they ſo generouſly gave it us; for

we ſhou'd be undone, if we ſtaid long to reflect on a Thing which requir'd immediate Execution. His Reaſon and Advice recover'd me a little out of the Diſtraction that had ſeiz'd me; I found I might ſtill be more unhappy, that the Caſe was not paſt Remedy, but that Expedition was abſolutely neceſſary. I told him I agreed with him entirely, and wou'd provide ev'ry thing for our Departure in an Hour, that we wou'd take Poſt-Horſes to carry on the Show as far as we cou'd; and all we wanted, was ſome Money to pay our Reck'ning. My Gold Chain was all I had left, and that I was forc'd to ſell, tho' much againſt my Inclination: I took off my Maſter's Picture, and gave him the Chain to convert it into Caſh; all that troubl'd me now in my Departure, was, that I muſt go without ſeeing my Miſtreſs. *Saavedra*, who was very Complaiſant, and unwilling to mortify a paſſionate Lover too much, ſaid, Let us provide ev'ry thing in Order for our leaving this Place, and then we will ſee what can be done in that Matter alſo: We both of us ſet about preparing to be gone, and I had juſt begun to Pack my ſmall Equipage when my Landlord came and told me a young Woman deſir'd to ſpeak with me. I trembl'd for fear, tho' I did not know why, but ev'ry thing now made me Tremble. I bad *Saavedra* go and ſee what ſhe wanted with me; he found 'twas my Miſtreſs's Waiting-Woman, he introduc'd her, and ſhe gave me this Billet from my Widow; *If this Billet finds you at Home, don't loſe a Moment's Time, come away to my Couſins, I ſtay there for you, to tell you a Matter of the laſt Importance, which concerns you only. Adieu.*

I ſigh'd, for I gueſs'd what the Matter of the laſt Importance meant, and that 'twou'd baniſh me the Court and Territories of *Florence*, which was nothing to what I was afraid of, to be baniſh'd from

her

her ſelf for ever. I bad the Woman tell her Miſtreſs I wou'd wait upon her immediately; and turning to *Saavedra* ſaid, See, what I wiſh'd for comes to paſs, but I believe I ſhall pay dearly for it; for how ſhall I be able to endure the Converſation I am going to? Be it what it will, I muſt ſee her, tho' I die for it. I then gave him Orders to pay our Reckoning, to give the Servants of the Inn ſomething to ſaddle our Horſes, and bring them where my Miſtreſs ſtay'd for me, that we might mount there directly and ride off. *Saavedra* reply'd, I need take no Care about that. He only had the Chain to ſell, and Gold was one of the beſt Commodities one cou'd diſpoſe of; that 'twou'd not be a Quarter of an Hours Work to finiſh the packing up of our Baggage, and that in an Hour or Hour and half he wou'd, if I pleas'd, bring me our Horſes: I bad him do ſo, and haſten'd to my Miſtreſs, whom I found in a Diſhabille, which ſhew'd more of Diſorder than Negligence. She appear'd dejected and confounded, her Eyes were ſtill red with weeping; in a word, ſhe was ſo alter'd, one wou'd not have thought ſhe was the ſame Perſon. On my part I was as diſconſolate as ſhe, and with more Reaſon. I found her in a Cloſet alone with her Couſin, who, as ſoon as I enter'd, went out into the next Chamber, but, by her Kinſwoman's Order, left the Door open. As ſoon as my Miſtreſs ſaw her ſelf alone with me, ſhe lifted up her Eyes, ſtill moiſt with Tears, and ſighing ſaid, I can't tell whether you have yet heard the frightful Scandal that is reported up and down of you. Yes, ſaid I, I have been inform'd what horrid Slanders my Enemies have diſpers'd againſt me, and am come to take my Leave of you, being juſt now about to take Horſe to return to *Rome*, where I ſhall procure ſuch Authentick Proofs of the Falſhood of their Calumnies as ſhall confound them, if they are to be confounded;

founded; and I hope to be back in five or ſix Days. This Reſolution comforted her a little; ſhe then told me the Subſtance of her Relations Conference ſo long at her Houſe, all that the Beggar had ſaid, the terrible Stories he had told of me to all that ask'd him any thing about me, and that they had come to the Great Duke's Ears, who wou'd hear them himſelf. I let her talk as long as ſhe deſir'd, without anſwering or interrupting her, for her Diſcourſe rais'd ſuch a dreadful Confuſion in my Mind, that I cou'd not preſently reply any thing to the purpoſe. I ſhrugg'd up my Shoulders, lifted up my Hands and Eyes to Heav'n, groan'd, and made a Hundred Grimaces, uſual for Men to make when they are enrag'd. I did it the more naturally, becauſe I was really tranſported by Paſſion, tho not of Revenge, but Love; and Geſtures were more eaſy to me than Words. I was embarraſs'd when I attempted to ſpeak to her, and my Silence look'd more like Innocence, ſo much that ſhe believ'd all the Reports to my Diſadvantage were as falſe as I cou'd have ſaid they were. When ſhe ſaw me ſo very much troubl'd, ſhe endeavour'd to comfort me by ſaying, Don't let what I have ſaid afflict you, for I love your Perſon without thinking of your Quality; and were you what they ſay, or can ſay of you, I feel I ſhou'd ſtill love you. Perhaps I ſhou'd not have taken Notice of the Charms I ſaw in you, had I look'd upon you as an ordinary Man; my Pride and my Birth wou'd not have ſuffer'd me to caſt my Eyes on ſuch a one; but having once ſeen thoſe Charms, I can never forget them. I love you be you what you will, and if I am in an Error my Heart will ſtill be the ſame; I may die for you, but I can never leave loving you. This Generoſity of hers ſo extraordinary and unexpected, and the Weakneſs I had contracted by grieving Night and Day at my Misfortune, ſo prevail'd over me, that I fell

fell down in a Swoon; ſhe thought I was dying, that Thought reduc'd her to the ſame Condition; ſhe had juſt Strength enough to call her Couſin, who had much ado to manage both of us. My Miſtreſs's Waiting-woman enter'd the Cloſet, hearing ſomebody cry out, recover'd me by the help of ſome ſtrong Spirits, and the Kinſwoman did as much for my Miſtreſs, who cou'd not ſtir, ſo far had Grief overcome her. A Minute after, I was told my Valet was in the Anti-chamber, and my Horſes ready for us to mount; 'twas now and only now that I knew what it was to love, and the Pain of leaving the Perſon belov'd; while we follow our Chains 'tis all Pleaſure, we hardly feel them, but when we extend them we experience the Force of that which binds us. Never was there a more tender and moving Farewel; all I had to ſupport me under it was, to find I was belov'd as much as I lov'd; thus in the Extremity of my Grief I felt a Joy that made me happy. We parted at laſt, and I left her in a Condition which was enough to raiſe Pity in the moſt obdurate Heart; and I was as much an Object of Compaſſion as ſhe. I was ſo little my ſelf, and ſo full of Sorrow, that I did not ſee *Saavedra*, who was before my Eyes, and paſt by him without ſpeaking to him; he follow'd me, and obſerving I was diſtracted by my Love, thought convenient to put me in mind that the Horſes ſtayd for me, and I was going out of my Way; which was true, for in my Diſtraction I made directly back tow'rds the Inn. His ſpeaking to me recover'd me a little, and we went to the Place where he had left our Horſes; we got a Horſeback, and I gallop'd all the firſt Stage without ſpeaking a Word or drawing Bit; but at the ſecond *Saavedra* asking me whether I deſign'd to go to *Rome* in good earneſt, I reply'd, nothing was leſs in my Thoughts, but at the next Stage we wou'd ſtop and conſult what we had beſt to do. I

had

had not eat any thing in Twenty Four Hours, and by that time I suppos'd I shou'd want some Refreshment.

CHAP. XVI.

Guzman *goes from* Florence *to* Bologna *to apprehend* Alexander Bentivoglio, *chief of the Robbers who were concern'd with* Saavedra, *and is imprison'd by* Alexander's *Father, a Lawyer.*

WHen we came to the third Stage we consider'd a little with our selves, and finding Post-Horses were a chargeable Way of Travelling, obliging us to have Three Horses, the one for the Post-Boy and a huge Portmanteau half empty, the other two for our selves, we concluded that our Purse wou'd evacuate too fast, unless we put our Baggage into a Waggon, which we did into one that was going to *Bologna*, whither we resolv'd to go in Search of *Alexander Bentivoglio*, not doubting but by Composition or a Law-Suit to get some of my Goods and Money again. I lik'd this Thought wonderfully, looking upon it as the best that ever came into my Head, and depended upon it as a sure Method of equipping me with a good Supply in this disorderly State of my Affairs. *Saavedra* confirm'd me in my Opinion by his, so we hir'd Two common Hacks and rode to *Bologna*, where, as soon as we arriv'd, we ask'd of our Host if he cou'd help us to a Man of Experience, who was a good Sollicitor? He immediately sent for one of his Neighbours, whom he us'd to employ himself, and who, consid'ring his Profession, was a pretty honest Fellow.

low. I demanded of him if he knew one *Alexander Bentivoglio*, Son of a Lawyer of the ſame Name? He reply'd, there were very few People but knew both Father and Son. I then ask'd him if he had any Relation or Friendſhip with them? He anſwer'd, Tho' they were Perſons of more Note than he, or at leaſt made a greater Figure, he ſhou'd be very ſorry if he had any ſuch Relations or Friends. I thought this little Preamble prudent and neceſſary, and after that I told him my whole Story. He hearken'd to me, but did not ſeem much ſurpriz'd at it, ſaying, they were us'd in that Town to hear ſuch Adventures of Maſter *Alexander*; but that I had to do with a formidable Perſon in his Father, who by his Tricks and Cunning had render'd himſelf terrible to all the City. The beſt Advice he cou'd give me was to ſpeak with the Father before I arreſted the Son, which he believ'd wou'd be the only Way for me to get ſomething of them, for the Old Man might not be willing that ſuch a piece of Villany ſhou'd be made publick. I anſwer'd, I was of the ſame Mind, as well to avoid the Charges of Law, as becauſe I had to do with ſuch Rogues as they; I therefore deſir'd him to ſollicit the Buſineſs, and ſpeak to the Father for me, uſing what Arguments he ſhou'd think proper. I found he did not care to have to do in the Buſineſs, knowing what a ſort of a Man the Lawyer was, and what a ſort of a Buſineſs he went about. I intreated him again and again to undertake it, and promiſing to pay him well for his Trouble, he took Courage and went to *Alexander*'s Father. This happen'd the very next Morning after our Arrival, and having nothing elſe to do I went out into the Town with *Saavedra* to take a View of it. *Saavedra* had not gone many Steps, before he deſir'd me to let him return to our Inn, where he reſolv'd to ſtay within Doors; becauſe if *Alexander Bentivoglio* ſhou'd chance

chance to meet him or ſee him, he wou'd preſently miſtruſt what he came thither about, wou'd either get him aſſaſſinated or thrown into Priſon, from whence there wou'd be no Hopes of his coming out as long as *Alexander*'s Father liv'd. I approv'd of his Reaſons, and bad him lye as cloſe as he cou'd, and not meddle in the Matter, for I did not imagine his Teſtimony wou'd be neceſſary, having Copies of the Informations and Records taken at *Siena*, which I ſuppos'd wou'd be ſufficient to convict *Alexander*. I had not gone far before I ſaw my Thief, paſſing along by me near the great Church, accompany'd by a Parcel of Young Fellows of the ſame Character I judg'd with himſelf. I knew 'twas him by his Shape, for he was a ſhort thick-ſet Man; and by his Cloaths, he having my beſt Suit on his Back at that very time, and an embroider'd Waſtcoat, the Silk of which was giv'n me by a *Neapolitan* Officer, to whom I had been ſerviceable in ſpeaking to my Lord Ambaſſador in his Behalf; I was ſo enrag'd at ſeeing him ſet out ſo in my Finery, that tho' I was no Hero, and he had the Reputation of a Bully, tho' he was ſurrounded by a Gang of his own Creatures, tho', in ſhort, he was at the Church Door, a Place whoſe Sanctity ſhou'd not be prophan'd with Blood, I had certainly attack'd him Sword in Hand, had he not enter'd the Church, as good Luck wou'd have it; for otherwiſe my Raſhneſs might have been my Ruin in a City where his Father was ſo powerful. I waited till he came out, but in that time my Fury abated a little. I reflected on the Danger of ſuch an Action, and that it might make my Journey fruitleſs at leaſt, if not fatal; that of a Plaintiff I might become Defendant, and what might that end in? So I reſolv'd to ſtay and ſee what Anſwer my Sollicitor brought me. I came to our Inn, whither he return'd a few Minutes after me, but his Looks ſhew'd his Anſwer

was

was not ſatisfactory. He told me the Father of *Alexander* was ſo far from agreeing to any Terms of Accommodation, that he pretended I was the Thief, and his Son the Perſon who was robb'd, and ended his Diſcourſe with terrible Threats what he wou'd do to me and my Sollicitor. I ſaw therefore that 'twas to no purpoſe to think of getting any thing but by due Courſe of Law. The good Man pray'd to be excus'd, for his undertaking the Cauſe wou'd be the Ruin of himſelf and Family. I deſir'd him then to recommend me to ſome able Lawyer, and he nam'd me one who was a Man of great Experience and Honour, and who had no Friendſhip for *Alexander* or his Father, my Adverſaries; I thank'd him and gave him a ſmall Gratuity, that he might not loſe his Time. I went to the Lawyer he ſpoke to, told him my Caſe, and how I had been robb'd by *Alexander Bentivoglio* and his Accomplices; he told me 'twas no News in the Town; that he was come Home very fine, and with his Pockets full of Money, and ev'ry Body knew he had no other Way of coming by it. He ſaid he had had the Cloaths made fit for him, and that 'twas reported he got the Money at Play of a Young *Spaniard* at *Rome*, but they had receiv'd Intelligence 'twas at *Siena*, and not at *Rome*, he got the Money, and at what Game he play'd to get it; that this being already known, and my Informations and Atteſtations ready drawn up, he doubted not in a little Time to procure me Juſtice, if there was any Juſtice in the World; however you muſt know, ſaid he, that you have to do with a Man who, notwithſtanding all the Proofs, the Reaſon and Right, wou'd give you a great deal of Trouble; for the Father of the Perſon you mean deſerves Hanging as well as the Son, tho' he has found out an extraordinary Art to keep up his Credit, and render himſelf terrible, by a Thouſand infamous Actions, and yet if once he

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is indicted in Form there is hardly a Man in the Place but wou'd bring in something or other against him, so notorious is he for his extortioning, cheating, plundering the publick and private Persons; in a word, for all manner of Villany, defending himself from the Law by bribing the Magistrates. He added, I had no Time to lose; that the Thing must be manag'd prudently and privately, and push'd on vigorously, when once set on foot. I reply'd, I depended entirely on his Integrity and Capacity, putting my self and my Cause into his Hands, and not doubting but I shou'd have Justice done by his Means. He answer'd, he wou'd do his best, and bid me call upon him Three Hours afterwards, which I did. When I came I found my Declaration ready drawn, with a true Recital of the Matter of Fact, very clear and succinct. The Declaration was giv'n in to the *Auditor* of the *Torro*, or the Judge in Cases Criminal. I found my Advocate went regularly to work, and that 'twou'd not be his Fault if speedy Justice was not done me; for besides doing me Right, he had an Aversion to the Lawyer *Bentivoglio*, who had No-body on his side but perfect Villains, or Persons that got by his Villany. Whether or no I was betray'd by the Auditor himself, or by my false Sollicitor, for Men of the same Trade are likely to be of the same Disposition, or whatever was the Cause of it, so it was, that almost as soon as my Declaration against *Alexander* was deliver'd in, another was presented against me in the Name of the Lawyer *Bentivoglio*, setting forth that I had defam'd his Son, requiring Damages for the Injury done his Reputation; and further, that I shou'd have Corporal Punishment. My Lawyer said that was nothing, and we shou'd soon do our Business if he had nothing else to say; that the Law requir'd we shou'd have Judgment upon our Declaration, if we prov'd it, and they made

no

no Defence, and that their Replication wou'd do him no Service. What a dreadful thing is it that Men of the Law ſhou'd maintain ſuch a traiterous Correſpondence among themſelves, and that if their Relations or Friends are concern'd, ſuch as are wrong cannot have Juſtice done them? How dare they ſo impudently, in Defiance of God and Man, ſell Right and Law, and render all Pleadings, all Reaſons, Arguments and Proofs ineffectual? The Son of this Raſcally Lawyer, or rather this Scoundrel of a Petty-fogger, as great a Rogue as he was, is leſs a Villain than his Father, who govern'd the Town he liv'd in more than the Magiſtrates; he wou'd whip a poor Beggar for ſtealing an Egg, but himſelf that liv'd and maintain'd his wicked Family by the worſt of Robberies, by defrauding Fatherleſs Heirs, by making double Bills, and ſwearing to the Truth of them, by encouraging Litigiouſneſs among his fooliſh Neighbours, and by a Thouſand Rogueries, which wou'd have Hang'd a Thouſand honeſter Men, preſerv'd his own Neck, defended his Sons Ears, and kept his Daughters out the Alms-houſe, being all of them too ugly to make Whores of. I ſpeak this with the more Indignation, having ſuffer'd notoriouſly by the Father's and the Son's Villany, and having, to my Misfortune, had Knowledge of them and their Family by my reſiding ſome Time in this Town, where the Judges were all of the ſame Kidney: And are ſuch Men worthy of the Name of Judges? They ought to be call'd publick Robbers, who deſerve the Whip and the Halter much more than thoſe they condemn. A Replication being put in, I had Three Days Time giv'n me to produce my Evidence againſt this *Alexander Bentivoglio.* Was there ever ſuch Juſtice ſeen in the World? They knew the Allegations mention'd in my Declaration were Actions done at *Siena*, and thence I muſt have ſome

neceſſary Proofs to carry my Cauſe, notwithſtanding I had brought Atteſtations with me; and 'twas impoſſible for me to ſend to *Siena* to get thoſe Proofs and have an Anſwer in Three Days. The ſhort Time allotted me was with a Deſign to ruin me the more effectually, under the Colour of Juſtice. I ran immediately to my own Lawyer, whom I found to have been before acquainted with the Matter; for as ſoon as he ſaw me he cry'd, We are ſold, and there's no Juſtice to be had in this World. How, ſaid I, is it poſſible that People can be ſuch Villains? Will Men damn themſelves for ſo ſmall a Matter as a Bribe? Yes, yes, ſays he, we have too many that will do ſo; and all you have to do is to put in a Petition, and demand longer Time, for according to Law the Plaintiff is not to be determin'd by the Defendant; let us ſee what that will do: And what did it come to? Nothing. My Petition was read, and with a great many others thrown aſide without any regard to Reaſon or Equity; no Anſwer was all the Anſwer I cou'd procure to it; 'tis in vain to petition Judges; and why is not that Cuſtom abrogated? There's hardly any one of 'em but thinks he may do what he pleaſes without being accountable to God or Man. The Three Days being out, and my Lawyer having bawl'd to no purpoſe for longer time, he ſpoke as if he had ſpoken to deaf Men, they wou'd not hear him, I went to know how Matters proceeded with us. When I came to him I found him in the utmoſt Confuſion, his Colour came and went with Rage and Reſentment, he bluſh'd at the impudent Villany of his Country-man, and ſaid, Sir, 'tis to no purpoſe for you to ſpend your Time and Money here, ſave what you can and make off; you can expect no Good here, and your Affair has receiv'd ſuch a Turn, that if you ſtay I don't know whether the Loſs of your Time and Money will content your

Adver-

Adverſaries; you are a Stranger, that's enough; our People believe ev'ry thing is lawful againſt ſuch Men. But, Sir, ſaid I with Aſtoniſhment and Confuſion, ſure we don't live in a Country of *Barbarians*? Yes, worſe than *Barbarians*, ſays he, for among *Barbarians* Juſtice is done according to the Law of Nature, but here we don't know even that Law; and all the Reaſons they give you are Cuſtoms, Preſidents, and I don't know what: Intereſt in ſhort is the Motive of all their Actions, and I can't tell how better to explain to you the deplorable State to which our Courts of Juſtice is reduc'd. I have known a Man ſent to the Gallies for copying another Man's Letter very innocently, and without any Deſign of doing Miſchief by it. Our Judges pretend to do Juſtice, and in truth ſell it every Day. You will ſee by what I have ſaid that I cannot give you better Advice than I have given you already. I anſwer'd with a Sigh, That I ſaw too well what I muſt truſt to, and was confirm'd in my Belief, becauſe I heard it from a Man of Integrity. I thank'd him for the Pains and Trouble he had been at, and was going to put my Hand in my Pocket to pay him, but he wou'd take nothing of me; ſaying, I had loſt enough already, and ſhou'd not add another Article to the Injuſtice that was done me, nor wou'd he let me leave *Bologna* without ſeeing there were Men of Honour, tho' very few there, as well as Rogues. In truth I was extreamly ſurpriz'd to find ſo much Generoſity in a Man who had been ſo induſtrious to ſerve me, and giv'n me ſuch Satisfaction in the Management of my Affairs; not but that I have ſeen ſeveral Rogues do as much, when they knew how to make their Market by it, and the Perſons they had to do with, always having it in their View to get twice as much by it as they forgave them. I have known *Pauper* Councils, or ſuch as plead *pro Deo*, as they call it,

as great Rascals as ever liv'd, who get all the Causes they contended for, when there was no invisible Hand in the Way; and lost all if they cou'd get as much more by losing as by getting them. My Lawyer, as you see, was not such a sort of a Man; 'twas out of pure Generosity that he was so obliging to me a Stranger and Traveller, whom he had never seen before, and might never see again. I redoubled my Thanks on this Occasion, and indeed with good Reason, for my Stock grew lower and lower every Minute; had I been in better Circumstances I shou'd have giv'n him a great deal more than his Fees came to; what signifies Generosity if a Man has it not in his Power to shew it? 'Tis a Folly for a Beggar to pretend to it, and enough that those who have no Money shew they deserve to have it by their Will to do Good, and are not Rascals when 'tis in their Power to be so. There's abundance of Men who seem very desirous to be liberal when they have not the means to shew their Liberality, and when they have they are the most backward to do it, especially to such as have oblig'd them when they were not in so prosperous a Condition; this is the worst Ingratitude that can be. I return'd to my Inn mighty well pleas'd with the frank Proceeding of my Lawyer, and found *Saavedra* in no small Fear that I wou'd sacrifice him to recover my Loss, which if I wou'd have done had been a short Way of doing my Business, for I need only have produc'd him, and the Cause had been carry'd, he being the best Proof that cou'd be had in it; however it never enter'd into my Heart to be guilty of such a piece of Treachery; I did not bring him to *Bologna* for that; and since I had pardon'd him he had serv'd me so faithfully and affectionately, that I wou'd not have expos'd him to the Danger of being hang'd, to have made my self as rich as I cou'd wish to be, tho' he was the sole Cause of my Misfortunes.

I told

I told him we had no more Bufinefs to do in that Town, where Rogues were Mafters, and a Man muft have a hundred times deferv'd hanging to fit him for the Magiftracy, where even Honefty trembled beneath the Weight of all forts of Injuftice; that we muft be gone, for our Suit was at an end; that we ought to fell our huge Portmanteau, which coft us a great deal of Money, and buy a Bag, which he might carry before or behind him, as 'twas moft convenient. *Saavedra* eafily difpos'd of it, and with very little Lofs, for 'twas fair and large. We bought a good new Bag with the Money, and pocketed the Over-plus. We hir'd Horfes for *Milan*, paid our Reck'ning, and as we were going to take Horfe I was faluted by certain Noble Sparks call'd Serjeants, a Trade the Devil wou'd not be of, and which no Chriftian Country ought to encourage; they made no more nor no lefs, but took me by the Collar and hall'd me away to Prifon, where I was lock'd up in a dark clofe Room, and was not fuffer'd to hire a better. I ask'd for what I was committed, and what I had done to merit fuch Ufage? I was anfwer'd, I fhou'd know in good time, which I did, and found 'twas for being robb'd, a little hard I thought, yet not fo hard but that I fear'd 'twou'd be much worfe with me.

CHAP. XVII.

He gets out of Prison upon Terms, and begging Alexander's *Pardon: He Games, wins Money, and goes to* Milan.

MY Master *Bentivoglio*, and the Judges took it ill it seems that I shou'd be so Impudent, as to pretend to have been robb'd by Signior *Alexander*, and I must give Satisfaction for the Wrong done the Noble and Virtuous Family of *Bentivoglio* of *Bologna*, for my Declaration which they were pleas'd to call a Defamatory Libel, against the said Signior *Alexander*, whose Birth, Breeding and good Manners, were so well known in the City of *Bologna*. This notable Accusation took up a Quire of Paper; and all the while I read it, I lifted my Hands to Heav'n in Amazement, that Villany cou'd so assume the Form of Justice. My Jailor, and the Serjeants laugh'd in their Sleeves at my Astonishment, and their Grimaces were all the Comfort I cou'd expect. 'Twas two or three Days before I saw any Body but the Jailor and his Man, who us'd me like a Dog, and made me their Laughing-Stock. As good Luck wou'd have it, I had Money, or else I must have Starv'd: But I paid dearly for what I had, giving three times the worth of it, and glad I cou'd have it so. Monsieur the Jailor, out of an Excess of Civility, constantly visited me at Meals, eat up half my Meat, and drank two thirds of my Wine, saying, He did not Honour any other Prisoner so much, as to give him his Company. I desir'd to speak with my Lawyer, and was told he was Sick. I then begg'd them to send for my Servant, they answer'd, he was gone away with my Baggage. I pray'd them

to let my Hoſt come to me, they granted me that Favour; and him I deſir'd to ſend the Sollicitor to me, and he promis'd to do it. But my Adverſaries underſtanding it, wou'd not let him come again: And I was inform'd the Sollicitor was gone out of Town, all which were Lies of their own making, for my Lawyer was in good Health, and *Saavedra*, and my Hoſt came often to ſee me, but could never find Admittance. *Saavedra*, for the Reaſons I have before-mention'd, durſt not Solicit for me, but he engag'd my Hoſt to go to my Lawyer, and he like a Man of Honour again eſpous'd my Intereſt with a great deal of Zeal and Induſtry, running the Riſque of ruining himſelf, to ſave me, or to get me out of the Clutches of theſe Robbers, which in Effect he did the fourth Day after my Impriſonment, tho' I cou'd not be freed till my Proctor, whom the Adverſary had Brib'd, prevail'd upon me to Sign a Paper, containing in Subſtance, a Recantation of my Charge againſt Signior *Alexander Bentivoglio*, and a Declaration drawn up in excellent Form, That I knew the ſaid Signior to be a very honeſt Gentleman, incapable of ſuch a foul Action, and what I had done was at the Inſtigation of ſome Enemies of his, having my ſelf no manner of Cauſe of Complaint againſt him; begging his Pardon, and asking his Friendſhip: What wou'd not a Man ſay or do to get out of ſuch a Priſon? Such as have not ſeen the inſide of it, nor perhaps the outſide, are not proper Judges of the Matter, for 'tis paſt the Imagination of a Man to conceive what it is. 'Twas not long before I was very ſenſible of it my ſelf, but the Cruel and Dreadful Examples I ſaw in others were a thouſand times worſe; and moſt of 'em deſerv'd as little to be put there as I did, being thrown in by the Power or Intereſt of the Magiſtrates, and their Favourites: I ſhall have oc-

casion to ſpeak of theſe Things more at large elſewhere, and reſerve my Sentiments of them till then. I had time enough during thoſe four Days of my Impriſonment, to make true and ſolid Reflections on the Miſeries of Human Life; and how little it matters a Man to be guilty or innocent when he is Unfortunate, and has to do with People who know no other God but their Intereſt: Who Laugh when we talk to 'em of another World, and look with Contempt upon you, if you have no other help but your truſt in God to deliver you out of the Troubles you are in. Name me if you can a Judge who has no other Views but the Diſcharge of his Duty. Name one who is not hurry'd away ſometimes by his Paſſions, or influenc'd by the Pleaſure of a Power ſuperior to his own. Who does not in one Year condemn a Man for that which in another was Meritorious, and ſend a Wretch to the Gallies for a pretended Crime which had been ſo far uſeful to him himſelf, as to be one of the beſt helps he met with in mounting the Bench. The moſt Upright of 'em think they do enough if they jumble Right and Wrong together, and as often do Juſtice as Injuſtice. If they maintain a ſhew of Uprightneſs, an appearance of Severity in the Diſcharge of their Office, they are not for the Subſtance; they can find Shifts and Excuſes to palliate their Crimes, and think the merit of one good Action may compenſate for ten bad ones. But will this excuſe them to an All ſeeing and All-juſt Power? And are ten or twelve fortunate Years worth an Eternity of Miſery? You will have to do with an *Auditor* hereafter, you Monſieur *Auditor de Torro*, who will have no regard to Fortune or Families; and when he treats you as you have treated others, will do Juſtice, which he has promis'd to do, and is himſelf the Truth. The leaſt cruel Moments I paſt in Priſon were thoſe I

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ſpent in thinking of my Fair and Charming Widow. I had never been in Love before, and you muſt not wonder that I, who was a Rogue in my Nature ſhou'd act like a Man of Honour in this Affair; for 'tis the Property of Love, when a Man is truly in Love, to turn Wickedneſs to Virtue; and I was never in all my Life ſo diſcreet, and ſo little wicked, as when I was at *Florence*, where I had opportunity enough to play the Rogue at my Miſtreſs's Houſe, a Rich Widow, from whom in one Casket of Jewels I might have carry'd off 50000 Franks. You will ſay, perhaps, I ſpar'd her, becauſe I expected the moſt of all ſhe had by marrying her, which I thought my ſelf ſure of; in which you are miſtaken; for your true Rogue never reckons himſelf ſure of any thing till 'tis in his Cuſtody, and wou'd not have fail'd taking ſomething by way of Advance. I had it a hundred times under my Nail, I might have carry'd it off without giving the leaſt Miſtruſt who did it: And altho' the doing it wou'd have made my Fortune, and the not doing it marr'd it, for I ſpent all my Money in my Charges about that Intrigue, yet I never once repented that I did not do it; for I muſt declare, that during my Stay at *Florence*, my Carriage was unblameable, and all my Actions worthy a Man of Honour, one only excepted, which was my paſſing for the Ambaſſador's Nephew; and e'en as that, 'twas meer Chance, and not Deſign which caus'd it, I did not think the Matter wou'd ever have gone ſo far; I had too much Reſpect for my Maſter, to have done him ſuch an Injury, and was in a Place too much expos'd to hope to paſs long undiſcover'd. 'Twas done before I was aware of it, and Love and Fortune hurry'd me to the Extremity to which I drove it. In ſhort, I did not act my Part ill in that Court, and I may ſay the Time I ſpent there

was

was the moſt happy one of my Life, as well as the moſt Glorious: I cou'd not ſtill forget my Dear Widow in Priſon, or out of Priſon, and the Idea's of her Tenderneſs for me were a great Comfort to me in my Confinement; from whence being deliver'd on the Terms I have mention'd, which was to acknowledge a perfect Thief, who wore my Cloaths, and ſpent my Money, to be a very honeſt Man, and having paid my Priſon Charges, which amounted to 24 Franks, I got out, and return'd to my Inn, where I found *Saavedra* in a moſt diſconſolate State of Mind, much doubting whether the Application of my Sollicitor, and the ſcandalous Reports in the Town againſt the Judge and the Jailor for delaying me, wou'd prevail ſo far againſt the Intereſt of the Lawyer *Bentivoglio*, as to procure my Enlargement. *Saavedra* was overjoy'd to ſee me, and thought he cou'd never ſhew it enough, for he did not think I ſhou'd get out ſo ſoon, having heard how the unfortunate Wretches that fell into the Hands of my Proſecutors, ſuffer'd, whether Innocent or Guilty. All the Diverſion of my Adverſaries being to make others ſuffer, at whom they Laugh'd as a Company of Fools, and never hearken'd to Reaſon, unleſs a good Purſe of Gold, or the Word of a great Man happen'd in the way. Ah! *Saavedra* ſaid I, what doſt thou think of the worthy Gentlemen, the Judges, and the Juſtice of this Country; is there any need of going to *Barbary* for Examples of the worſt Injuſtice? Or can there be worſe than what I have endur'd? I have been Robb'd, have found out the Thief, have prov'd the Robbery upon him by undeniable Atteſtations, and all the Juſtice I can get, is to be thrown into Priſon; and for my Liberty be forc'd not only to renounce all my Right, but to confeſs that the Robber is a Man of Honour, and that I wrong'd him

him in accuſing him. If one ſhou'd tell this Story in the Market-Place as an Event which had happen'd four or five Hundred Years ago, ev'ry Body wou'd cry out, oh Barbarity: But now, becauſe 'tis done before their Eyes, they only ſhrug up their Shoulders, and out of pity to the poor ſuffering Wretch ſay, What had he to do here? Did not he know with whom he had to deal? No, no, they may believe me, I knew not the Perſon; and unleſs I had come here, 'twas impoſſible for me to imagine there cou'd be ſuch a one upon Earth. This certainly is the Place where the Men that are in Power, believe the Almighty ſleeps, and that 'tis lawful for them to do what they pleaſe with their Fellow-Creatures; what ſignifies their ſeeing or knowing what they ought to do in Juſtice? It 'tis not for their Intereſt, or they are not afraid of the Conſequence of their doing, or not doing it, they never conſult their Duty. That's not their Buſineſs, they think they are Judges only to get Eſtates, to raiſe up Families, and have them ennobl'd; and whatever Character they Live with, they matter not, as long as they hope to leave Mannors and Titles to their Booby Heirs when they Die. All they ſay of the Wretched is, 'Tis ſo much the worſe for them, and they are not to be blam'd for their Misfortunes. How can Men, not to ſay Chriſtians, who underſtand what they ought to do, Reaſon at this rate? *Saavedra* heard my Sermon out with a great deal of Concern, for he had a great ſhare in my Troubles. I wanted to vent my ſelf a little, having had no body to complain to in Jail, for all my complaining there was Mental; 'twas not ſafe for a Man to make Complaints to his Jailors, that was the way to have more Reaſon of Complaint, tho' there is nothing ſo Pleaſant to a Man that ſuffers, as to tell his Sufferings, and have the meaneſt of all Com-

Comforts, Pity. *Saavedra* told me how much I was oblig'd to my Advocate, and how abundance of Men, who knew nothing of me, pity'd my Case when they heard it; that ſome of 'em talk'd boldly in my Behalf, but it did me little or no Service. For tho' thoſe that cou'd beſt help me, knew very well I ſuffer'd unjuſtly; yet they were afraid of intermeddling, being unwilling to make themſelves Enemies on my Account. I went immediately to my Lawyer, who unfolded a great many Myſteries to me, and inform'd me how all my Matter was manag'd; ſaying, 'twas not the Auditor, or the other Judges Fault, that I was not releas'd the firſt Day of my Impriſonment, they having giv'n Order for't, hearing how People murmur'd at it. But that neither the Auditor, nor his Brethren cou'd reſiſt the Recommendation of a Man of Authority, in Favour of the Rogue my Adverſary. So they abandon'd my Cauſe to him, to do as he ſhou'd think fit, as he had done; and thus added he, Juſtice is Adminiſter'd in this Country. If it wou'd not be too tireſome, I might tell you an infinite Number of other Particularities more cruel than this is. I cou'd fill a Book with what my Lawyer told me on this Head, and of the Government of that City. I ended my Converſation with a thouſand Thanks to him as my Deliverer, and wou'd very fain have made him ſome Satisfaction, being more oblig'd to him than ever; but he ſtill carry'd on his Generoſity, and wou'd ev'n force me to ſtay and Dine with him, being his Dinner time; I had much ado to Excuſe my ſelf from accepting this laſt Favour, which I thought wou'd make me too troubleſome: At laſt, I took my Leave of him, with all the Proteſtations of Service and Friendſhip, which a Man that owes his Life to another can make; I return'd to my Inn well ſatisfy'd that I had came off ſo, and ex-

treamly

treamly pleas'd with my Lawyers unparallel'd Goodneſs in my Behalf. When I came Home, I found the People ſitting down to Dinner, there was a good Company of 'em; and I ſat down with them, my Caſe being the Town-talk, they ask'd me what News? I anſwer'd very modeſt, for fear of ſome new Adventure: However, the Company diſcours'd of it freely enough, and Heav'n knows did not ſpare my Judges. This always happens, 'tis in vain for Men to diſguiſe the Truth, and value themſelves on their Politicks; the World will do Juſtice to ev'ry body; and ſuch Men wou'd bluſh, if they heard half that is ſaid of them; all Things come out at laſt, and this is the leaſt Puniſhment which Heav'n has in ſtore for unjuſt Judges.

Dinner being over, I order'd *Saavedra* to hire two Horſes for *Milan*, whither I intended to go next Day. For after what had befal'n me at *Bologna*, that was as dangerous a Place for me as *Florence*, and I cou'd leave it with leſs Regret. *Saavedra* did what I order'd him to do, and while he was about it, not knowing whither to go, or how to ſpend my Time, I fell in with ſome Gentlemen, who had call'd for Cards, and with whom I diverted my ſelf to look upon them as they were at Play. I ſat down by him that was next to me, and I admire the Whimſicalneſs of Men's Minds, to incline generally to him that's neareſt to them: For tho' I knew him no more than I did the others, and the others had done me no harm, I was paſſionately concern'd for my Neighbour, was equally glad when he won, and ſorry when he loſt; and as much as if it had been my own Money, or I was to have had a ſhare of his Gains. Fortune was a long time doubtful, and there was not much won or loſt on either ſide, tho' the Money came and went faſt enough. There was no ſmall Matter on the

the Table, considering they were young Gentlemen: He that had least, had thirty Pistoles before him. They play'd very fairly, and without Noise or Passion. The Person I was concern'd for, seem'd to know least of the Game, and yet I did not see that he play'd an ill Card, which I shou'd have soon seen, being an old Practitioner at it, tho' a young Man; and a Stander-by always sees more than he that Plays, who commonly is so taken up with his Game, that Passion blinds him; at last, the Tempest began to rise, the Game ran high, and the Company grew warm; the Man whose Cards I look'd over lost, and was troubl'd at it; I was upon Thorns for him, and wou'd feign have giv'n Advice, but cou'd not get an Opportunity. He had put his Hand in his Pocket twice or thrice, and I believ'd his Money was almost all gone: I pity'd him, but cou'd not help him, that wou'd have been to have drawn a Quarrel upon my self. 'Tis true, I long'd mightily to Advise him to give off, which had he been my own Brother, I had been in the wrong if I had done it, arguing, That I suspected the fair Dealing of those that play'd with him, and meddled with Matters that did not belong to me. In the end, my Man lost all his Money to the last Penny, and having demanded his Revenge of the others, went to fetch more. By what I understood of him, this was a young Fellow, who came to *Bologna*, to take his Degrees in the Civil Law; and I believe he lost ev'ry Farthing of the Money which his Parents gave him to pay the Charge of it. His Loss came to three or fourscore Pistoles, and his Comrades disburthen'd him of them, without giving him his Doctor's Cap. One of them look'd like a *French* Officer, he was more Skilful, and a little Older than the others. The *French* are no Bubbles at Play, tho' they often find themselves match'd by

People

People of another Nation. The other Gentlemen, for there were about three who play'd, was one of the Town, a Fellow Student of my Doctor in *Fieri*, and he got moſt. I withdrew into my Room, which was next to the Hall they play'd in, very ſorry that I had ſeen the young Man loſe his Money; and the more, becauſe I thought I had brought him ill Luck, which griev'd me as much as if I had really been the Cauſe of his Ruin. But recollecting my ſelf, what a Fool am I, ſaid I, to Torment my ſelf thus about a Thing that does not belong to me: Have I not Troubles enough of my own? Have not I loſt enough my ſelf, without grieving for other Men's Loſſes? Thus I eas'd my Mind of the ridiculous Concern I was in for the Graduate that was to be; but 'twas for a few Minutes only, and I fell into the ſame Trouble as ſoon as I heard the poor young Man was return'd, and in appearance cou'd not raiſe any more Money, by borrowing it of his Father's Correſpondent, or his own Acquaintance, that he might Play again. He came into his own Room, which was next to mine, and only a thin Partition between us, where I cou'd hear him complain as he walk'd up and down his Room in a moanful Tone, and theſe Words, What a wretched Town is this I am come to, that among all thoſe that call'd themſelves my Friends, I cannot find one Man of Honour to lend me Twenty or Thirty Piſtoles: I, who took delight in obliging ev'ry one, and had nothing by my ſelf; ſure theſe *Bolognians* are not Chriſtians, but *Turks*; or rather worſe, *Turks* wou'd have Pity on me, did they ſee me in ſo much Trouble at the Loſs of my Money, and wou'd lend me more did they know me. He then ſigh'd from the very bottom of his Soul, ſtill walking up and down, ſometimes faſter, ſometimes ſlower, as he was agitated by his Paſſion, always crying

out against his Stars, that ever he ſhou'd come into that miſerable City. Thus having meaſur'd ev'ry Corner of his Room, from the Right to the Left along and a-croſs, he threw himſelf upon his Bed, where he was as little at his Eaſe as before, as I heard by his Sighs and Groans. I was reflecting on this young Student's Fortune, when *Saavedra* return'd, to let me know he had met with ſome *Cheveaux de Retour*, Horſes that had been rode from *Milan*, and were going Light back, which we might have at a more reaſonable Rate, than if we hir'd 'em on purpoſe: I bad him ſpeak low, becauſe I wou'd not diſturb my Neighbour, who was in great Affliction, and not without Reaſon, having loſt all his Money; but I was very much tempted to be reveng'd for him on thoſe that had got it. And how ſo, quoth *Saavedra*? how, ſays I, by good Fortune, this is a fair opportunity for us to Recruit a little, or drive us directly to the Alms-Houſes. The little Money we have left, will not, as thou may'ſt well imagine carry us far; Thirty Piſtoles are a poor Buſineſs for Travellers, who don't love to go a-foot, nor to live like Beggars: We muſt conſider now, if we can live upon one Meal a Day, if ſo, we'll hazard Beggering. What doſt think of it *Saavedra*, can'ſt thou go to Bed Supperleſs? If thou lik'ſt my Project, tell me ſo, that I may venture boldly, encourag'd by thy Council; if not, ſpeak, that I may hold my Hand; we ſhall not be always Unfortunate, nor is the Devil always at a poor Man's Door; I know I am going to take the Place of a Man that has been Unfortunate, that may be my Fate alſo; and it as well may not be; perhaps I may have my lucky Moments as well as another, and methinks I have had ſo many bad all together, that 'tis time for 'em to change. *Saavedra* reply'd, he approv'd of whatever I thought fit to do; that all

all I had to think of on his Account, was how I might be serviceable to him, that he wou'd Sell, Borrow or Beg for me; but if he might advise, it wou'd be not to trust Fortune, who had more than once betray'd me, unless I cou'd be sure to make her turn on my Side whenever I wou'd. And how's that, reply'd I, seeming amaz'd at what he said. How, says he; why thus, Sir, you know there are but two sort of Men that Play, the one to get, and the other to divert themselves; of the latter sort, are none but Kings, old Men, and those who have nothing to lose. Of the former sort are ev'ry Body from the Crown to the Livery, from the Saint to the Sinner, the Merchant to the Corsair: Ev'ry one loves to get, and ev'ry one endeavours it; some one way, some another, without considering at whose Cost; and the surest way is always the best. Each Man arms his Galley as well as he can, puts to Sea, and the first Ship he meets with is Prize, if he can take it. This is the way of the World, of the Men of Honour, as well as of the Scoundrels; and if you'll favour me so far, as to hearken to me, we'll be no more Fools than others; why shou'd we hazard our Money, when we can do without it? I'll help you, if it lies in my Power; 'tis what one Friend ought to do for another; and above all, a faithful Servant for a kind Master: I was very glad to hear him talk so; however, I pretended to be a Novice in such Things; because all Men shou'd preserve their Reputations as much as they can, especially with their Servants; for when once they know you, and believe you are no better than themselves; they despise you, and you are no more their Masters; they will look upon you, and treat you as their Companions. I confess I did not desire to lose my Money any more than another Man; and besides, Play was not at all our Business, unless we cou'd get

by it; wherefore if he knew more than I, I bad him tell it me; for if there was any harm in it, 'twas pardonable, considering the Condition we were in; and after all, the World had treated me as Cruelly, as if I was born only to be plunder'd so, I wou'd for once play the Corsair, and if he wou'd let me know what I shou'd do, I wou'd be as dexterous as the best of them, I'd warrant him. He answer'd, he wou'd teach me two or three Lessons, that wou'd make me a perfect Master of the Art; that he wou'd watch his Opportunity to come round my Gentlemen, when they were at Play, under pretence of snuffing the Candles, or filling out Wine, or any thing else I shou'd call for; and at one cast of his Eye, look over the Hands of those that play'd with me, and tell me by his Fingers, or his Wastcoat-Buttons, what Card they had; that by pointing, sometimes to one Hand, and sometimes to another; to his Breast, or his Eyes, he cou'd let me know ev'ry thing that was to my Purpose: I reply'd, that was a considerable Advantage; however I wou'd not make use of it, unless Fortune did not favour me; and in Necessity a Man shou'd not be over-scrupulous. We concerted the Signs and Tokens between us, after which I was call'd to Supper. The three Gamesters were there, and I perceiv'd a part of my young Doctor's Grief in his Looks, tho' he strove as much as he cou'd to hide it in Drinking, Talking, and affecting to be in a good Humour. When we had Supp'd, and the other Strangers were withdrawn into their Rooms, the three Gentlemen propos'd to Play away two or three Hours; Cards were brought, and when they were going to begin, the Loser said, I hope, Gentlemen, you'll take my Word for Thirty Pistoles till to Morrow, when I am ro receive Money: The *Frenchman* made Grimaces, *A la Francois*, and said nothing.

nothing. His Comrade ſaid, all his Money was at his Service; let him ask what he wou'd of it, he ſhou'd have it; but he had taken an Oath, never to Play on a Man's Word, or againſt his own Money, tho' 'twas his own Brother that deſir'd him; for when he did, he was always unfortunate. Well then, Gentleman, quoth our Under-Graduate, have Patience while I ſtep out into the Town a little, and I'll go get ſome Money of a Man that will let me have what I want, but perhaps I may wait at his Houſe for him a little. The two Gameſters anſwer'd him, they wou'd ſtay till he came back to oblige him; that he might go where he pleas'd, they wou'd expect him there till Midnight: So my young Doctor left them in haſte, as if he knew where to receive the Money at a Minute's Notice. I walk'd up and down the Hall, heark'ning to their Diſcourſe, and making as if I did not hear it. A few Moments after he was gone, I came up to the Two remaining Gentlemen, who were talking by the Fire, for 'twas Winter, and pretended to warm my ſelf alſo. Come, Gentlemen, ſaid I, to while away an Hour or two, or till your Friend comes, I'll make a third Man; I have a few Piſtoles to loſe, and they are at your Service, if Fortune gives 'em to you; I cannot Play long, becauſe I am to riſe to Morrow betimes, and I will gladly give my Place to the young Gentleman, to have his Revenge of you. My Sparks deſir'd no better Sport, believing I ſhou'd prove as good a Cully at leaſt as the other. They accepted of my Propoſal with Joy, turn'd their Chairs to the Table, and ſat down to Play; taking up the Cards, and beginning to Shuffle them, that we might not loſe a Minute's time; I call'd *Saavedra*, and ask'd him if he had any Money to give me, and he threw me down Thirty Piſtoles with a negligent Air, as if they had made no Shew in our Caſh, whereas in

Truth 'twas ev'ry Penny we had in the World: He ask'd me if I wou'd have any more, he wou'd fetch it. I ſaid, no, when I had loſt that, I wou'd fetch more my ſelf; *Saavedra* left us, and drew near the Chimney, as well to warm himſelf, as to be ready at Hand if we wanted any thing of him. In the beginning we play'd cautiouſly, as People uſe to do; and tho' I was pretty honeſt to them, yet I had three or four Hands of Cards, which were worth me a hundred Crowns; I ſeem'd to be mighty glad at my good Luck, and to wiſh for the young Gentleman to return to take my Place; but Fortune,and the Cards continuing to favour me, I won as much more; and now, ſaid I, he may ſtay if he pleaſe, I ſhall be ſorry to part with my Luck to him; however, if he comes he ſhall ſee I did not ſit down for nothing. My Gentlemen began to be nettl'd at this, and fearing to loſe me, they ask'd if I wou'd Play a little higher; I re-ply'd, With all my Heart? For it was my Bed time, and the ſooner we had done the better. I call'd *Saavedra*, and ask'd him what he did there, as we had agreed between our ſelves; why he ſlept by the Fire ſide, and did not ſnuff the Candles, and give me ſome Wine. He roſe up very inno-cently, like a Boy juſt awoke out of his Sleep, rubbing his Eyes; which however were ſo well open that he ſpy'd enough as to help me by Signs to win Fifty Piſtoles of my Gentlemen, for we play'd high. Now my Stock increas'd ev'ry Mo-ment, but it not being Politick to win always, I loſt now and then voluntarily to blind them; I let them win ſome ſmall Games to draw them on, and ſtruck them when we had moſt Money on the Table; tho' I had depended on my Skill only, I was hard enough for them, and might eaſily have got all their Money; but *Saavedra*'s Signs were a great help to me, and made my Work the ſurer. 'Tis





true, they were not the beſt Gameſters in the World, and I was far from being the worſt; ſo I had made my Party good with them, had I truſted to my Cards, but cou'd not have ſwept the Table ſo entirely as I did when I pleas'd: *Saavedra* carry'd himſelf ſo cunningly, that one wou'd have thought he was thinking of Things a Thouſand Leagues of; and did what I bad him ſo naturally, that there was not the leaſt Miſtruſt of him. Both he and I play'd our Parts very well, and I found I had won almoſt all the Money the young Civilian had Loſt to them: Upon which, hearing he was come back, and ſneak'd privately to Bed, out of Rage or Shame at his Diſappointment, not daring to appear in the Hall, I took that Opportunity to tell my Gentlemen, if they pleas'd, we wou'd Play off ſome more Piſtoles the next Day; for 'twas now extreamly late, that I was not us'd to ſit up ſo; and to ſhew them I did not ſay it out of Intereſt, I was ſo far from deſiring to carry off their Money; that tho' I had hir'd Horſes to go away the next Day, I wou'd put off my Journey. This laſt Article giving them Hopes of their Revenge, they were a little ſatisfy'd; yet they were afraid I wou'd not keep my Word with them. Then we ſeparated, and went each to his Room; they without doubt very ſorry for the loſs of their Money, as Men uſe to be that loſe, and I very glad I had got it, no matter which way: I rejoic'd that my Purſe was in better Circumſtances; and forgot my late Troubles, my Impriſonment, and all I had ſuffer'd at *Bologna*; thinking this Recruit made amends for all, and now my Journey wou'd not be unprofitable. Play being apt to awaken Men, and my Joy for my Gains hind'ring my going to Sleep, I heard my Neighbour Sigh verygrievouſly,for he cou'd Sleep no more than my ſelf on a quite contrary Account. It pleas'd me

that I had reveng'd him to my own Profit; and what was pleaſanteſt, was, that I did not now pity him, as if he was the leſs to be pity'd; becauſe I had his Money, and not the others; or as if his Purſe was the leſs empty, becauſe mine was the fuller. So true it is, that Intereſt is our Conſolation in all Caſes, and that there's a great deal of difference between the Evil we do, which is for our Advantage; and the Evil others do, and which is for Theirs. The firſt thing the two Gameſters did, after they were up next Morning, was to ask the Servants of the Inn whither I was gone, or not; they being afraid I ſhou'd eſcape 'em, and I ſhou'd have been very ſorry to have left them, till I had all their Money, which I look'd upon to be as ſurely mine, as if 'twas in my Pocket. They were overjoy'd to find I was a Man of my Word, and wou'd very fain have been at it before Dinner, but I was not up ſo early as they. *Saavedra* told them I was aſleep. Joy keeps us awake, but when we once fall aſleep, our Slumbers then are more eaſy and ſweet than when we are ſorrowful. For tho' Sorrow is apt to make one Doſe, 'tis all broken Slumbers, and we are always awake ſooner than we are willing to be. I was not ſo hot upon Gaming as thoſe Gentlemen, tho' I was as deſirous to win their Money, as they were to win mine. Nothing cools a Man's Blood, which has been heated by the Paſſion of Gaming, ſo much as a Purſe of Piſtoles: He then Plays with Temper and Indifference. They muſt be begg'd and entreated to Play, and ſeem as if they did you a Favour to ruin you. If the Winners Play with the Loſers, 'tis out of Pity, and pure Complacency. My Gentlemen were oblig'd to ſtay till after Dinner, when I prepar'd very negligently to give them their Revenge, but 'twas on Condition that we play'd two Hours only, for that I had got the Head-

Head-ach with Playing ſo late laſt Night. I had no need of *Saavedra* now, becauſe I was willing to Loſe; and beſides, there were no Candles to Snuff, nor any thing elſe for him to do, which requir'd his ſtay; I reſolv'd to venture on my own Cards, and my Dexterity, which was not much inferior to my Man's. We play'd ſome time, and little was won or loſt; I had as good Luck as I cou'd deſire, and Playing fair, did not matter how they took it; Fortune declaring for me, my Stock increas'd ev'ry Minute, and I began to be impatient of the Time I loſt in getting off with whar I won; I did all I cou'd to make 'em eagar to recover their Loſſes, and that expos'd them the more to my Fortune and Skill. Two Hours we agreed to Play, and no more; a Watch was ſet upon the Table to regulate the Time. When the two Hours were out, they wou'd have had me Play on; I told them no, that what I had done, was only to pleaſe them, that I had made my Head-ake already, and ſhou'd not be able to hold out after Supper, when I ſuppos'd we ſhou'd go to it again, unleſs I had a little Breathing time. They begg'd me to play on, tho' but for a Quarter of an Hour. I was inexorable, deſiring they wou'd give me a Moment's Reſt, and after Supper I was at their Service, and alſo ſhou'd be freſher and fitter for the Exerciſe, if they had a Mind to it. The Gentlemen hoping to have Satisfaction at Night were content: When we had Supp'd, we went to it again; and Fortune being ſome time doubtful, by the Aſſiſtance of *Saavedra*, and my own Art, I drew her ſo to my ſide, that I won all their Money, except Five or Six Piſtoles, which the *French* Officer had, who wou'd Play no more, ſaying, we ſhou'd adjourn till the Morrow, when they wou'd again ſeek their Revenge, and be provided with Money. I anſwer'd, they ſhou'd do what they pleas'd.

I ſpoke this out of a Compliment, for I had ſomething elſe in my Head, and intended to come off while I was well. I got above Five Hundred Crowns of them; 'twas enough, and any Gentleman might have been contented with it: If I ran another Riſque, I was afraid of loſing all, which I reſolv'd not to do, if I cou'd help it. I took my Leave of my Gentlemen, and they of me, little thinking 'twas for as long as they liv'd. When I was lock'd up in my Chamber with *Saavedra*, who was ready to jump out of his Skin for Joy, I bad him not undreſs me, 'twas too late for that, and I wou'd not come between a pair of Sheets that Night. 'Tis paſt two a Clock, ſaid I, and I'll be gone as ſoon as I can get out of the Inn, without making too much Noiſe, and the Servants are up. *Saavedra* being ſomewhat ſurpriz'd at ſuch a ſudden Reſolution, I added, Doſt not thou know what Country we are in? What ſort of Men we have to do with? If the Robbers threw me into Jail after they Robb'd me of my all, What may not theſe do? They pretending, and thou know'ſt what Grounds they have for it, that I have cheated them. My Pockets are full, they can hold no more, what wou'dſt thou have? Come, come, Boy, let us decamp, 'tis our ſafeſt way. My faithful Eſquire approv'd of my Counſel. I ask'd him what he had done about our Horſes, he reply'd, he had paid the Owner for one Day's Hire, and he promis'd they ſhou'd be ready againſt the next Day, as early as we pleas'd: Very well, quoth I, go then and lie down an Hour or two, I'll put ev'ry Thing in Order for our Departure, and be ſure be ready in an Hour or two, for I reſolve to be on Horſeback before Five a Clock, I ſhall not think my Purſe is ſafe, till I am Thirty Miles off. *Saavedra* went to Bed very eaſy in his Mind, that I was come to ſo ſage a Reſolution, but not ſo eaſy

eaſy on account of the Money; for he expected that I ſhou'd have giv'n him at leaſt 15 *per Cent.* out of my Gains, becauſe he had contributed ſo much tow'rds them. Yet when he thought what a Sufferer I was by his means, he cou'd not think it reaſonable to expect any thing, ſuppoſing the Wound was too green to be yet forgotten. Theſe Reflections hinder'd his Sleeping, ſo that as ſoon as he heard the Clock ſtrike Four, and that the Servants were up in the Inn, he roſe, dreſs'd himſelf, and came to me, whom he found ready to mount my Horſe, for I had not ſo much as lain down, having ſpent my Time very agreeably in telling over my Money, putting the ſeveral Species by themſelves, and packing up our ſmall Baggage. As ſoon as I ſaw him, I bad him go pay our Landlord, whom he diſcharg'd; and then I gave our Bag to a Boy, whom I intended to gratify, for the readineſs he had ſhewn to ſerve me when I was in Priſon. Thus we went to our Horſes, which we found almoſt ready; and half an Hour after, juſt as Day broke, we arriv'd at the City Gate, which led tow'rds *Milan*, I gave the Boy a Crown or two; and the Gate being juſt opening, got a Horſeback, and rode out at it. 'Twas a fine Morning, and promis'd us as fine a Day, but I did not trouble my ſelf much about the Weather. My Thoughts were upon the Serjeants of *Bologna*, who I fancy'd were a making after me, to carry me back to Jail, and compel me to reſtore the Money to the two Gentlemen. So true it is, that there's no Crime which do's not carry its Puniſhment with it. I cou'd not be ſatisfy'd, till I was out of the Bounds of that Town; which we were in a little while; for being both of us pretty well mounted, we ſpurr'd on our Steeds ſo well, that we got out of the *Bologneſe* in ſafety, tho' not without looking a Hundred times to ſee if

we were purſu'd. If I heard the leaſt Noiſe behind me, preſently I thought the Enemy was at Hand, and my Heart beat as if I had been follow'd by a Troop of Bailiffs, the worſt Rogues upon Earth. When I was four Leagues from the Town, I concluded my ſelf pretty ſafe; and reflecting upon the manner of our Travelling, that we had march'd like *Carthuſians*, without ſaying a Word, *Saavedra*'s Head being as full as mine, tho' of different Things; I ſaid to him, hang it, it looks ill for us to ride on three or four Hours, and not ſpeak to one another; as if we were not good Friends, or had not Wit enough to furniſh out a Converſation; 'tis a ſad ſort of Travelling. Come *Saavedra*, ſay ſomething or other, tell me ſome Story that may ſhorten the Time and Way. Pray pardon me, Sir, ſays *Saavedra*, if I ſay 'tis fit for you to tell Stories, whoſe Pockets are full of Money; not for me, a poor Devil, without a ſolitary Sous in my Purſe. I gueſs'd at his meaning, and immediately ſaw what he had been thinking of. To comfort him, I told him, I wou'd tell him ſuch a Story as that after Dinner, when we ſhou'd have Time for't, ſince I never intended he ſhou'd ſit up two Nights, and do me a Service without ſome Compenſation. *Saavedra* ſeeing I ſmil'd when I ſaid it, reply'd ſmiling, He did not mean any ſuch thing; that he knew well he had only done his Duty in ſerving me; and having found me ſo kind and ſo friendly to him, he ſhou'd be ſatisfy'd if he met with an Opportunity to be uſeful to me in any thing, not doubting that he ſhou'd want as long as he was faithful to me. I aſſur'd him as much again, and he then ſaid he knew no better Story than that of the two Gentlemen, who thought they had met with a Chicken, and made ſure of picking my Feathers, but they were caught in their own Snares, and prov'd as good Chickens as ever

were

were pluck'd. 'Tis true, quoth I, I was not quite a Novice at Gaming, and have been hard enough for as cunning Sparks as they; I did not want thy help to have got their Money of them, but our Circumſtances were in ſuch a Plight, that 'twas neceſſary we ſhou'd be ſure, and risk nothing. Let your Condition be what it will, ſays he, forgive me, Sir, if I plainly declare 'tis my Opinion, that 'twou'd be fooliſh not to make uſe of any Advantage you can get of whomſoever you deal with; for ſharp, he that ſharp can; you find no body that Plays, but is of the ſame mind. You muſt own, ſaid I, 'tis Robbery; Robbery, reply'd he, ſo let it be, who is there that now-a-days do's not Rob?

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

Saavedra *makes a long Argument on the Road to vindicate Robbery and Robbers.*

THere are your Priests and Parsons, who of all Men ought not to rob, don't they sell us Sacraments and Prayers, which they are oblig'd to give as they receive them, for nothing? There are your Friars Mendicants, they beg 'tis true, but they are bely'd if they don't steal as much as they beg. As for all sorts of other Priests, what a fine Trade do they drive with their Spiritual Commodities? The Holy Sacraments, as I have said, are a considerable Branch of their unlawful Commerce; they won't make a Child a Christian unless they are paid for it, nor bury a Man except the Penny is produc'd. What Lies will they tell for Ten Shillings in their Funeral Sermons? Their other Preachments are full of themselves, the Dignity of their Calling and the Respect that forsooth is due to them, let 'em be never so vile; and why all this Vanity, but that they may rob with the more Reverence? What can you call those drunken Country Vicars that ruin their Parishioners with exorbitant Tithes? What are they but Robbers? Indeed they almost all keep Heav'n Gate like that of a Great Lord, at which no-body enters that does not grease the Porter in the Fist. Can a Man marry unless he pays the Curate for making a Fool of him? Will they ride Three or Four Miles to visit a Rich Man, and pray for him when he's sick, for nothing? And will they not promise you, if they are well paid, all they pray for on very easy Terms? What need it cost a Man any thing but Money to have as many Absolutions as he pleases? This they call living by the

the Altar; whereas in Truth 'tis robbing the Altar; either what you give them is Alms or a Robbery; if 'tis with your Consent, 'tis Charity; if they exact more than is reasonable for them to take, they rob you, and the specious Pretence of Tithes will not excuse it. If the least Penny of their Dues are missing, strait you are su'd and excommunicated, and the next time you come under their Hands you pay for it. I shou'd not have done till to Morrow shou'd I say all that might be said on this Head. Examine the Matter a little further; If they serve at the Altar to live only, why don't they give the Surplus of their Gains to the Poor? What occasion is there that a dull lazy Rector shou'd loll in his Coach like a gouty Alderman when he goes to Church, and yet he will run a whole Day after a Pack of Dogs, and a good Supper at Night at the Justices Charge? If they are not Robbers, let them give the Poor their Dues, as they take their Dues from others; I mean all that is above a Sufficiency. Suppose we shou'd go a little higher, and shou'd see how Prelates come by their Revenues, and what Use they make of them? We must have a care of affronting the Right Reverend Order; but shou'd we never find any Robberies among them? who is there of them that takes just no more than belongs to him, and employs that to the Uses and Purposes his Conscience obliges him to put it to? What Apostle, Disciple or Primitive Bishops do they form themselves by, who were not us'd to shear their Flock but for the Maintenance of that Flock; who gave as much as they took, and never thought of raising Families, purchasing Lordships, and leaving Lay-Titles to their Kindred? What may one not say of the Abbots, Priors, Commanders of Orders, Canons, and other Benefic'd Clergy, who look upon the Churches Lands as Estates descended to them by Law; and Heav'n knows how they dispose

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of them? Let any Man go to their Houses and Monasteries and judge of their Actions; if Robbery is not to be found there I know not where you will meet with it; and their Robbery is the more terrible because they rob the Poor, to whom they think they give their Dues when they bestow a small Alms-gift upon them. Look to them and you'll find that those very Persons are the least giv'n to Charity, who enjoy all they have purely to be charitable, and who preach that Virtue to others. In this, Priests of all Religions are the same; the Clergy are so infected with the damnable Inclination to rob, tho they ought to be farthest from it, that they communicate this Lust even to the Nuns. I believe 'tis Robbery, and Robbery with a Witness, to sell Young Women an Entrance into their Convents, who are privileg'd to enter *gratis*; insomuch that it has been said, such a Maid had not Money enough to be suffer'd to make a Vow of Poverty with them. The Church calls this Simony, but Simony is only a Robbery committed against God, in selling for ready Money what he has giv'n for nothing. No Shifts and Evasions will get a Man off one Day, whatever they do now. How many Maidens have our good Lady Abbesses, and Madam Superioresses, kept Novices Three or Four Years? And how many Novices wou'd have been Novices for ever, had they not produc'd Money enough to be made Nuns? I don't say their Sin is the very same with *Simon Magus*'s, against which so many Popes and Councils have fulminated; those Blessed Virgins, the greatest part of whom communicate every Day, know that by Heart; but they Laugh at it, and their Directors slip the Matter over, knowing there's no Remedy to this Evil. Every Body must rob, there's nothing done without it. You may imagine, that having examin'd the High-Lands, whose Inhabitants shou'd be more exact and scrupulous in this Affair, and
who

who ſhou'd give good Examples to other, I ſhall not give my ſelf the Trouble to deſcend into the Low-Lands, where ev'ry Wood is full of them. What an infinite Number of particular Inſtances might I name, if I ſhou'd enter into the Detail of the Robberies committed in the Government of each State, as well in Time of Peace as War, and eſpecially in the Courts of Juſtice, as you have lately experienc'd to your Coſt? I may after this condemn all ſorts of Profeſſions, Trades, and even that of Beggars, at a Lump, for there's no End of them, nor diſtinguiſhing the good from the bad, the nocent from the innocent; ſuch a Diſcourſe as this wou'd laſt us an *Eaſt-India* Voyage: I have ſaid enough already to tire you, and believe you are but too well convinc'd that Robbery is no Crime, but in Fools that don't underſtand their Trade, and who are caught; ſuch Blockheads are often puniſh'd by much greater Robbers, which wou'd be ſeen if they carry'd all their Robberies written in their Foreheads. I let *Saavedra* run on as long as he wou'd on this Subject, and was ſo pleas'd to hear with what Warmth he argu'd, and it was his Intereſt ſo to do, that I did not think of interrupting him; but ſeeing the Place we were to dine at before us, and that he muſt be forc'd to end his Sermon, which is not proper to be preach'd ev'ry where, I ſaid to him laughing, I did not believe you had underſtood Caſes of Conſcience ſo well; and upon my Word, Friend, you have almoſt made me long to try what a Robber I ſhou'd make. There's great Art in it, if you did, quoth he. Ah, but ſaid I, there's a great deal in being hang'd; not but that, if I were driv'n to a Neceſſity, I might be apt to do as other Men have done; and if 'twas come to that, that I muſt ſtarve or venture hanging, I know which I wou'd chuſe. What a Man reſolves on is half done; what is taken is taken, be it which Way it will; and Starving is

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in my Opinion the vileſt and cruelleſt Death that is; yet a Man ought to be reduc'd to it before he ſets up the Robbing Trade. I ſaid this to prepare him by degrees for what I thought wou'd come to paſs one time or other, and that I ſhou'd be forc'd to give a Caſt of my Office e'er 'twas long, conſi-d'ring how we liv'd, and what we had to live upon; for as to Bills of Exchange they lay quite out of our Way. By this time we were got to our Inn, and as ſoon as I was ſettled in my Room I pull'd out my Purſe and gave *Saavedra* Twenty Piſtoles; who, full of Joy and Gratitude, made me twice as many Bows and Thanks, which ſhew'd he was extreamly well pleas'd with my Preſent. I told him all he had to do was to continue faithful to me, and ſerve me well, and he might depend upon me as a Man who wou'd never ſee him want as long as I had a Penny in my Pocket. We made a good and a ſhort Meal, as well becauſe I never lov'd to bait long, as becauſe I was not quite free from Fears of a Purſuit. We mounted our Horſes, and rode on after Dinner; we were now not ſo ſleepy as in the Morning, and Converſation, Refreſhment and good Humour made our Tongues more glib. I found *Saavedra* was a Man of more Wit and Parts than I thought him to be, and one who argu'd much better than cou'd be expected from his Appearance; yet he told me he always hated Study, and tho' he had been Five or Six Years at the College, he had learn'd but juſt *Latin* enough for a *Franciſcan*, which his Father deſign'd to breed him; but not finding he had any Call that way he choſe rather to turn Adventurer, and ramble about where he pleas'd. Upon this I deſir'd him to tell me the Story of his Life, ſeveral rare Paſſages of which he had at ſeveral times related to me.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

The Hiſtory of Saavedra.

I Was born at *Valentia*, and not at *Seville*, as I have already told you, a City as fruitful in Rogues as any in *Spain*, becauſe they thrive moſt there, and 'tis the Fate of that Country to produce Men that are good for nothing. I came of an Honourable Family, my Father, if he is ſtill living, is a Doctor of Laws, a Man of Credit in his Profeſſion, and very much reſpected by every Body that knows him. When he bury'd my Mother, tho' he was advanc'd in Years, he marry'd a handſome young Wife, who was not over chaſte, and he had ſeveral Children, which, conſid'ring my Father's Age, was an Honour to him, tho' perhaps he had little Share in the getting them. This was a great Trouble to me and a Brother I had, and we quarrell'd with our Step-mother. My Father joyn'd with her, as is uſual in ſuch Caſes, and us'd us worſe and worſe every Day. As for me, ſaid I to my Brother, I'm weary of leading ſuch a Life, ſince I can't live quiet at Home I'll try my Fortune elſewhere, and take the firſt Opportunity I can to put my ſelf in a Condition to do it. My Brother reply'd, he had as great a Mind to ramble as I, and if he had had Money he had been gone before now; but to go a Shipboard without a Man's Bisket wou'd be downright Madneſs. I care as little for that as you do, quoth I, and the firſt Money my Father receives, as ſoon as 'tis in his Cloſet I'll lay my Hands upon it. He reply'd, if you know how to do it I'll joyn with you, and 'twill be very hard if you and I together can't get a Livelihood as well as others. I lov'd him very well, and that made me

glad he was of my Humour; he had Wit and Learning, but his Head was no more ſettled than mine, and he had an Itch to Thieving as well as I. My Father having receiv'd a conſiderable Sum of Money, and I having an *Item* of it, I told my Brother, and bad him pack up all he had that was portable, and wou'd not be cumberſome, for the Time of our Departure drew on. So one Sunday after Dinner, my Brother pretending to be ſick, and I deſiring to keep him Company, while my Father and his Wife went to Church, broke open the Cloſet Door, but we found only a Purſe with 100 Piſtoles in it, and about Thirty Crowns, the reſt of his Money being faſt lock'd up in an Iron Cheſt. We were forc'd to be contented with what we cou'd get; and thus equipp'd, with each a little Bundle under his Cloak, we went off to the Sea-ſide, and march'd along Shore till we came to *Marvedra*, about Four Leagues from *Valentia*, where we lay and were very merry. My Brother having ſeiz'd all the Money, and ſpending it too faſt, I deſir'd we might come to a Partition, and ſhare it after a Brotherly manner. This Propoſal did not at all pleaſe him, and when he cou'd not evade it he requir'd to have the greateſt Share in Right of Elderſhip, tho' I had help'd him to the Means of getting it all. He wou'd have put me off with Forty Piſtoles, but I wou'd not bate him an Ace. On the contrary I demanded to have the greateſt Share, becauſe the Deſign and Execution of it was owing to me; thus we had like from Words to have come to Blows. At laſt I was forc'd to let him have Ten or Twelve Crowns more than I, which ſtuck in my Stomach a little. As we began our Miſunderſtanding the firſt Day of our Flight, ſo on the third it ended in downright Separation, for all of a ſudden a Whim took him that he wou'd go to *France*, as a Country more agreeable to ſee, and eaſier to travel

in than others, which was contrary to our Reſolution to go to *Italy*, and I wou'd not be beat out of it; ſo that coming to Two Roads, the one leading to *Saragoſſa*, the other to *Barcelona*, I bad him adieu, wiſhing him good Luck, and proceeded to *Barcelona*, leaving him to purſue his Journey to *Saragoſſa*, and ſo to *France*. I paſs'd thro' *Tortoſa*, and ſo to *Barcelona*, where I did not ſtay long, for there's nothing in either of thoſe Two Towns worth ſeeing; at *Tortoſa* I found ſome *Cheveaux de Retour*, Poſt-Horſes that came from and were going light to *Barcelona*, I mounted one of them, and at Night arriv'd at that City. The Gallies, for which a great many Men beſides me waited, did not arrive till a Month after me, and 'twas a Fortnight before they ſail'd. There was a great deal of Company in the Town, both Citizens and Strangers, which made the Six Weeks I ſtay'd there paſs away the more merrily; we play'd, we intrigu'd, we feaſted, and my Heart was glad; and having more Money in my Pocket than ever I had in my Life, I was not behind hand with them in any thing. The Cloaths I brought with me were handſome enough, however I bought more, and made my ſelf fit to appear in any Company. Our Inn was full of People, and ſome of 'em of Faſhion: I joyn'd with the latter, among whom there were ſeveral of my Age, who were bound for *Italy* as well as I: I particularly ſcrap'd Acquaintance with one, who was a Native of *Sevil*, by Name *Saavedra*, which I have ſince taken my ſelf; he was a very honeſt good humour'd Gentleman, and I was the more fond of his Company becauſe I ſaw he was fuller of Money than the reſt, and was more willing to part with it. I hop'd that if I cou'd engage him to enter into a Friendſhip with me, he might be ſerviceable to me when my Stock was gone, and with theſe Hopes, and that the Gallies wou'd arrive quickly, I ſpent more freely than

otherwise I ſhou'd have done. 'Tis a very ill way of Reck'ning to value one ſelf on another Man's Purſe, but I was young, and without Experience; 'twas my firſt Salley, or rather my firſt Entrance on the Stage of the World; 'twas neceſſary I ſhou'd begin by a Fault, no Man becomes wiſe without paying for it: Be it as it will, the Gallies being arriv'd and ready to ſail, my Hoſt paid, and ſome Proviſions laid in, I found I had Six Piſtoles left, of which Two were to be paid as ſoon as I came on Board for my Paſſage: I was by this means reduc'd to the State of a Foot Traveller, and was like to have a very pleaſant Pilgrimage from *Genoa* to *Rome*, and how ſhou'd I live there who was bred to no manner of Trade,nor had any particular Talent to diſtinguiſh my ſelf by. Heaven knows, ſaid I, for I don't, what will become of me; yet I was ſo young I did not trouble my Head much about it, Providence provided for me; and you'll preſently ſee how; 'Twas my good Fortune that young Don *Saavedra* fell ſick in his Paſſage, and I was very officious in tending him, being as well my ſelf all the time we were at Sea as he was ill. I ſeem'd to take ſo much Pleaſure in ſerving him, that he was mightily affected with ſuch Civility from a Stranger, and, in Gratitude for the Pains I had taken about him, lov'd me like a Friend, deſiring I wou'd travel with him, and aſſuring me I ſhou'd want for nothing; that he had Money enough for both him and me, and I ſhou'd accompany him as his Fellow Traveller, not his Domeſtick; and when he had done Travelling I ſhou'd do which I wou'd, either live with him all my Life-time, or go Home to my Friends and Relations. You may imagine I accepted this Offer with Joy and Acknowledgments ſuitable to the Greatneſs of the Obligations, and from that Minute I gave my ſelf up entirely to him, looking upon it as the beſt thing that cou'd happen

to me to contract a Friendship with such a Man as that, especially consid'ring my Circumstances; but my Joy was of no long Continuance, and my Stars were all of a sudden too kind for me not to suspect that there wou'd be a Change of their Influences. We arriv'd safely at *Genoa*, where he receiv'd 500 Franks of a Banker on whom he had Letters of Credit, and took Bills of Exchange for as much more upon a Merchant at *Naples*, whither he intended to go by Sea, and from thence to travel all over *Italy*, *Venice* being the last place he design'd to visit. Thus Men ev'ry Day lay out fine Schemes and project for themselves, without consid'ring their Actions depend entirely on a Superior Power, who in a Minute overturns all the Projects they had form'd in their Imagination. We spent our Time agreeably at *Genoa* in seeing the beautiful Palaces and Churches there, which are the finest Things to be seen in the place, and intended to depart in Two or Three Days; but before they were expir'd Don *Saavedra* fell into a malignant Fever, grew delirious, and dy'd in Eight and Forty Hours; 'twas not for want of due looking after, for no Man cou'd have more; I was too much concern'd for his Life not to do all that lay in my Power to preserve it, and I lov'd him so tenderly, that I cou'd have hazarded my own to save his; but neither my Zeal, my Tenderness, nor the Judgment of Three Doctors, and as many Apothecaries, which I provided for him, were to any purpose, his Hour was come, and we cou'd not put off Death. My Grief was as great as my Loss, and nothing cou'd be greater. I was as careful to see him honourably bury'd as if he had been my own Brother. I had Attestations drawn up of all by a Notary, and, as his rightful Heir, for want of a Will, I took Possession not only of all his Money and Baggage, but of his Name too, that I might make use of it when I came to

Naples with my Bills of Exchange. His Cloaths fitted me as exactly as if they had been made on purpose for me, and seeing I was equipp'd like a Lord I thought a Footman wou'd become my Quality, so I hir'd one, a Young Man of *Milan*, who look'd like an honest Fellow, but was one of the greatest Rogues that ever liv'd, as he shew'd in a little time. A *Felucca* sailing from *Genoa* to *Naples*, I went aboard it with my Equipage and Servant, having agreed with the Master for Fraight and Passage. There were about Nine or Ten Passengers of several Nations aboard, among whom was a Lady who affected to be some extraorinary Person, and was tolerably handsom. I thought her to be the Wife of a *Neapolitan* Officer who was with her, and seem'd to be very fond and jealous of her, but 'twas only his *Convenient*; and I'll tell you in a few Words how he came by her. A certain Gentleman of *Piedmont*, whose Wife this Woman was, and who had bought his Gentility with his Money, being only a Farmer's Son, was so in Love with Travelling, and talk'd of it so often to his Wife, highly extolling the Pleasure of Knight Errantry, that she, good Girl, long'd to know more of the Matter, and make an Experience of it; she having read nothing but Romances ever since she was Marry'd, so that she ran Mad after Rambling. So she joyfully consented to Travel from one end of the World to the other with him, though he was not a Man entirely to her liking; and she would have been glad of a more proper Cavalier to participate in her Adventures. The Thing they most differ'd about, was how they should Travel: She whose Head was full of the Ancient Chivalry, was for riding on stately Palfries, with a Squire and Groom; that is, with Noise and Shew, resolving to change her Name, and call her self, *The Lady with the Fine Eyes*. And he who did not love so much Bustle, who smelt of his

his Education, and was for good Husbrandry even in Knights Errantry, ſaid, That they ought to travel for the ſole Pleaſure of Seeing and Travelling, and not be incumber'd with a great Equipage; wherefore he was for going like Pilgrims: But Pilgrims that were at their Eaſe, and wanted Alms no more than they did an Equipage and Servants, which he poſitively declar'd againſt. So their Deſign broke off Twice or Thrice. At laſt 'twas concluded upon; The Lady being ſo fond of Chivalry and Romantick Deeds, comply'd in ſeveral things to her Husband's Humour, who let her take what Title ſhe pleas'd, becauſe it coſt nothing. Her Husband was to atten'd her in the Quality of of her Eſquire, and her Foot-boy was dignify'd with the Name of Page: But ſhe was not allow'd to carry much Baggage with her; and 'twas agreed upon, that they ſhould take the Opportunity of the Cheapeſt Carriage. The Treaty being thus finiſhed, *Genoa* was the firſt City they reſolv'd to ſee. They road to *Savona*, and there intended to Embark Aboard a *Brigantine* to paſs to *Genoa*. When they Arriv'd at *Savina*, they took up their Quarters in one of the beſt Inns in the Town; and being about to Sit down to Supper, their Hoſt came and ask'd 'em, if they would give leave to a *Neapolitan* Officer to bear them Company. The Lady who was already ſorry that ſhe had not met with no Adventures, rejoyc'd that ſo fair a one preſented; and without ſtanding to conſult her Husband, or rather her Eſquire, on the Matter, ſhe anſwer'd with an Air of Greatneſs, ſhe ſhould be glad to receive a Man of that Quality at her Table; and wou'd have her Page, who was indeed the Father of the Pages, for he was a Country Fellow of Eight and twenty or Thirty Years of Age, go and make her Compliment to the Gentleman, that if by chance he might have the Curioſity to know her Name and

Quality, the Page might tell him who and what ſhe was. Then turning to her Husband, ſhe told him, 'Twas his place to riſe and pay the Officer the Honours of their Room when he enter'd it. The good Man to avoid Diſputes, and to ſhew a little Compliance to his Wife in the beginning of their Travels, obey'd her, though ſuch Doings were not to his liking. The ſuperannuated Page did what he was order'd. The Officer was ſure to ask who his Miſtreſs was; and the Dame having Twenty times inſtructed him what he ſhould ſay, he reply'd, His Lady was a Perſon of Rank in *Piedmont*, and for Reaſons of Conſequence had taken the Name of the *Lady with the Fine Eyes*; Travelling with a ſmall Train, one Eſquire, and a Page which was himſelf. This Romantick Speech was enough to have Surpriz'd the Officer; but 'twas nothing to the Reception he met with when he enter'd the Room where they were to ſup. The Husband receiv d him with all due Honour, and the Singularity of the Lady's Dreſs made him laugh in himſelf. She was ſet out like an *Amazon*, and aſſum'd the Air of a Princeſs, inſomuch that ſhe wou'd hardly riſe off of her Seat when he ſaw her and made her Three low Bows. The *Neapolitan* Officer lik'd her never the worſe for it, and whether he had an Inclination to Chivalry as well as the Dame, or did not mind her ridiculous Statelineſs, or believ'd ſhe had Reaſons for what ſhe did, and that ſhe was what ſhe pretended to be, a Woman of very great Quality, her Behaviour made him pay her the more Reſpect. He ſtood off ſome time, and did not ſit down at the Table till ſhe gave him Leave. His Stile to her was *Illuſtriſſima & Excellentiſſima*, moſt Excellent and moſt Illuſtrious. This fair *Piemonteſs*, tho' indeed we compliment to call her fair, for ſhe had nothing pretty about her, was as ſwarthy as an *Indian*; ſhe was as lean as a Rake, but had a quick Wit, fine Eyes,

was tolerable well-ſhap'd, and her affected Airs had ſomething in them that was not diſagreeable; ſhe talk'd well, and counterfeited the Woman of Quality to Perfection; ſhe cou'd alſo rally pleaſantly when ſhe deſcended from her ſublime Cant, and was pleas'd to converſe like other People. She carry'd her ſelf very gravely at firſt, that the *Neapolitan* might take her for ſome Extraordinary Perſon; and be ſhe what ſhe wou'd, handſome or ugly, the Officer was as reſpectful as ſhe cou'd have wiſh'd him to be. She began their Converſation with asking him from whence he came; the *Neapolitan* reply'd, from *Barcelona*; that thence he travell'd into *France*, and in his Return was bound for *Genoa*, where he wou'd wait for the Gallies departing for *Barcelona*, having left his Servant and his Equipage there. She then ask'd him ſeveral Queſtions about the Court of *Spain*, as if ſhe had known it well, and had a great Intereſt in it, and ſhe turn'd the Diſcourſe to her ſelf, ſuppoſing the Gentleman wou'd have the ſame Curioſity to know who ſhe was as ſhe had to be inform'd of him. She began it with a Genealogical Account of her Pedigree, then entring into the Detail of her private Affairs, ſhe told him why ſhe left the Court of *Turin*. Her Husband, who heard all this, cou'd not eat a bit, ſo ſurpriz'd he was to hear his Wife tell ſuch a parcel of Stories, all of her own Invention; but what anger'd him moſt was, that ſhe treated him like a true 'Squire before this Stranger, making him help her ſometimes with one ſort of Victuals, and ſometimes with another, as if he had been her Servant. She puſh'd her Familiarity ſo far, as that while the Page was gone to fetch ſome other Diſh in, ſhe order'd her Husband to riſe and fill out ſome Wine to Monſieur the Officer. The Man then was out of all Patience, and looking ſowerly upon her, cry'd, Wife, I did not come here to fill out Wine. That Word

Wife ſtruck her to the Heart, for it ſpoil'd all her Notions of Chivalry, and was contrary to the Treaty concluded between them before they ſet out; one Article of which was, that he ſhou'd always call her Madam. But he had alſo Matter of Complaint againſt her, for inſtead of a 'Squire ſhe made a Footman of him, and 'twas not his Place to fill out Wine. She was confounded and enrag'd, and looking furiouſly on him ſaid, There are ſome People who talk like Fools, and whom Perſons of Quality honour too much in ſuffering 'em to ſerve them. The Husband wou'd not exaſperate her more by anſwering this new Affront, for fear of creating ſome ſcurvy Quarrel or another before the Gentleman; and the Page coming in, he fill'd out Monſieur the Officer ſome Wine. The *Neapolitan* wonder'd at the Grimaces which the Lady and the 'Squire made at one another, yet tho' he thought he might be her Husband *incognito*, he did not find out the Myſtery. He was however mighty well pleas'd with his Converſation with the Lady, who had ſome Graces which charm'd and touch'd him, tho' ſhe had not yet ſhewn him all her Charms, the greateſt of which was her gay and free Humour, with a mixture of Pleaſantry and Raillery, that was her true Character, and Gravity her affected. She put too much Conſtraint on her ſelf to act the ſerious Part, and therefore cou'd not maintain it long; and by degrees ſhe'd return to her natural Humour, growing gay, pleaſant and free, the *Neapolitan* was raviſh'd with her, and glad that Supper laſted ſo long as it did, which ſhe order'd to ſhew her Grandeur, it being the Cuſtom of People of Quality to ſit a great while at Table. At laſt the Cloth was taken away, and the Cavalier believing the Lady with the fine Eyes might be ſo fatigu'd with her Voyage that ſhe wanted to go to Bed, wou'd have withdrawn; with which the Husband was very well pleas'd, but ſhe

ſtopp'd

ſtopp'd him, ſaying, ſhe did not uſe to go to Bed ſo early, and that when ſhe met with pleaſant Company 'twas one of the greateſt Pleaſures of her Life to ſpend part of the Night in Converſation. When the good Man heard that, he was ready to go mad; he ſaw what a fooliſh thing he had done, and what a fine Companion he had got to travel with: He look'd upon her, frown'd, and walk'd up and down the Room curſing his Stars that ever he ſhou'd light upon ſuch a Wife; but there was no Help for it, no Remedy but Patience; and as for their Travels, he had a great mind to finiſh them almoſt as ſoon as they were begun, and return Home. The Gentleman and the Lady chatted away Two or Three Hours together, very well pleas'd with one anothers Company; but the Husband heartily tir'd with both of them, mad with himſelf that he ſhou'd be ſuch a Fool as to wait upon his Wife like her Footman, at laſt reſolv'd to take his natural Reſt; he order'd a Bed to be made for him in another Chamber, he retir'd to it, went to Bed by himſelf, and left his Wife alone with the Cavalier, to do even what ſhe thought fit; he was not very jealous of her, and not loving her ſuperabundantly wou'd not have been diſpleas'd if any Body wou'd have taken her off his Hands. It growing late, 'twas high time for the Lady and the Officer to ſeparate. The former ask'd her Page aloud, that the latter might hear her, what was become of her Eſquire; and the Page anſwering, he was gone to Bed; the Dame rejoic'd that the Cavalier heard he did not Lie with her, ſaying, He did very well, and we muſt do the ſame. After which, ſhe diſmiſs'd the Gentleman, who left her to her Repoſe, and had conceiv'd a great Eſteem for her. The Husband going to Bed before them, was up before them; he was loth to diſturb his Wife, for fear ſhe ſhou'd diſturb him. So he

went

went and walk'd by the Sea-ſide, till ſhe was up and dreſs'd; where a Storm ariſing, and the Ships being toſs'd after a terrible manner, he began to conſider with himſelf that he had no Call to venture his Carkaſs on that boiſt'rous Element. Wherefore he reſolv'd to proceed to *Genoa* by Land, not thinking it Prudence to leave the *Terra Firma*, and truſt his Life to a two Inch Board in a *Brigantine*, for ſake of being a Day or two the ſooner at *Genoa*. With this Reſolution taken on a ſudden, he return'd to his Inn, deſiring to know of his Wife, whether ſhe intended to uſe him ſo all the reſt of the Journey, and carry her ſelf towards him as if he was her Foot-boy; for in ſuch Caſe he would not ſtep an Inch further, but return directly to his own Houſe, and live like other Men. He arriv'd at his Inn. But your Servant Mr. Squire, your Wife is up and gone. He had walk'd too long on the Sea Shore. Madam went out with the *Neapolitan* Officer, and her Page, to ſee the Beauties and Curioſities of the Place, or rather to be ſeen her ſelf. For ſhe did not believe there was any greater Rarity in *Savona*. Our Gentleman of *Piedmont* was not troubled at it: He had been us'd to his Wife's Straglings; and when ſhe was out of the way, he was at quiet. He ask'd of his Landlord where the Officer's Horſe was, having a Mind to ſee him. 'Twas brought out; he lik'd it, and had a mind to get upon the Back of it. He ask'd leave of the Hoſtler, and having obtain'd it, he Mounted, and Gallop'd it up and down the Yard. He was pleas'd with his Paces; and thought if he continu'd his Journey, 'twould be a Horſe for his purpoſe; or if he did not, 'twould ſerve to Ride Abroad upon at home. He ſuppos'd the Gentleman would be willing enough to ſell it, now he was going a Ship-board, and that 'twould come Cheap; ſo if he ſold it again he ſhould not loſe by it. He

therefore

therefore ask'd the Hoſtler, if he might not ride it a Mile or Two out of Town? He was anſwer'd, he might; upon which he Gallop'd it away, and Pac'd and Trotted, and in ſhort, was as well pleas'd with the Officer's Horſe, as the Officer was with his Wife. When he return'd to the Inn, he a-lighted; enquir'd if 'twas Dinner-time; and underſtood it had waited for him a good while: It had waited for him, 'tis true, but 'twas on the Table, at which he found the Officer and his Wife, who took no notice of him. This Negligence of his Wife ſhock'd him extreamly. He look'd ſowre upon her; ſat down and appear'd very Penſive and out of Humour. The Officer who did not know his Relation to the Lady, thought he had been in Love with her, and was Jealous of him, as he cou'd not but ſuppoſe he had Reaſon to be; he therefore endeavour'd to divert him, and make him a little pleaſanter Company if he cou'd; asking him, where he had been, that he ſtaid out ſo long? He reply'd, he had been looking upon his Horſe; and had taken the Liberty to ride him out a little, not doubting of his Conſent to it; and lik'd him ſo well, that if he cou'd have him at a reaſonable rate he wou'd buy him. His Wife hearing him talk ſo, burſt out a Laughing, and wou'd have made a Jeſt of him as ſhe us'd to do, asking, if he believ'd the *Brigantine* they were to Embark Aboard cou'd not go without a Horſe to draw it, as Boats are hawl'd up a River? I believe what I believe, quoth the Husband in a fury: I want a Horſe, and know what to do with it; but as for the *Brigantine*, ſays he, ſhaking his Head, I have ſeen enough of her to day already, and deſire to ſee no more, let who will go Aboard her, for my part me, I'll go by Land to *Genoa*, and return back to the place from whence I came. The Lady who knew what a Coward her Husband was, and eſpecially with reſpect to the

Sea,

Sea, laught louder and louder, which put the good Man into a ſad Confuſion: However he continued his Diſcourſe with the Officer about the Horſe. Tell me what you ask for him, ſays he, and I'll tell you in Two Words what I'll give? If you are in earneſt, reply'd the *Neapolitan* very generouſly, my Horſe is at your Service, and we ſhall in Two Words make a bargain; but I perceive Madam is not willing that you ſhould buy him; and I ſhall be ſorry if we do not go to *Genoa* together, the Wind will not always blow as it does now. The Wind may change for ought I know, ſays the *Piedmont* Gentleman, but I ſhall not change my Mind. The truth is, I don't love the Water; and beſides, I ſhall not ask my Wife's Advice upon what I have to do. You ſee, Sir, ſaid his Wife interrupting him disdainfully, what a fine Speaker he is, with his Wife and he; my Wife, my Wife, at every word; you wou'd be very ſorry if you did not let all the World know what an extravagant thing I did, who being a Woman of Quality, have Married ſuch a Fellow as you. The Husband terribly enrag'd at ſuch Bloody Reproaches, was about to anſwer as rudely as the Affront ſhe had put upon him deſerv'd; but the civil tender *Neapolitan* taking the Lady's part, as was natural for him ſo do, ſtopp'd his Rage, by ſaying, we ought to have a little Complaiſance for the Ladies, and humour them ſometimes. Yes, reply'd the Gentleman of *Piedmont*, when the Ladies are Reaſonable, but not ſuch as mine is. Ah! Sir, ſays the Officer, don't ſpeak ſo of Madam, for I don't believe there is a more accompliſh'd Woman in the World; and you are the happieſt of Mankind in having her for your Wife. The Lady interrupting him, cry'd, don't mind what he ſays, Sir, he is not worth talking to. The Husband, without making his Wife any Anſwer, or ſo much as looking upon her, reply'd to the

the *Neapolitan*, That he wiſh'd him ſuch another. If I had, quoth the Officer, I wou'd not envy the greateſt Monarch upon Earth. If you are ſo fond of her e'en take her, reply'd the *Piedmont* Gentleman; I'll change with you for your Horſe. The Lady interrupting him, cry'd out, ſee the Impudence of the Fellow, how he wou'd diſpoſe of me; and what a Price he ſets upon me. Let me alone with him, reply'd the *Neapolitan*; we'll ſee, Madam, if he is a Man of his word; and how worthy he is to poſſeſs ſuch a Charming Woman as your Ladiſhip: Then addreſſing himſelf to the Husband, he ſaid, give me your hand, and 'tis a Bargain as you are a Man of Honour. Yield me up all the Right and Title you have to Madam, and I will give my Horſe, Bridle, Saddle, Houſings, and Money to boot if you are not ſatisfy'd. No, no, reply'd the Husband, I'm for no Money, I'll Truck Commodity for Commodity; my Wiſe for your Horſe, that's the Bargain; and to ſhew you I am a generous Man, I will not only yield you up all my Right and Title to my Wife, but alſo to her Equipage, Baggage, and even her Page. The Oddneſs of this Adventure pleas'd my Lady wonderfully; and ſhe made Signs to the Officer to ſee how far her Huſband wou'd go on with the Jeſt; though at the beſt on't ſhe was her ſelf the Jeſt, ſeeing what a little Value was put upon her. The *Neapolitan* riſing from the Table, threw down his Napkin and ſaid to the *Piedmont* Spark, That they would make an end of the Buſineſs as ſoon as he pleas'd; that he wou'd go and deliver him the Horſe, immediately after which he expected to have his Wife deliver'd him. Though the Husband had not half din'd, coming in late, yet being as eager to get rid of his Wife, as the other was to get rid of his Horſe; he roſe alſo, threw down his Napkin, and went out with him to the Stable. The Horſe was Bridl'd

and Saddl'd, and the *Neapolitan* taking the Bridle in one hand, and pulling of his Hat with the other, deliver'd it to the *Piedmont* Gentleman, ſaying, He's yours, Sir: Very well, reply'd the other, but there's ſomething more to be done; What's that, quoth the Officer? Why, a ſmall Writing to be Sign'd, reply'd the Gentleman of *Piedmont*, by which it may appear that we have made this Barter and Truck legally and heartily. With all my Heart, ſays the Officer. So Pen, Ink and Paper were fetch'd; the Agreement was written down, Sign'd, Seal'd and Witneſs'd: The Articles of it are as follows; for I had it all from the Lady her ſelf.

WE *the Subſcribers, the Noble* Alexander Pintelli, *Captain of Horſe in his Catholick Majeſty's Service, and* John Nyſon *of* Piedmont, *Eſq; being each of us burthen'd with an uſeleſs Moveable; the Former with an Horſe, and the Latter with a Wife; Declare, that we have thought fit for the Convenience of one another, out of our Pure and Free Will, to make a Barter and Truck of the Horſe for the Wife, yielding up the One to the Other all Right and Title that we have to the ſaid Wife and Horſe; and quitting for ever all Claim to them, without any manner of Complaint or Demand hereafter to the Premiſes ſo Truck'd. To which Bargain and Agreement, in token of hearty Conſent and Satisfaction, we have hereunto ſet our Hands and Seals.* Dated at *Savona* the 25th of *March*, 1583.

Alexander Pintelli.
John Nyſon.

Two Writings containing the above Articles being drawn up, Sign'd, Seal'd and deliver'd interchangeably, there remain'd nothing to be done; and the Page having brought his Maſter his Cloak-bagg, and what things he bad him put up in it; he told to the Officer, that he did not ſuppoſe 'twas

'twas neceſſary for him to go back and make a formal Surrender of his Wife, ſo he wou'd that Minute take his Leave of him; and wiſhing him Joy with his fine Adventureſs, he receiv'd the Thanks of the *Neapolitan*, put Spurs to his Horſe, and was ſoon out of Sight. The amorous *Neapolitan* ſeeing he was gone in good earneſt, taking him for a Fool, ran to his Wife to carry her the News of her Husband's Departure, and tell her what they had been doing ſince they left her. She was certainly very joyful at the hearing of it, but how far her Joy tranſported her ſhe did not tell me; 'tis eaſy to be imagin'd, and being authoriz'd by an authentick Writing under her Husband's Hand to do what they pleas'd, the Officer and ſhe finiſh'd the Romance together. And now having nothing to keep them at *Savona*, they embark'd aboard the Brigantine next Day, and arriv'd at *Genoa*, making a Thouſand Proteſtations by the way, that they wou'd never leave one another as long as they liv'd; the common Talk of Lovers in their firſt Moons. The Officer found his Valet at *Genoa*, with all his Baggage, which he had brought from *Barcelona*, and meeting with ſome other Paſſengers bound for *Naples* they hir'd a Felucca to ſail thither, aboard which I embark'd.

'Twas there I ſaw this Lady, who affected mightily an Air of Quality, who, I know not for what Reaſon, caſt her Eyes upon me oftner than on any other Man of the Company; perhaps it was becauſe I was younger and better dreſs'd,thank my Succeſſion to my Friend's Cloaths; that I had a Footman, which No-body there had but her Spark and my ſelf. She was ſo very civil to me all of a ſudden that the Officer was alarm'd at it; I ſoon perceiv'd it, and he cou'd not help letting the Lady of the fine Eyes ſee he was out of Humour; but ſhe deſpis'd it, and endeavour'd to ſet us together by the

Ears, for ſhe thought if we duell'd for her the Combat wou'd be glorious for the Reputation of her Beauty. As for me, I did not deſign to puſh Things ſo far, I avoided all Occaſions of giving her Gallant any Umbrage of me, and was not willing to bring a Man upon my Hands who might uſe me very cruelly in the Country we were going to. He ſaw it, yet he was not the leſs enrag'd againſt me, for he believ'd his Nymph more amorous than I, and 'twas a Crime to have pleas'd her, tho' without Deſign. My good Fortune wou'd have it that our Voyage was not long, the Wind continu'd fair, and we arriv d ſafely in a few Days at *Naples*, otherwiſe had ſhe carry'd on her Civilities to me longer, I believ'd he had done me an ill Turn aboard; for tho' it might, for ought I know, be only Banter and Raillery, ſhe was always pleaſant when I was near her. As ſoon as we ſet Foot aſhore our Quarrel and this Story were at an end, for I took my Leave of them and the reſt of the Company, and never ſaw one of them ſince. I took up my Quarters in a good Inn; the next Day I ſent the Two Letters I had on the Merchant to him by my Man, and the Bills being at ſight, and he having other Advices by the Poſt of them, he like an honourable Dealer brought me the Money, ſuppoſing I was the true *Saavedra*, and he had no Reaſon to ſuppoſe any thing elſe. Thus I became all at once a Gentleman of Fortune, and was never in ſuch a Condition in my Life; which tempted me to give my ſelf a Looſe in Pleaſure. *Naples* is a Town where a Man of my Humour may be accommodated the beſt of any in the World. I lov'd to enjoy my ſelf, and had a great deal of the Rake and the Rogue in my Compoſition. I found abundance of Men of my Humour, and my Money coming lightly,ſo it went. I ſoon had Acquaintance enough, not very good you will believe, but with Perſons

of my Inclination, and they were as bad as they well cou'd be. We liv'd jollily Night and Day, and my Purſe was empty in the twinkling of an Eye, without knowing how to fill it again. And one Morning when I came Home, having been out all Night with my Comrades, I found my Trunks broke open, my Money and Cloaths taken out, and nothing left me that was worth carrying away. My Man was alſo march'd off, and I was not at a little loſs who had done me ſuch a piece of Service. I was in a dreadful Affliction, I made a Noiſe, ran about, and ſent People to run about for me every where; but neither their nor my Enquiries avail'd any thing, a Thief being as hard to be found out at *Naples*, as an Aſſaſſin at *Genoa*, or a Jilt at *Venice*. What ſhall I do? Whither ſhall I fly for Succour? I went to my Merchant to ſee if he wou'd advance any thing upon my Note; all that I cou'd get of him was Ten Piſtoles, and that wou'd but juſt clear my Lodgings and pay my Reck'ning at my Inn. However 'twas a ſmall Help, and I had ſtill a little Money left in my Purſe, which growing ſhorter every Day, I found I muſt beſtir my ſelf to repleniſh. I apply'd to my Comrades, who I believ'd underſtood the Trade I wanted to learn. I made them acquainted with the Inclination and the Neceſſity I had to enter into their Brotherhood. They examin'd me, and approv'd of my Genius in their Way. My Noviciat, after they had allow'd my Vocation, was to ſerve for a Setter at Play, and I diſcharg'd my ſelf in that Poſt to their Satisfaction. Then I proceeded to the leſſer Villanies, as cutting of Purſes, nimming Cloaks, and a Hundred other Slights of Hand, which inſenſibly lead a Man of Honour to the Gallows before he is aware of it. I did Two or Three Things which paſs'd for Maſterpieces; the one was at the Conſtable's Houſe, where all the Great Lords in that City us'd to

game every Night: I had ſeen what they did there more than once out of Curioſity, and thought 'twas no difficult Matter for a dextrous Man to whip away Two large Silver Candleſticks that ſtood on a Side-board. I bought Two of Tin exactly like them, and diſguiſing my ſelf like the Conſtable's Domeſtick, waited in the Room on Two Young Lords who were at Play at that Table. When their Candles were almoſt burnt to the Socket I lighted up Two in mine, put 'em down on that Table, and took away the Silver ones, which I very honeſtly carry'd off under my Cloak. The Conſtable's other Servants being buſy'd in other parts of that Rencounter in other Rooms, no Notice was taken of me, I brought my Candleſticks to the Captain of our Band, a ſort of a Gentleman who ſerv'd us in the Qualities of Patron, Protector and Counſellor; he was our common Receiver, and had a fifth part of our Booty for his Pains. At another time, as I was going thro' a broad Street, I ſaw the Door of a great Houſe ſtand open. I enter'd it to ſee if I cou'd meet with ſome Prize, and ſaw 'twas a Rich Scrivener's Houſe. I went into Two or Three Rooms, which I alſo found open; on the Table of one of 'em I ſaw a very fine Velvet Manteau, which I put under my Cloak without any more ado; but Two or Three Steps from the Gate I met the Maſter of the Houſe, and 'twas well for me that I was Maſter of my Trade; for ſeeing me come out of his Houſe with a Bundle under my Cloak, he ask'd me with a Tone that wou'd have made a Man leſs impudent than my ſelf tremble, what I had there? I anſwered, my Lady's Manteau, which I was to alter a little and make more faſhionable. Very well, ſays he, bring it as ſoon as you can, for To-Morrow ſhe muſt go to a Wedding to which ſhe is invited. I reply'd, I wou'd not fail; but he has not heard of me

ſince,

ſince, tho' I have heard of him by one of my Comrades that liv'd in the Neighbourhood. As ſoon as he enter'd his Houſe he accoſted his Wife thus. Theſe Women are always making and mending, altering their Faſhions, and ſpoiling good Things; you had your Velvet Gown new but t'other Day, and yet it muſt be alter'd already. What Gown, quoth ſhe haſtily? That, reply'd the good Man, which you juſt now gave your Taylor; I ſay, your Velvet Gown. What a Myſtery you wou d make of it, as if I had not ſpoken to the Man my ſelf, whom I met coming out of our Houſe, and had not ſeen the Gown with theſe Eyes, and touch'd it with theſe Hands. I tell you, ſays ſhe, raiſing her Voice out of Impatience to hear him talk ſo, I don't know what you mean by it; 'tis not a Minute ſince I took it out of my Cheſt of Drawers, and 'tis now on the Table in the next Room, and to cônvince you I'll go and fetch it. If 'tis ſo, quoth the Scrivener, then your Gown is ſtolen. How! ſtolen, ſaid ſhe, and going into the Chamber and ſeeing no Gown upon the Table, ſhe gave a Skreek, as if ſhe had been frighted out of her Wits; ſhe was ready to ſwoon away, and ev'ry one knows nothing is more likely than for a Woman who has made her ſelf a fine Suit of Cloaths to appear in on a publick Occaſion to fall into ſuch Fits, if ſhe loſes them by ſuch a Miſchance. The Husband left her to her Lamentations, and ran to all the Serjeants and Bailiffs in Town to ſeek after me, deſcribing what a ſort of Man I was; but that was not of any Service to him, for we know how to change our Decoration as ſoon as we have ſtruck a home Blow: I had done too many ſuch Tricks not to be caught at laſt, and that was for a Trifle, hardly worth naming. I had a mind one Day to take a Walk a little way out of Town; I had not gone far from the Caſtle Gate before I ſaw

ſome fine Linnen on a Hedge, which a Laundreſs had juſt waſh'd in the River that ran under the Caſtle, and hung out to dry; I was immediately tempted to ſeize it, for Linnen was what I wanted moſt, and there were Cravats, Handkerchiefs, Shirts, and in ſhort all ſorts of Linnen; I watch'd my Opportunity when the Woman was buſy'd about ſomething elſe, and then at Two Sweeps I clear'd the Hedge, and march'd back with the Linnen towards the City. The Laundreſs, looking about ſoon after, made no doubt but I was the Thief that had ſtolen her Linnen, which ſhe preſently miſs'd, having ſeen No-body but me come that Way. She left her other Buſineſs, and follow'd me, crying, ſtop Thief, ſtop Thief; when I heard it I was not ſuch a Fool or Blockhead as not to know what the Conſequence wou'd be; I let the Baggage I had under my Cloak fall to the Ground, and thought that wou'd ſatisfy her; in which I was miſtaken, for either fearing that was not all, or that the Devil, to my Sorrow, put it into her Head to ruin me, ſhe continu'd running after me, and crying ſtop Thief to the very City Gate, where the Centinel ſtopp'd me, to ſee what was the Matter; and the Woman, as ſoon as ſhe came up, fell upon me with her Fiſts, crying out ſtill I was a Thief, and had ſtolen her Linnen. I was ſearch'd every where, but nothing was found about me; but my Cloak, Coat and Waſtcoat being wet, 'twas next to Ocular Demonſtration that I had ſtolen it. They ask'd me what I had done with it; and ſtanding out in it that I knew nothing of the Matter, I was carry'd to Jail. I gave our Captain or Protector Advice of my Misfortune, he came to me, I told him the Buſineſs, he went immediately to the Judge, and ſo effectually ſollicited for me that I was order'd to be releas'd; he brought me the News himſelf, the Order for my Enlargement was produc'd, and the Jailor let me go. When

I was

I was got to the outmoſt Gate of the Priſon, who ſhou'd I meet but my Scrivener; who caſting his Eye upon me and remembring me, ſtruck me on the Breaſt, and puſh'd me back five or ſix Steps, bidding the Jailor lock the Jail Door, for I was a notorious Thief, who had robb'd him, and to rob ſuch a Miſer as he, is a terrible thing. 'Twas to no purpoſe for my Captain to beg and pray, to uſe Arguments, and to offer him the Value of the Gown, he was reſolv'd to have me hang'd; however I got off with a Whipping and Baniſhment out of the Kingdom. My Captain comforted me a little by giving me Letters of Recommendation to the Captain of the *Banditti* who dwelt in the Mountains of *Romania*; I was very well receiv'd by him, he being my Captain's Friend; but I liv'd with Wolves, I never ſaw ſuch barbarous and cruel Fellows in my Life. Thus I at once paſt from one Extremity to the other; from *Naples*, the pleaſanteſt Place upon Earth, to the Mountains, the rudeſt. However the Booty we took made ſome Amends, and as ſoon as I had recruited my Pocket I ask'd Leave of my Captain to go to *Rome* for Two or Three Months, pretending I had ſome Buſineſs to negotiate there; I obtain'd it, and, to my great Joy, arriv'd there, for I was heartily weary of the Company of thoſe *Banditti*. I thought ſuch a Fiſh as I ſhou'd ſwim in great Waters, but I found ev'ry Body on their Guard, and Trading very dull at *Rome*; I had ſome ſmall Buſineſs there, and now and then got to the Value of Two or Three Piſtoles: What was that? 'twou'd hardly laſt a Night; for tho' we venture our Necks for our Money, we ſpend it as ſillily as Seamen; I had like to be taken in the laſt Job ſo. I left *Rome* and went directly to *Bologna*, where I took up Quarters in an Inn, at which Two pretended Merchants, calling themſelves Jewel-Merchants, arriv'd a little while after

me; I endeavour'd to ſcrape Acquaintance with them, and asking them at Night if they wou'd play away an Hour or Two, they ſaid Yes, provided 'twas only for Recreation. They loſt Two or Three Crowns with me, and then wou'd play no more, like good Husbands; neither did they ſpeak to me next Day about having their *Revenge*, but I was ſo civil as to put them in mind of it; they accepted of it with ſome Reluctance, and articl'd that we ſhou'd not play long; we call'd for Cards, and I got a little more of 'em than I had done the Day before, which rejoyc'd me extreamly. And ſeeing them the next Day full of Money, and more impatient to play than they had been hitherto, I was overjoy'd to ſee it, depending upon it that I ſhou'd pocket all their Money, in which I was out in my Reck'ning, for tho' one wou'd have thought they hardly knew their Cards, yet they were at the bottom Two of the greateſt Cheats in *Italy*. We had not play'd long before in came a Third Man, who was one *Alexander Bentivoglio*; theſe Sparks ſoon ſtript me of all I had, and *Alexander* finding I was very melancholy on the Loſs of my Money, reaſon'd the Caſe with me, moraliz'd on my Loſſes, and read a Lecture of Patience to me; taking a Fancy to my Wit and Dexterity, which he ſaw were ſharp enough, tho' not ſo ſharp as his and his Comrades. He propos'd to me in plain Terms to be of their Gang, thinking I might be uſeful to him; I was glad to hear him make that Propoſal, and accepted of it with Joy, giving him to underſtand I was no Chicken my ſelf, tho' I vail'd the Bonnet to ſuch Maſters as he. We agreed therefore to ſet out for *Rome* the very next Day, where Fortune was not very favourable to us; we feign'd to our ſelves the getting Mountains of Gold, but we hardly got enough by our Robberies to pay our Charges. At laſt we light upon you, we had ſeen you

twice

twice or thrice in Monſieur the Ambaſſador's Train, and we thought immediately of making uſe of you, not to rob you, but to get into Monſieur the Ambaſſador's Houſe by your means, and to do ſomething to purpoſe there if we cou'd find out Opportunity; but unluckily for you and for my ſelf you diſcover'd a little too much to me, and ſhew'd me what was in your Portmanteau's too freely. The Sight tempted me, I told my Comrades of it, and the Loſs fell entirely upon you, for which I ſhall be ſorry as long as I live; for if I had improv'd your Friendſhip then it wou'd have been a thouſand times better for me and for you alſo.

The End of Saavedra's *Story.*

CHAP. XX.

He arrives at Milan, *and by* Saavedra's *Help commits a great Robbery.*

SAavedra having ended his Story I told him I forgot all that was paſt, and 'twou'd be his Fault if ever I remember'd it, which I ſhou'd never do if he ſerv'd me always as faithfully and affectionately as he had hitherto done. His Adventures and our Reflections upon them, help'd us to Matter for Converſation till we came to *Milan*, the City I had ſo long wiſh'd to ſee; 'tis fair, large, and full of People, the Men handſome and the Women ugly. The firſt Eight or Ten Days we ſpent in ſeeing the Curioſities of the Town, of which the Caſtle and the Churches are the greateſt Rarities. One Morning looking behind me by chance I ſaw *Saavedra* talking earneſtly to a Man, who had the

the Mien of such a sort of *Virtuoso* as himself. I said nothing, but kept on my Pace, intending to return to my Inn, it being Dinner Time; however, my Curiosity made me turn back twice or thrice, and I always found them very hot in Argument. How's this, said I to my self, what makes 'em so long and so close in their Conference? Who knows but these Gentlemen may have some Design upon my Purse, and *Saavedra* knowing 'tis full, perhaps may have a mind to shew me another Cast of his Office: I may be deceiv'd, What then? 'tis a Wise Man's Duty to be cautious in all Cases: A Man learns a great deal in the Company of a Troop of *Banditti*; in a little time I'll see what they aim at, and what sort of a Trader this new Friend of his is. I continu'd making these Reflections till I came to my Inn, where I was told that Dinner would be upon the Table in a Moment or two, and I went into my Chamber till 'twas serv'd in: *Saavedra* follow'd me, and his Comrade accompany'd him to the very Door: I examin'd him, and found him very pensive, and, as I thought, very uneasy, saying nothing to me of that Man, or any thing else: Dinner being gone in, I was call'd, and went to the Hall where the Company din'd, but I could not eat any thing with an Appetite, my Head being full of my Man and his Companion's Conference, meditating what the Subject of it could be. The Cloth being taken away, I went to my Chamber again, where I found *Saavedra*; he kept silence as before, and I could not help asking him who 'twas he talk'd so long with this Morning: Who, reply'd he, why Sir 'tis one of the prettiest Lads in all *Italy*: Doubtless, said I; and pray in what consists his Prettiness? I don't believe, *Saavedra* reply'd, he has his Fellow for a Quick Thought, and a Nimble Hand. I thought so, quoth I by his Mien, and what is there a-foot

now?

now? Ah Sir, ſaid he, and fetch'd a deep Sigh, he has propos'd a Noble Deſign to me; it has tempted me I own, but I told him I would do nothing without your Conſent, becauſe I had given my ſelf over entirely to be govern'd by you, and I would undertake no Enterprize that ſhould ſeperate us, unleſs you approv'd of it; but I hope you will not be againſt my making my Fortune. No, ſaid I, by no means, and am ſo far from any ſuch Thought, that I'll contribute to it to the utmoſt of my Power. Tell me what is your Project, and it may be my Advice may do you Service in it. I am convinc'd of it, reply'd he, I only deſire of you, that when the Thing is done, you will tell me where I ſhall wait for you, that I may divide my little Fortune with you. Dear *Saavedra*, I am very much oblig'd to thee, ſaid I, but if I have part of the Booty, I will have part of the Danger; let me talk to thy Comrade about it, that I may ſee what grounds he goes upon, and that we be not bubbl'd by him, after which I'll tell thee my Opinion; for according to thy Doctrine, a Man muſt be a Robber, or he will not be like his Neighbours: 'Tis better done to day than to morrow, and if the Thing is worth the while, thou ſhalt ſee me a Robber and half. *Saavedra* overjoy'd that I would join with them, told me that the Man was to come and ſee him after Dinner, and he would bring him to me. He had ſcarce done ſpeaking, when word was brought, that there was a Man below who would ſpeak with him. We were ſure 'twas he, for we knew no body elſe in *Milan*: As we thought, it was; he enter'd my Chamber, and after having made me ſome Compliments, with a good grace, he inform'd me that he had known *Saavedra* at *Naples* and *Rome*; that they had had their Frolicks together, and had ill diverted themſelves at their Neighbours Expence. Then he went on, telling

ling of the Deſign, and how he had procur'd himſelf to be taken into the Service of the Richeſt Bankers in the City, by whom he was thought a mighty Honeſt Man; that he wanted a Second, and had pitch'd upon *Saavedra*, whoſe coming to that Place he look'd upon for a Happy Omen of their Succeſs: He had known *Saavedra*'s Capacity a long time, had ſeen him upon Action, and almoſt always to come off with Succeſs. I anſwer'd, that if he wanted aſſiſtance only, it ſhould be found out for him; for if 'twas neceſſary, I would lend him a helping hand; but I muſt know how he intended to execute his Deſign, that we might not be miſtaken, and run our Necks into a Halter for nothing. He reply'd, his Maſter had a mighty Opinion of his Fidelity, and 'twou'd be the eaſieſt thing in the World, one *Sunday* Morning, when he was gone to Church, to carry off a Purſe with a Thouſand Piſtoles in it, which the Banker kept in a ſtrong Box: That all *Saavedra* was to do, was to hire Poſt-Horſes as for his Maſter, and have them ready to ride off as ſoon as the Money was in his poſſeſſion, and that galloping as faſt as they could, they would be out of Danger before his Maſter ſo much as thought of his Loſs. I told him his Deſign ſeem'd to me to be very ticklish, and that it requir'd a great deal of Caution; that he wou'd have very good luck if he did not meet his Maſter, or ſome Friend of his, eſpecially on a *Sunday*; who being ſurpriz'd to ſee him on a Poſt-Horſe, would alarm him, and the Robbery being found out, he would ſoon be purſu'd; and worſe than all that, whenever 'twas known, they wou'd not fail to go to the Poſt-Houſe, and enquire who had hir'd Horſes, and what Road they went; which, to be ſure, they would ſearch, and might by that means eaſily trace them. I repreſented a great many other Inconveniences to him, and he in part agreed with me:
He

He ſaid it muſt be done on a *Sunday*, for he cou'd have no Opportunity on any other Day; his Maſter was ſo covetous and ſo careful of his Treaſure, that he never went out of his Houſe, unleſs 'twas to go to Maſs on *Sundays* or Holy-days; that he never ſtaid above half an Hour, and for the more caution ſtaid always in the Room where his Money and his Papers were kept. All this is nothing, ſaid I, and there are ways to come at this Purſe without running ſo much riſque; if neither of you do know it, you are but Learners in your Trade, and if you will let me alone, and ſecond me only as I may have occaſion for your help, I'll anſwer for the Thouſand Piſtoles: They ſmil'd when they heard me talk ſo, and ſaid, they left it all to my management with all their hearts, not doubting, by my reaſoning ſo well upon the Matter, that I ſhould do it better, and with more ſafety than they: Leave all to me, don't trouble your Heads about it, and you ſhall ſee that a Page of five or ſix Years ſtanding knows more than your Banditti-Man of *Romania*. Then they laught out aloud, *Saavedra* and he, knowing whom I rally'd when I ſaid ſo. Then I ask'd *Aquilera*, ſo the other Man was nam'd, how he cou'd come at the Purſe in the Strong-Box unleſs he had the Key; he ſaid, that was not to be had, for his Maſter never let it go out of his poſſeſſion; that he would not truſt even his Wife with it, but he ſometimes gave it to me when I was in the Room with him, and he was to pay ſome Bills of Exchange or Notes that requir'd immediate diſpatch, eſpecially Poſt-Nights; he then often bid me open the Box, take out ſuch and ſuch Bags, which are all number'd, and he call'd by their Number, but he made me ſhut the Box as ſoon as I had done, and had all the while his Eye upon me. My Deſign was in that Moment to take an Impreſſion of the Key without his perceiving it, and get a Falſe one made

made. If you can do that, reply'd I, the Work is done, and the Purſe is as ſurely ours as if we had it in our Hands. But has your Maſter no other Place in which he keeps his Money? Yes, ſays he, he puts ſome Bags in a little Cupboard where he keeps his Books of Account, they are not of ſuch value as the Strong-Box Bags, and are for running Caſh: The Keys of this Cupboard are ty'd together, and I can eaſily get the Impreſſion of them. I told him he cou'd not do better, and 'twou'd make our Game the ſurer. He reply'd, he would bring me Good News before twice Twenty four Hours went over my head; with which I was very well ſatisfied. I then enquir'd into the Diſpoſition of the Chamber, the Strong-Box, the Bags in it, what Marks were upon them, and every Particular both within ſide and without. The Strong-Box and the Cupboard, which I took a very exact Memorandum of, for the Uſes I might have occaſion to make of it, promiſing to give him further Inſtructions in due time, and when I ſaw how our Affair went on. We ſaid no more of it then, but two Days afterwards *Aquilera*, as he ſaid he would do, brought me the Impreſſion of the two Keys, and told me what Lockſmith I ſhould go to have falſe ones made by it. I anſwer'd, 'twas time to ſet about the Work, and ask'd him what time his Maſter was generally in his Shop, for moſt of the Bankers in *Italy* keep Shops; he reply'd, from Ten to Twelve, and that every body who came to ſpeak with him, were ſure to find him at that time: 'Tis enough, ſaid he, do you be ſure to find out ſome Excuſe to be there at that time, and hearken what I ſay to your Maſter, that you may be able to witneſs to it, if you are required, I deſire no more of you. Things being thus regulated, I immediately went to the Lockſmith with the Impreſſions of my Keys, and found him to be a Man of Buſineſs; for

upon

upon ſhewing him a Piſtole, he promis'd to make me the two Keys I wanted. Thence returning towards my Inn, I ſaw a Casket for Jewels in a Tradeſman's Shop, which I had a mind to buy. That Machine, ſaid I to *Saavedra*, will be ſerviceable to us in our Enterprize. So I bought it, and carry'd it Home. At Ten a Clock next day in the Forenoon I went to the Banker's, where I found *Aquilera* and Two or Three Gentlemen in the Shop, who had Buſineſs with the Maſter of it. I enter'd the Shop, and ſaluted the Banker very courteouſly; who very haſtily return'd my Compliments, wanting to know what I would have of him. I then ſaid aloud, that all there might hear it, That being come to *Milan* to buy ſeveral Things for the Wedding of a Relation of mine, I had brought a large Sum of Money with me, and believ'd 'twou'd be much ſafer in ſuch an Honeſt Man's Hands as his, than in an Inn, where there were ſo many Comers and Goers, that I never came out without ſome Concern upon me: And having occaſion to go to *Venice* for Eight or Ten Days, I deſir'd he wou'd let me have a Bill of Exchange on his Correſpondent in that City. My Banker greedy of Gain, finding there might be a Penny made of this Buſineſs, made me Bow after Bow, and Scrape after Scrape, all the while I was talking to him; which he accompany'd with a Thouſand Offers of Service, ſaying, All he had was at my Command. He ask'd me what the Sum might be. I anſwer'd, ſomewhat above 12000 Franks, but moſt in Gold. So much the better, reply'd the Honeſt Banker ſmiling, 'tis the more portable. I told him 'twas ready, and if he pleas'd I wou'd bring it to his Houſe in an Hour or two. He reply'd, as ſoon as I pleas'd. And opening his Cupboard, took out his Day Book ask'd me my Name, and enter'd it down in it. I told him my Name

was

was Don *Juan Osorio.* When he had enter'd down my Name, the Date, and the Month, that he might have nothing to do afterwards but to enter the Sum, I took my Leave of him, desiring him to be in the way; which he faithfully promising, home I went very well satisfied that I had begun the Business so well. But *Saavedra* was in the greatest Amazement in the World: He knew the Length of my Line, and that it fell infinitely short of 12000 Franks. So he ask'd me smiling, If I cou'd make Money? for otherwise he did not see how I cou'd keep my Word with the Banker. Don't you trouble your self, said I; the Money is there already; and if I ben't very much mistaken, will be in our Pockets before we are Four and twenty Hours older. I then ask'd him, if his Comrade did not understand Counterfeiting Hands? Counterfeiting, says he; he does it like an Angel: I wish I had all the Money he has receiv'd upon false Bills of Exchange. 'Twas for his Skill in it that he was oblig'd to leave *Rome*: For as there is nothing but what is found out in time, the Bankers having detected his Forgery, he was forced to scamper, and he had much ado to get off. So so, quoth I, it goes all well; I see he's a *Virtuoso.* There's only this thing to be done, and I take our Affair to be past miscarrying. *Saavedra* cou'd not yet guess which way I wou'd work the Matter. When the Time came that I promis'd to be at the Banker's, I took up my Casket, and bid *Saavedra* put it under his Arm; I also put a Bag of Money into his Hands, which had a great Spot of Ink in the middle of it, and a Red Ribbon about it; *Aquilera* having inform'd me that there was just such a one in the Banker's strong Box. We then went down stairs out of my Chamber in the Inn, and I went on with my Instructions to *Saavedra*, telling him he must go into the Kitchen,

take

take two or three Turns in it, pretending to ask my Hoſt what he had for Dinner, and when we ſhou'd dine? But that he muſt do it without any ſeeming Affectation, and let my Landlord and Landlady ſee the Casket and the Bag, that they might enquire what there was in them, and whither he was going with them, which is very natural to expect they wou'd do. *Saavedra* was the beſt Fellow for ſuch a Thing as ever I knew in my Life, and wou'd play his Part to Perfection. He went into the Kitchen, and ſeem'd to take notice of every thing but what was at the Fire. My Landlord and Landlady had their Eyes immediately on the Casket and Bag: There was no need of asking what was in the latter, 'twas plain enough 'twas Money; and they did not doubt but the Casket muſt be full of Gold and Jewels; and my Landlord preſently askt *Saavedra*, whither he was going with it? We are going, ſaid he, to depoſit it in a Banker's Hands: Here's good 12000 Franks in both of 'em. 'Tis a round Sum, quoth my Landlord; but were there ten times as much, 'twou'd be as ſafe in my Houſe as in the moſt noted Banker's in Town. I thank God, ſays my Landlady, we have had othergueſs ſort of Sums lodg'd in our Hands before now, and the Bleſſed Virgin be prais'd for it; we never loſt Penny in our Lives. We value our Reputation as much as any body; and we are as much reputed for our Honeſty as any one in *Milan*. If you had not been ſo, reply'd *Saavedra*, my Maſter wou'd not have come and lodg'd at your Houſe, with ſuch a Sum of Money as this, and a great deal more which he has by him. 'Tis not that he has any Miſtruſt of you, or has an ill Opinion of your Houſe; God forbid: But intending in a Day or two to take a Journey to *Venice*, and wanting a Letter of Credit on ſome Banker in that City, we are going to depoſit this Money in

a Banker's Hands here, who has promis'd to ſupply us. If that's the Matter, quoth my Landlord, I have done with you; for truly I a'n't in a Condition to furniſh you with ſuch Letters of Credit. But pray what Banker are you going to? *Geronimo Plati*, replies *Saavedra*. He's a Miſer, a meer *Jew*, ſays my Hoſt, and will make your Maſter pay thro' the Noſe for ev'ry thing. There are honeſter Men in the Town than he, and if you had but ſaid a word to me, I cou'd have recommended you to one who wou'd have us'd you kindly. 'Tis too late now, replies *Saavedra*; my Maſter has treated with *Plati*, and we are going to carry this Bag and this Casket to him. The Casket being a very pretty one, my Landlady wou'd needs have it in her Hand; and it weighing very heavy, *Saavedra* told her that might very well be, for 'twas full of Piſtoles and Dubloons; whereas there was nothing but Bullets, with which I had fill'd it. *Saavedra* pretending to be in haſte, deſir'd to be excus'd that he cou'd not ſtay any longer, for I waited for him in the Street, to go with him to the Banker's, and only ſent him to know what time he ſhou'd be back to go to Dinner; becauſe my Buſineſs at Signior *Plati*'s wou'd take me up an Hour at leaſt. My Landlord reply'd, I need not make too much haſte, for Dinner ſhou'd ſtay for us. *Saavedra* then came to me in the Street, and gave me a full Account of the Scene between him and my Landlord and Landlady; in which he behav'd himſelf to my perfect Satisfaction. We then went thro' ſeveral Streets, and all of 'em far enough from that where the Banker liv'd. We walk'd about from one to another three Quarters of an Hour; and coming back to our Inn, I order'd *Saavedra* to go up ſoftly into my Chamber, and place the Casket and Bag there, while I ſat down to Dinner, the Company ſtaying for me. When I had din'd, I apply'd

ply'd to my Landlord, and chid him in obliging Terms, for thinking I ſhou'd have the leaſt Diſtruſt of ſuch an honeſt Man as he. And to ſhew him what an Injuſtice he did me, I put a Purſe with a Hundred Piſtoles in it into his Hands, deſiring him to keep it for me till I ſet out for *Venice*. He was extreamly pleas'd with my Confidence in him, and I made my Landlady ſome ſmall Preſents from time to time; which had ſuch an Influence upon 'em both, that I ſoon became as good as Maſter of the Houſe. In the Evening of the ſame Day that I was to have carry'd the 12000 Ducats to Signior *Plati*, *Aquilera* met us at a Place we had appointed to meet at; for I did not think it proper that he ſhou'd be ſeen at our Houſe or elſewhere talking to me or *Saavedra*, by any body that knew us. He ſaid, his Maſter kept back Dinner an Hour, expecting me and my Money, in hopes of making ſome Advantage of both; but at laſt, knowing he had not a very good Character, he ſuppos'd ſome one had done him an ill Office, and I had made uſe of ſome other Banker, for which he was very ſorry. I ask'd him, if the Gentlemen I left with his Maſter ſtaid there after me any long time? He reply'd, no; adding, They were two of his Neighbours, and might ſtay about a Quarter of an Hour; and that no body came in afterwards, it being Dinner-time. I ſaid, 'twas very well; that our Affairs went ſwimmingly, and that I did not doubt but the Play wou'd be play'd in three or four Days. My falſe Keys were made and brought to me to a private Place, and it being time to come to Action, I appointed *Aquilera* to meet us there to receive his laſt Inſtructions. I ask'd him, What time he thought moſt proper for opening the ſtrong Box? He reply'd, *Sunday*, after Dinner; when his Maſter generally play'd at Cheſs with a Neighbour of his, and his Miſtreſs went to Church with all her

Children. This was *Saturday*; ſo I anſwer'd, To-morrow then you muſt put the Irons into the Fire, and next day the Buſineſs ſhall be done. Here, ſaid *Guzman*, ſhewing him the Casket, I bought this, which will ſerve us admirably, and is one of the beſt Springs of our Machine. Carry it home with you to-night, to-morrow open the ſtrong Box, take out the Thouſand Piſtoles in the Purſe, and put them in this Casket: Keep 40 of them, and in their ſtead put theſe four Quarter-Pieces I now give you; there's a Ticket in it, as you may ſee, for the whole Sum, declaring that it belongs to me. There's alſo another Ticket for the Bag which you ſaid contain'd 230 Crowns, and had a Spot of Ink upon it, and was ty'd about with a Red Ribbon: Take out that, and put this in the place of it, taking 30 Crowns out, and putting 30 *Roman* Crowns in the place of them, which I here give you for that purpoſe. Put the Casket in the Drawer you were ſpeaking of to me before, and the Bag in a Corner on the Right Hand. All the Inconvenience is, that there being ſo much time between *Sunday* after Dinner, and *Monday* Morning when I intend to come to your Houſe, your Maſter may in the mean while look into the ſtrong Box, and ſee what we have been doing. There's no fear of that, replies *Aquilera*: For beſides that my Maſter never opens that Box but when he's to pay ſome great Sum, he never pays away Money but in the Afternoon, unleſs upon an extraordinary Occaſion. Well, be it as it will, ſaid I, we muſt run ſome riſque. Beſides the falſe Key to the ſtrong Box, here's another to the Cupboard, where he keeps Books of Accounts, and his Day-Book among the reſt. Open it, and you will find my Name written in it, with the Date of the Month over it when I was to have brought him the Money. *Saavedra* tells me, you underſtand

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Counterfeiting Hands; 'twill be of great uſe to us for you to do it now, and under my Name write as follows.

13. *Febr.* 1586.

Don Juan Oſorio *put into my Hands* 1000 *Piſtoles in Gold; conſiſting of Piſtoles, Dubloons, and four Quarter-Pieces, all told and put up in a Casket with a gilt Cover.*

Ditto.

Don Juan Oſorio *has further depoſited in my Hands* 230 *Crowns in a Bag; among which are* 30 Roman *Crowns.*

Aquilera aſſuring me that all ſhou'd be done as eaſily as to kiſs his Hand, and that I might depend upon it; I gave him the Casket, the Bag and Tickets, the four Quarter-Pieces, the 30 *Roman* Crowns, and then we adjourn'd till the next day Evening, when we were to meet and know what Forwardneſs the Affair was in. He came to the Place appointed, and with a great deal of Joy told me ev'ry thing was done according to my Order; the Casket and Bag plac'd as I wou'd have 'em, and the Sum duly enter'd in the Day-Book in my Name. I reply'd, that we had now nothing to do but to act our Parts cleverly: That his was, to pretend to be mighty faithful to his Maſter, and zealous for his Intereſt; ev'n to rail at me, and ſtrike me, if Occaſion ſhou'd require; in ſhort, that he cou'd not well over-act it. He anſwer'd ſmiling, Let me alone; I'll act it to the life, I'll warrant you. And we reply'd, We will do ours, never fear. So having no more to ſay upon the Matter, we took our Leaves of one another, reſolving to execute our Deſign the next day. *Monday* Morning, to begin the Week well, *Saavedra* and I went to the Banker's, and finding him

alone, I ſaluted him very civilly, and pray'd him to do me the Favour to let me have 200 Piſtoles, for I wanted them. My Banker was very much embarraſs'd with ſuch a Compliment; he cou'd hardly believe his own Ears, and was ſo ſurpriz'd at it, he cou'd not preſently make an Anſwer. At laſt he ask'd me, what I meant by 200 Piſtoles? Mean by it, ſaid I, why, that you will be ſo kind as to give 'em to me, for I want them. Upon which he look'd upon me with an Air of Contempt; and turning his Head aſide, reply'd, What do you take me for? Or, do you think we can whiſtle for Piſtoles in this Country, that you ask me for 200 after this manner? Ask you, ſaid I in the ſame Tone, why who ſhou'd I ask, but you? I demand nothing but my own, and expect to have it. Do I owe you any thing, reply'd the Banker? Owe me, ſaid I; you know that as well as I. Come, come, let me have the Money; and ſince you are ſo backward at Payments, I muſt look about me. Pray let me have all the Money I left with you laſt *Tueſday* produc'd immediately: I won't be ſerv'd ſo; and did not expect ſuch Uſage from a Man of your Character. The Banker turning ſhort, cry'd, Go, go, put your Tricks upon others; you are miſtaken in your Man, and ſo am I in mine, ſince you are not as good as your Word. How, ſaid I, ſpeaking louder, what do you mean, Sir? Miſtaken my in Man, as you are in yours. I ask what's my Due: Dont tell me of your Tricks, but pay me ev'ry Penny ſince you come to that, and preſently too, or I ſhall take another Courſe with you. Ev'ry Penny, ſaid my Banker, interrupting me; Be gone, I have nothing to ſay to you; Go out of my Shop, and ſee for your Money elſewhere: I have none on't, and none you ſhall have of me: March off. Hey day, ſaid I, do you pay ev'ry body ſo? Give me my Mo-

Money down upon the Nail, for if I ſtir a ſtep out of your Shop, I'll make an Example of you. I dont doubt but there's Law to be had in this Countrey, as well as in others. By this time People began to crowd about us, and hearken to what we ſaid, tho' without knowing what was the Matter, further than that I demanded Money, and he deny'd it. He was not very well belov'd in his Neighbourhood; and two or three of his Neighbours who heard moſt of the Diſpute, told the reſt ſo much, that they all began to take my part. His Wife coming in, the Hurly-Burly grew greater than ever; for the Banker taking Courage at this Reinforcement, was more enrag'd againſt me than ever. We came to hard Words and Names immediately, ſuch as Rogue, Raſcal, Cheat, Thief, and the like. The Crowd increas'd; the People knew not what to ſay, but were however more on my Side than his. Upon this Noiſe, *Aquilera* ran into the Shop in a great Fury, and ſeeing his Maſter and Miſtreſs look as pale as Death, clapping their Hands and ſhaking their Heads at me; he gave me a Puſh as if he wou'd thruſt me out of the Shop, bidding me go about my Buſineſs. Provok'd at this Inſult, I fell'd him to the Ground. He roſe up in a Rage, and ran to an old ruſty Sword of his Maſter's, took it off the top of a Cupboard, drew it out, and advanc'd againſt me, as if he wou'd have ſtabb'd me. His Miſtreſs ſeeing it, held him by the Hand, and ask'd him if he wou'd undo his Maſter, and ruin the Family. This Noiſe alarm'd the Provoſt, or Magiſtrate of that Quarter of the City; and he came in juſt as *Aquilera* had forc'd himſelf out of his Miſtreſs's Hands, and was making at me with the drawn Sword. The Provoſt commanded the Peace; and the People ſeeing me retire from *Aquilera*, had pity on me, fearing he wou'd kill me. They all rail'd at the Banker: And

when I ſaw the Provoſt I ſeem'd to rejoice mightily, and take heart, as one that had Right on my ſide. I addreſs'd my ſelf to him; and he ask'd what was the Matter? and why we fell out ſo? The Banker alſo came up to hearken to me, and tell his Caſe. The Crowd gather'd about us, to ſee what all this wou'd end in, and who was in the Right. The Provoſt bad us ſpeak one after another; and I being the Plaintiff, was order'd to begin. Silence was proclaim'd; and I ſpoke thus. Laſt *Tueſday*, the 13th of *February*, I came to this Banker's Shop about 10 or 11 a Clock in the Morning, to know of him whether he wou'd let me leave a Sum of Money in his Hands, which I did not think ſafe to keep at my Inn; and he anſwering that I might bring it, and he wou'd take care of it; I told him I wou'd come again with it in an Hour's time. I did not fail, but between 11 and 12 came with my Servant, and brought a Shagreen Casket with a gilt Cover, in which were 1000 Piſtoles, including ſome Doublons and four Quarter-pieces, which alltogether made up that Sum. At the ſame time I left with him a Bag of Money, containing 230 Crowns, among which were 30 *Roman* Crowns, and Tickets upon both, with the Contents of each parcel written upon them: Both of the Sums were told over, and he receiv'd them of me for my uſe. The Banker all the while continued lifting up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven in Amazement, and was ſeveral times about to interrupt me; but the Provoſt wou'd not let him ſpeak till I had done: And then he began with crying out, That I was the moſt notorious Impoſtor, Cheat and Thief in the World, and offer'd to loſe all he was worth in the World, if there was ever a Casket or *Roman* Crown in his Houſe. The Provoſt ſaid, 'Twas not his Buſineſs to call Names, but to ſpeak to the Caſe in hand. He therefore order'd me

me to go on with what I had to ſay. I added, That the Money being told, he put the Casket and the Bag up in a ſtrong Box; took his Day-Book out of a Cupboard, and enter'd the Receipt of my Money in it. The Banker grew more Furious than ever, and ſaid to the Provoſt, he wou'd preſently prove me a Rogue; and wou'd loſe his Head if there was any ſuch thing in his Books. The Provoſt order'd his *Day-Book* to be produc'd. The Banker give *Aquilera* the Key of his Cupboard, and bad him fetch it. *Aquilera* brought his Ledger firſt, to make as if he cou'd not tell which was which. I cry'd out preſently, 'twas not that. All the Standers-by were Impatient to the laſt Degree, to ſee the end of this Buſineſs. *Aquilera* brought another; I cry'd out, That is not it neither. He means your *Day-Book*, Sir, I ſuppoſe, ſays *Aquilera* to his Maſter. Let him mean what he will, quoth the Banker, fetch it, and all the Books I have in my Houſe. I no ſooner ſaw the Journal, but I cry'd, That's the Book. The Provoſt took it, and read out aloud what *Aquilera* had written by my Order, to the inexpreſſible Aſtoniſhment of the Banker, who cou'd not believe what he heard. He por'd upon it himſelf to ſee if 'twas poſſible; and if the Writing was his own hand. The Provoſt ask'd him, if he wrote that. He was ſo confounded he cou'd not tell what to ſay: His Tongue fail'd him; his Speech falter'd, and he had much a-do to utter theſe Words, I wrote the Three or four firſt Words, but no more. It ſeems to be all one hand, replies the Officer, and that there's no difference between the writing here, and that in the reſt of the Book. What I tell you is true, ſays the Banker, 'tis none of my Writing. Your Word won't paſs, reply'd the Officer, in your own Caſe. Then all the Spectators murmur'd againſt Signior *Plati*; and had already as good as given me my Cauſe, when there happen'd ano-

another Accident, which increas'd the Banker's Confusion, and that was the Arrival of my Host. *Saavedra*, according to the Instructions I had given him, as soon as he saw my Banker and I ready to come to Blows, ran home as fast as his Legs cou'd carry him; and as if he was frighten'd out of his Wits, cry'd to my Landlord, That Rogue of a Banker disowns that he had any Money of my Master. Oh, we are undone! We are Strangers here, and have no Friends or Acquaintance to stand by us! How, says my Host, has that Arch-*Jew* the Impudence to play such a Trick? I'll go and make the Rogue asham'd of his Villany. He shall pay the Money, though he goes to the Devil for't; I won't see any Customer of mine so abus'd, especially such a good Guest as your Master: I'll die in the place first. And happening to have his Saddle in his hand, away he threw it in a Passion, tore off his Greazy Apron, snatch'd up his Hat, which in haste he put upon his Night-cap; bawl'd out for his Cloak, tho' it hung in his way; clapp'd it upon his Back; stuck his Kitchen Knife in his Girdle, in case he shou'd want Offensive Arms; and ran away so fast, that *Saavedra* had much a-do to keep up with him, who all the way stir'd him up to make the Banker give us our Money. I'll warrant ye you shall have it, we are not Thieves here, quoth he, though this Rascal has deserv'd Hanging a long time. Saying this, he lost no time, and made such haste you wou'd have thought he had lost the Money himself. As soon as he came into the Street where my Banker liv'd, he bawl'd out as loud as he cou'd, Why is not that *Jew* hang'd out of the way? burn his House, him and all his Race in it. For he was a fiery passionate Fellow, and had most the Looks of a *Banditti* Man of any in *Milan*. The Crowd hearing him cry out so, turn'd about to see who had any thing more to say against the Banker; and know what Reason he had

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to talk ſo. He would not ſtay to ſatisfy the Rabble, but juſtled up to the Banker himſelf, intending to fall upon him; but ſeeing the Provoſt there, and like a Man who muſt ſpeak or burſt, ſaid to that Officer, Is it thus, Maſter, that Strangers are to be us'd when they come to *Milan*? Shall ſuch an honeſtGentleman be Robb'd and Murder'd by ſuch a common Cheat? I am the Man that ſaw him bring the Money here, and ſaw the Casket full of good and lawful Piſtoles my ſelf; I handled it, and with theſe Eyes ſaw the Bag of Money tied about with a red Ribbon, and ſpotted with Ink. S'death, he will not ſay, I an't a good and ſufficient Witneſs; thank my Stars, we carry our Heads above Water; and all the Town knows what we are. My Wife ſhall witneſs the ſame thing; and I defy all the Town to ſay there's an honeſter or more Virtuous Woman in *Milan*. All this is very well, reply'd the Provoſt, but how long have you known this Gentleman, whoſe Part you take ſo? Know him, Sir, ſays my Hoſt, he's my Lodger; he's a brave Gentleman; and if he wou'd have been rul'd by me, he ſhould not have put this Money in this *Jew's* hands, all the Town know what he is. The Banker who heard this foul Harangue in his Favour, did his utmoſt to anſwer him, but he had a low Voice, and that was hoarſe with much ſpeaking, ſo few or none cou'd hear a Word he ſaid: Whereas my Landlord thunder'd when he ſpoke, and was heard from one end of the Street to the other. As for me I ſaw I ſhould be too ſtrong for my Antagoniſt,as ſoon as I ſaw him come to us; and the People hearing him out, and being prepoſſeſt in my Favour before, cry'd, Why all theſe Arguments, make the Banker give the Gentleman his Money? The Provoſt addreſſing himſelf to him, ſaid, The ſhorteſt and beſt Courſe you can take, is to let the Man have his Money, and not make your ſelf more

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Criminal by denying it: That he must otherwise search all his House, which wou'd but put him to a great Trouble. The Banker, out of his Wits to find all the Company against him, call'd God and Angels to witness, 'twas all a Forgery; still standing to it, that he had nothing of it in his Custody, and that he would lose his Life if he had. The Provost finding him so obstinate, reply'd, Well, I see we must search; and let us begin with the strong Box, in which, according to my Remembrance, the Money was put. He then demanded the Key of him. The Banker in his Confusion fearing the Crowd might break in and plunder him, made some difficulty of giving it; and the People suspected the more for it. The Officer said, if he wou'd not give it, he wou'd order the Box to be broke up. The poor Man was in a most doleful State; his Wife and Family all in Tears, and above all, *Aquilera*, whose Grief was next to Distraction. At last the Banker to prevent the breaking open the strong Box, produc'd the Key, and put it into the hands of the Provost, who took Four substantial Citizens to be Witnesses of what he did; unlock'd the Box, open'd it in their and the Banker's Presence, and taking out the Drawer, spy'd that Casket, at the sight of which, the Banker was ready to Swoon: The Provost looking further, found the Bag of Money with the Spot of Ink and the red Ribbon about it: He lock'd up the Box, and ask'd the Banker what he cou'd say against all this. But he was in such a Condition, he cou'd not say any thing. The Officer return'd to the Shop, and carried with him the Casket and Bag, and as soon as the Crowd saw it, they gave a shout; and above all, the Landlord cry'd out, That the *Jew* (so he call'd the Banker for his Cruelty) shou'd be hang'd up to a Sign-post, who wou'd take away the Lives of a 1000 Men for such a Casket with a 1000 Pistoles in it. The Officer

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cer not minding the Fury of the Rabble, ask'd me, If I had the Key of the Casket? I reply'd, Yes, and pulling it out of my Pocket, gave it him. He unlock'd it, and the first thing he saw was this Ticket.

Here is a 1000 *Pistoles in this Casket, Including the* Spanish *Doublons, and the Four quarter-Pieces. They belong to Don* Juan Osorio.

He look'd for the Quarter-pieces, and found them folded up in a piece of Paper, which he show'd to the Banker, with the Quarter-pieces in it; he then examin'd the Bag, found the Ticket in it, and the 30 *Roman* Crowns. Upon this, the People shouted again, and declar'd, that I ought to take my Money again; but I understood my Trade too well for that; I reply'd, I would not receive it but from the Hands of Justice; and that I was in a Christian Country, where I doubted not 'twould be render'd to me. The Officer, as the last time of asking, demanded of the Banker what he had to say against such strong and convincing Proofs? The Banker more dead than alive, reply'd, 'Twas all the Devil's doings; and there was Conjuring in it. A weak Reason, my poor Master, said the Provost; if you have not a better to make use of before your Judges, you'll run the risque of losing your Cause, and be punish'd as you deserve. After this he deposited the Money in the hands of an Honest Wealthy Citizen of the Neighbourhood whom he knew, and made his Report of the Matter to the Judges next day. I was summon'd to appear before them, as was my Adversary also, but he was so Sick he cou'd not stir out. His Wife and *Aquilera* appear'd for him, and a few Friends of his, but none of Note; for an Honest Man wou'd not be seen in such a foul Business, every body

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thinking him Guilty. For my ſelf, appear'd I and my Man, my Landlord and his Wife, who was more enrag'd againſt the Banker than her Husband. They were all Three examin'd one after another; and ſaid more, eſpecially my Landlord and Landlady, than they knew, or than they had ſeen or heard. Then *Aquilera* was Examin'd to tell what he heard when I talk'd with his Maſter; and the Two Citizens who were then preſent were alſo Cited, who Teſtified the ſame thing with *Saavedra*; amounting, that I came to his Shop to deſire him to take my Money in. *Aquilera* ſaid, As to the Receipt of the Money he cou'd teſtify nothing, nor as to the Casket, being not there by, his Miſtreſs having employ'd him about ſome little Affairs in the Houſe; but 'twas true that his Maſter did not dine that day till an Hour after his uſual time. The Matter being fully, and as they thought, fairly heard, Four Hours after my Banker was Caſt: He was condemn'd to reſtore me the Money; to pay my Charges; to ſhut up his Shop, and never more to Exerciſe the Trade of a Banker in the City or Dutchy of *Milan*. In Execution of this Sentence, the Provoſt Conducted me to the Citizen's Houſe with whom the Casket and Bag were depoſited, and delivered them to me, with which I return'd very well ſatisfied, and in Triumph to my Inn. My Landlord and Landlady, were Tranſported at the ſight of the Casket and Bag, I treated them, as in Duty bound, plentifully; and there was never a Servant in the Houſe but far'd the better for it. I would fain have been gone as ſoon as I had the Money in my Poſſeſſion; but if I had left *Milan* ſo ſoon, it would have look'd too precipitately: So I reſolv'd to ſtay 2 or 3 days, happen what wou'd; beſides, having taken a fancy to a Gilt Chain, which I ſaw in a Toyſhop, I had a great Mind to have one made after the ſame Model

del in Gold, and having bought the Gilt Chain, carried it to the moſt famous Goldſmith in *Milan*, who promis'd to make me one, provided I paid him down part of the Money beforehand, which I did, and was forc'd to ſtay 2 or 3 days for that. In the mean time, I and my Man met *Aquilera* privately; they both acknowledg'd that they were Novices to me. We laught heartily at our Adventure, and divided the Spoil. I gave 'em each 300 Piſtoles, with which they were well contented. For having play'd almoſt all this Comedy my ſelf, 'twas but reaſonable I ſhould have the biggeſt Share.

CHAP. XXI.

He Travels to Pavia *and thence in an Abbot's Diſguiſe to* Genoa, *where he Games and Wins.*

BY this means I became poſſeſs'd of more Money than I ever had in my Life together before, my whole Stock amounted to 7000 Franks, and that more than made amends for what I was robb'd of at *Siena*. Having no more Buſineſs with *Aquilera*, we took our Leaves of him, and my Chain being brought Home and paid for, we continu'd to give out that we were going to *Venice*; and one Morning, when we had the Promiſe of a fair Day, we ſufficiently ſatisfy'd my Landlord, bid him farewel, and without Noiſe or Buſtle ſneak'd out of Town, taking the Road to *Pavia*; where, when we arriv'd, I ſet to work to provide a proper Equipage for the Part I intended to act at *Genoa*, which was that of a *Lord Abbot* coming from *Rome*. To that end I bought the richeſt and fineſt Stuffs I

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cou'd lay my Hands on to make ſuitable Veſtments, and dreſs'd my ſelf out like a Prelate, having a proper Equipage to ſupport that Character. Every thing was got ready in a few Days, *Saavedra* bought Two fair large Trunks, and hir'd me a Litter, into which I went, and attended by him as my *Major Domo* and a new Valet, ſet out, with a Sumpter-Horſe for my Baggage, *Saavedra* a Horſeback, my Valet a-foot, a hir'd Man to drive my Sumpter-Horſe, and another to conduct my Litter. I made my Entry into *Genoa* with this fine Train, and lodg'd at the *White-Croſs*, which was then one of the beſt Inns in the Town. Our Arrival made ſome Noiſe, and *Saavedra*, who underſtood ſuch Things to a Miracle, carry'd on the Show as well as I cou'd have wiſh'd. When I came to the Inn-gate, Two Servants with Flambeaus waited to receive me; and one of 'em conducted me to my Chamber, in the Quality of an *Excellentiſſimo Signior*. My Room was the beſt in the Houſe, and a Gentleman who deſerv'd it much better than I was turn'd out of it to give place to my Lord Abbot. And indeed 'tis commonly ſo in the reſt of the World, you are Reſpected and Eſteem'd according to the Value you ſet on your ſelf. The Inn was full of Company, and that very good, being moſt of 'em People of Faſhion; each of 'em was preſently very inquiſitive to know who I was; and my new Valet, who was no Fool, having receiv'd his Inſtructions from *Saavedra*, gave out, That I was my Lord the Abbot Don *Juan de Guzman*, Son of a Noble *Genoeſe*, Marry'd at *Seville*. During the little ſtay we made at *Pavia*, and obſerving *Saavedra* to be mightily ſurpriz'd, that I put my ſelf in this Equipage, I was willing to ſatisfy his Curioſity; and having given him a Magnificent Account of my Birth, I told him, That ſetting out from *Toledo* in extraordinary Circumſtances, to come and ſee

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my Relations in *Italy*, and having been every whit as bad a Husband as he, I had ſoon clear'd my ſelf of a good Purſe full of Piſtoles, and arriv'd at *Genoa* more a Beggar than he; that applying to my Relations I was us'd very barbarouſly by them, which I cou'd never forget; and believing the time was propitious to my Revenge, I was reſolv'd to attempt ſomething of that Nature, but it ſhould be on the ſide of their Pockets: And to that purpoſe I had thus diſguis'd my ſelf, and put on an Outſide which commanded Reverence from all Men, and would render me the harder to be found out by them: Though I ſuppos'd that having not ſeen me theſe 6 or 7 Years, my Beard being grown, and being Taller and Bigger every way, they who had never ſeen me but *en Paſſant* wou'd not be able to know me again. I added, he muſt prepare himſelf to do ſome remarkable Action there; for he ſhould ſet him a fair Example, being animated by Two ſo ſtrong Paſſions, as Revenge and Intereſt. He reply'd, I need only give him Orders; and though he was not worthy to ſhew me the way, he wou'd follow me boldly and faithfully to the beſt of his Power. I told him in general what he was to do, reſerving my particular Inſtructions to another time, as Occaſion requir'd. By this Scheme he was to go; and when he arriv'd at *Genoa*, he inſtructed our new Valet what he ſhou'd ſay; and in truth, he was a Perſon for our purpoſe. The firſt day I acted the part of an Abbot of Conſequence, pretended to be fatigu'd with my Journey from *Rome*, and did not ſtir out of my Chamber. I ſpent my time in preparing all my Utenſils to appear like a Prelate the next, which I did in the Veſtments worn by that Order; I look'd ſo well in this Dreſs, that I lov'd to ſee my ſelf in a Glaſs; and appear'd quite another Man. I was naturally a good Actor, and cou'd out-do any Man in

Counterfeiting whatever Character I took upon me: I had not want of Abbots of Consequence at *Rome* to serve me for Models: So that 'twas no hard Matter to Copy them in their grave and haughty Looks; their Swelling and Strutting; their ways of wearing their Caps; in tucking up their long Cloaks, to show their *Spanish* Leather Shoes and Silk Stockings; how to manage the Tone of my Voice, and look disdainfully on all Men: All this I knew by heart, and was resolv'd to begin to put in Practice. In my first appearance abroad in the Town, whither I went the third day after my arrival, with my *Major Domo*, and my Lackey, who by my order made a very handsome Appearance, as well as my self, every Body look'd upon me as a Stranger of Quality; and all I met made me low Bows down to the Ground, or rather they paid their Civilities to my Fine Cloaths: For that's all you are consider'd for in the World; and a Mountebank or Player, the Two vilest Professions upon Earth, in his lac'd Coat, shall be more respected than a Gentleman or Man of Merit, in one that's out of Fashion. If a *Cicero* was ill drest, and would appear so every where, he would be a Fool of a *Cicero*. 'Tis the Embroider'd Coat and the Long Wig that gets a Man admittance on the Ball Night, and procures a place at the Publick Feast. They should not cry, Make room for my Lord, Make room for Sir *John*, or the like, but make room for that Hat and Feather, or this Lac'd Coat. There never was a Man with Four Footmen behind his Coach, but he was a Man of Quality. Whereas the poor Dog that can't keep a Footman is a Scoundrel. If you come to a place a-foot, and without a Train, there's no Arm-Chair for you, you must be contented with a Stool; 'tis very well if you are ask'd to sit down; and when you go away, no body shall wait upon you to the Door. *Catullus* seeing *Nonnius* on a Tri-

Triumphal Car, ask'd, where the Horſes was drawing that Dung? How many *Nonnius*'s are there now in the World, who a few days ago were on the Dunghil? How many Cars are full of them? But there's no *Catullus* to hold his Noſe at them; as bad as they are they ſmell very well now-a-days; and there are no Noſes ſo delicate as to take offence at 'em: They have Money ſome of 'em, and ſome Places, no matter by what means they get their Places or their Money; either the one or the other is a Perfume, that is, Proof againſt all Stinks. Let 'em have as much Dung in their Compoſition as you will, there's nothing ſeen of it; and People judge by their Eyes now, and not by their Underſtanding. Learn Chymiſtry well, ſhew a full Purſe, your Teeth may be as black as a Coal, and your Hands like a Chimney-ſweeper's, you'll find an honourable Reception whereever you come, better than a poor Angel with white Hands and Feet. What need is there of theſe Moral Reflections on a thing which every one knows, and yet no body will Correct themſelves of this Error. At Dinner-time I went to my Inn again; my Landlord paid me Compliments without number; asking me if I would give leave for ſome Perſons of Quality to dine at my Table. I reply'd, With all my Heart, for I lov'd Company. He then introduced Four Gentlemen who enter'd the Hall very reſpectfully, and made me ſeveral low Bows, which I anſwer'd as became a civil and well-bred Abbot. The Diſhes being ſerv'd in, I took the uppermoſt Place, as became me, and then deſir'd the Gentlemen to ſit down. The Converſation for my ſake was a long time ſerious; but at laſt it grew a little more gay, and I alſo was a little more Sociable. Theſe Gentlemen us'd to ſpend the greateſt Part of the Afternoon in Play, and after Supper they went to it again; they play'd high, but fair and free, as

far as I perceiv'd: I sometimes diverted my self to see them play for an Hour or Two; and they would have been very glad if I would have made one, for they took me to be a very rich Abbot, and did not know much of Gaming, though there are as great Rogues among your Abbots as among any Men. They thought I was little us'd to play, and that they should make a Penny of me. But I shew'd so much indifference to it, that none of them durst mention it to me: However at last, when I was better acquainted with them, they gave me to understand, they should reckon themselves honour'd with my Company for Two or three Hours at Play. And as if it were out of meer Complaisance, I reply'd, I would try what I cou'd do for half an Hour or so. I also play'd at a low Game, and wou'd not make use of *Saavedra*'s help or my own Dexterity; for as yet 'twas not time. I lost but a little; and wou'd never put what I got into my Pocket, I gave it to their Servants and my own, and the Servants of the Inn, or left it for the Cards, which got me the Reputation of the most Generous and Noble Gamester that ever was; for I won much more than I lost, though I did not yet think fit to win any thing to purpose. Then as soon as ever I took the Cards in my hand, I had a Crowd of these Fellows about me, to ask me, what I wou'd be pleas'd to Command them; knowing every now and then a Ducatoon dropp'd. One day Fortune having been kinder than ordinary, and might have been kinder had I tempted her further, seeing I had won above Forty Pistoles, and yet had play'd much longer than I us'd to do, to oblige the Losers, I kept Twenty five Pistoles for my self, and gave the rest to those that were about me; somewhat to every one there, except a Captain of a Galley, who I thought wou'd not accept of such a Treatment, though he had shew'd a great Affection for

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my Intereſt while I was at play: He was a very pretty Fellow, both as to his Reaſon and Wit; and knew how to behave himſelf, which is not uſual for thoſe ſort of Men to do; the World not ſhowing any thing ſo rude as ſuch Perſons as are bred to the Sea. I knew the Gallies were ſuddenly to depart for *Barcelona*, which was a favourable Occaſion for my intended Enterprize to requite my Relations for their Civilities to me. The Day of their Departure was not fix'd, but 'twas expected 'twould be declar'd every day. The Friendſhip of ſuch a Man as the Captain cou'd not but be ſerviceable to me, and therefore I reſolv'd to miſs no Opportunity of obtaining it. The Company in this Hall were free, ſeveral Gentlemen of the Town and others us'd to come to play themſelves, and ſee others play. This Captain din'd ſometimes at our Inn, but his Purſe was not very ſtrong, having nothing but his Commiſſion to live by; and the *Genoeſe* Pay is very ſmall. Fortune dealt by him as ſhe uſually does by Men of Merit; and he was very often bare of Money. He frequently play'd away 3 Months Pay in one day: And beſides this Extravagance, he ſpent all he cou'd ſpare from Play on Women. The Name of *Favello* was given him by a Woman whom he paſſionately lov'd, and was lately dead. I heard all the Stories at the Inn, and among the reſt this Captain's: *Saavedra* never failing to give me a particular account of every thing and every Perſon about us. Being reſolv'd therefore to engage this Captain to be my Friend, both out of Intereſt and Inclination, I turn'd about to him, and ſlipping the 25 Piſtoles into his hands, ſaid, I did not believe a Gentleman who had been ſo long and ſo often in *Spain*, cou'd be ignorant of the Cuſtom there, where ſuch a piece of Gallantry was very juſtifiable; and he might do the ſame thing by me when he ſaw Occaſion. He ſeem'd at

at first a little confounded, but the Money came so *a propos*, and I gave it him in such a manner that he was reconcil'd to the Gift, which gain'd him entirely to my Interest. He cou'd not tell enough how to express his Acknowledgment; but his Looks and his Gestures explain'd himself better than Words cou'd have done. I broke off the Discourse twice or thrice, and turn'd it to something else, as of his Galley, his Commission, and Voyages from *Barcelona* to *Genoa*. We soon after went to Supper, and I invited him to sit down with us, desiring him to do me the same Honour every day; and telling him, That a Plate and Napkin should always be laid on purpose for him, and that we wou'd expect him. The next Morning he came to pay his Compliments to me, and pray'd me at the same time to take a Walk and see his Galley. I consented to it with pleasure; and had the Pope or Doge of *Genoa* been to do him that Honour, they cou'd not have had more Respect shewn them. We went out of the Gate that leads to that fine and agreeable Place, call'd *San Pietro d'Arena*. He told me the Names of all those Pleasure-Houses, or rather those Magnificent Palaces which are on the Sea-shore, and make the most beautiful Prospect in the World: He inform'd me also of the Histories of the Owners, as to their private or their publick Actions. For he was very knowing in the Chronicles of the Town; a frank downright Person, who spoke his Mind freely and spar'd no body. Look there, Monsieur *L'Abbe*, said he, what a prodigious Length that Palace is of; what fine Gardens there are; it Cost above 100000 Crowns, but 'twas all out of the Publick Money: The Father of the present Owner was not worth 1000 Pence when he came into the World, but having by his Industry found means to get into the Senate, and to be made one of the Treasurers to the Republick, he manag'd

manag'd his Matters ſo well, that he left his Son, who is little better than an Idiot, one of the beſt Eſtates, and one of the beſt Houſes in *Genoa*. He committed a Thouſand Robberies; but by greazing the Auditors in the Fiſt, and what Auditor will not be ſo greaz'd? he always prevented any Inſpection. In which Conduct he was ſucceeded by one of the Doge's Footmen; who, from a Livery, roſe to the Purple; but not underſtanding how to manage Matters ſo well as the other, he was ruin'd in the ſame Poſt wherein his Predeceſſor got his Eſtate, a Coach and Six. The latter of theſe Miniſters affected the Character of a Gallant Man; and I cou'd tell you a pleaſant Story of him, but 'twou'd be too long, and I ſee your Curioſity has drawn your Eyes on another Palace, that with the High Tower, and the four Fanes: You wou'd think it belong'd to the Deſcendant of one of thoſe Brave Heroes, who made ſuch a Figure in the Times of the Cruſade: But alas 'tis quite contrary; there are ſome of that Family Shoemakers and Ironmongers at this day. The Owner by his Cunning and Intrigue, back'd by a little Money, acquir'd the Dignity of a Senator; and then pretending a great Zeal for the Intereſt of his Country, and railing at the Doge, he got to be choſen Secretary of State: In diſcharge of which Office, God knows what Robberies he was guilty of by his Bribery and Exactions; out of which he built this Fine Palace in the Suburbs, and another in the City; the Gardens of which coſt more to maintain, than the Income of his Place was honeſtly worth. And yet theſe are but little Gudgeons: We ſhall by and by come to the Palace of the Great Fiſh, who ſwallow'd up the reſt; the Avarice of ſuch People being as boundleſs as the Sea. Look, Monſieur *L'Abbe*, on that Palace there that ſtands higher than the reſt, and where no manner

of Cost was spar'd to make it one of the most Stately and Sumptuous Palaces in *Italy*: 'Twas all at the Expence of our Poor Republick: 'Twas our famous *Doria*'s, who bubbled the World so with his Fame, and acquir'd the Reputation of being one of the most Illustrious Heroes of his Age; whereas, to examine Things to the bottom, in what shall we find he was such a mighty Hero? except it was, for undertaking almost a Thousand Enterprizes, and failing in almost all of them. Indeed, when he succeeded, 'twas more by Chance, than Valour or Conduct. The best that can be said of him, is, That he was a good Corsair; but he pirated on our Republick more than on her Enemies; ruining her by the vast Expences to which he put her, about wild and unprofitable Designs. What Divisions did he not sow amongst us? What Cabals were there not in his time? Into what Storms did he bring us; sometimes engaging us on the Side of the *French*, sometimes on the *Spaniards* Side, as his Caprice or Interest led him? Thus he in a great measure contributed to the Ruin of our Flourishing State; of which 'twas not his Fault if he did not make himself Master: For his Ambition all along aspir'd at the Sovereignty, as was plain in all his Designs. Thus the Captain made his Reflections on the Owners of all the Palaces we walk'd by, or saw on the Sea-Shore, and the River that falls into the Sea there, commonly call'd the River of *Genoa*. I was pleas'd with his Discourse, and let him talk on for near Two Hours. We view'd his Galley from the Shore, but I wou'd not go aboard because 'twas late; we reserv'd that for another time; and after Dinner I thought 'twou'd be as good as any, for the Company that us'd to bring on Gaming happen'd to be out of the way, and I did not care to encourage it my self. So I walk'd to the Sea-side, and thence was carry'd aboard his

Galley

Galley in his *Gondola*, and receiv'd there with as much Honour, as if I was really one of the greatest Persons of the Order I counterfeited. He order'd his Men to row us along the Shore of the River of *Genoa*, and we finish'd the View of the Palaces, and his Reflections upon them. If you are govern'd by such sort of Men, said I, your State's but a sorry sort of Government. Sorry, quoth he, one of the most pitiful Things in the World. Our Outside is good in appearance, but what *Chaos*, what Confusion is there within? How are our Laws, Customs and Ordinances broken or alter'd? Every one does what he pleases, provided he's of the prevailing Party. At present the *Spanish* Faction is uppermost, and every one calls himself a *Spaniard*, that he may have the Privilege of plund'ring and tyrannizing with Impunity. In a little while the *French* Faction may prevail, and then your zealous *Spaniard* turns as zealous a *Frenchman* for the same Ends. To rob the Publick, which is elsewhere look'd upon as the worst of Crimes, is so common here, that the Offenders don't think it worth the pains of concealing it. If by chance any one is brought to Punishment, he is some poor Rogue, who has no Friends nor Money; and if he is of any Consideration among them, he is only banish'd for Six Months; and at his Return, he very often gets into the Government again, and is worse than ever. 'Twould be endless to name the Abuses crept into our State. How many Stately Palaces were built under pretence of raising Money to enlarge the Fortifications of our City? How many Fine Coaches had our Ladies, who a little before were but Tradesmen's Wives? How many Diamond Necklaces were produc'd on that Occasion? But the best of all is, the Dexterity of our *Magnifico's* and *Excellentissimo's*; who, like Saddles for all sorts of Horses, are sometimes for one side,

ſide, ſometimes for another, and always at Variance among themſelves; being wholly govern'd by Ambition and Intereſt. The Prince that will give moſt for them, has them. And yet we have the Example of an Illuſtrious Prince in our Neighbourhood, who always has known ſo well how to carry himſelf, that he has been courted and eſteem'd by both Crowns, without ever engaging in one Cauſe or t'other, that he might not have either of them his Enemy. You have alſo, ſaid I, the Example of the State of *Venice*. We have ſo, reply'd he; but 'tis very difficult for us to do as the *Venetians* do; their Laws tending all to the Advantage of the Government, and their Miniſters being ſo cloſely watch'd, that they have no Opportunity to cheat the Publick. The State is well ſerv'd: But with us, thoſe that ſhou'd watch over our Miniſters, are the very Perſons that rob us. The Captain then enter'd into a more particular Account of all the Senators; and among others naming my Relations, who did like the reſt; and ſaid, Since the Veſſel is loſt, let each of us have a piece of the Wreck; I laugh'd, and reply'd ſoftly, Do you know, Mr. Captain, that I am concern'd in the Caſe now; for thoſe Perſons are my Kindred? Your Kindred, ſaid the Captain, ſurpriz'd to hear me talk thus. Yes, reply'd I, did not you know I am the Son of a Noble *Genoeſe* of that Family? who being forc'd to fly for Debt to *Seville*, acquir'd ſuch a Reputation there of a Man of Fortune, that he marry'd a Lady of Quality of that Country, of the Houſe of the *Guzmans*; whoſe Name I bear, becauſe 'tis more Noble than my Father's; and beſides, I have an Eſtate which obliges me to keep my Mother's Name, it being to be enjoy'd always by a *Guzman*. Truly, quoth the Captain, I have heard talk often of Monſieur your Father, having an intimate Acquaintance

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with Two of your Coufins. I have been told, that your Father was a Man of a great deal of Wit; who being taken by the *Turks*, found means to efcape by the Affiftance of a *Moorifh* Woman, who fell in Love with him; and that going into *Spain* to recover fome Money due to him there, a Lady of Quality was as kind to him as the *Moor*, and marry'd him. Are you that Gentleman's Son? Even fo,faid I fmiling. Do you know then,faid he, that yourFather's Eldeft Brother and your Uncle is ftill living, and a Batchelor; that he is very rich, and fo Old that he can't go without a Stick? I reply'd, no, I never heard any thing of him; for my Father had no Correfpondence with his Kindred here a long time before he dy'd. I wonder, faid he, you fhou'd not know him, for he is one of the Richeft Men of our Republick. I anfwer'd, my having quitted my own Name, made me the more a Stranger, and hinder'd my being better acquainted with the Family, whom I was not forward to vifit on that Account: For I did not want any thing of them: And tho' I thought I fhou'd not difgrace them by calling my felf their Kinfman, yet having only my own Word to prove it, I did not think fit to make any Advances to be known to them; but if any one elfe fhou'd tell them who I am, I might be ready enough to embrace their Friendfhip. He reply'd, 'twas very reafonable; and begg'd the Favour of me, that he might give 'em notice of my being in *Genoa*. 'Twould be too late, he faid, to go to their Houfe to night; but the next morning he wou'd vifit that Coufin of mine, who had the greateft Kindnefs for him, being near of an Age with him, and who, he doubted not, wou'd be proud to come and wait upon me. I anfwer'd, he might do as he thought fit; for I perceiv'd him to be a Man of Senfe and Conduct, and that I fhould venture nothing

thing by putting my ſelf into his Hands. However, I deſir'd he wou'd not preſs them to do any thing againſt their Inclinations; for I ſhou'd not be willing to own my Kindred to them, unleſs I ſaw they tempted me by their Courteſies to do it. Then *Favello* gave me the Hiſtory of the Family, which he knew perfectly well, even their moſt ſecret and minute Concerns. He afterwards treated me with a handſome Collation of all ſorts of Fruits and Sweetmeats; talking to me all the while about my Couſins, inſomuch that I could not have known more of 'em had I liv'd 10 Years in *Genoa*.

CHAP. XXII.

He Robs his Relations at Genoa, *embarks aboard a Galley bound for* Barcelona, *and arrives at that City.*

WE return'd to the City towards Evening, and I carry'd the Captain home to Supper with me. After Supper, our Gentlemen who had loſt the Money to me being there, they wou'd fain have their Revenge of me. I agreed to it; and Fortune favouring me ſtill, I cry'd to the Captain, You know you go a Third Part with me, Which was very obliging; for he ſaw I had got fifty Piſtoles; and that I ſaid it to make an Excuſe for another Preſent. He therefore anſwer'd, There was no need to fear he ſhould loſe by it; for 'twas plain, Good Luck attended me. Which indeed it did ſo much, that I got 100 Piſtoles at the common Game; 30 of which I beſtow'd on the Captain, the reſt I put into my Pocket, except ſome Gratuities

I gave

I gave the Servants who waited; but not ſo large as before, for I ſpent high, and began to find my Purſe ſink a little. The next Morning *Favillo* did not fail of going to my Relations, and letting them know the Good News of my Arrival at *Genoa*; ſetting me out in ſuch Colours, both as to my Perſon, Air, Generoſity, Merit, and every thing belonging to me, that thoſe Gentlemen were charm'd with his Account of me, and came dreſs'd out in all their Finery, their *Sunday* and Holiday Cloaths, and black Velvet Cloaks, to give me a Viſit. I expected as much, and had put my ſelf in Order to receive them. I had a noble Toilet magnificently ſet out, my Gold Chain and Jewels, and all my Treaſure upon the Table, with the Casket which I employ'd in the management of that fine Affair at *Milan*. It ſtood open, and all mine and *Saavedra*'s Gold was in it, to make an Oſtentation of our Riches. Word was brought me, the Gentlemen were come to give me a Viſit. My *Major Domo*, according to my Orders, introduc'd them into my Chamber, to the Door of which I advanc'd very gravely, and return'd the Compliments they paid me. They came at firſt Two at once, both my Couſins and Nephews to my Father, by a Brother of his that was Dead; after them came a Third Couſin, the Son of a Siſter of my Father who was ſtill living. There was no end of their Civilities; and never Men made ſuch Offers of their Intereſt Eſtates and Credit; all that they had was at my Service; and why? becauſe *Favello* had told them I wanted nothing, being a wealthy Abbot: At laſt came the Uncle walking on his Staff, he was mightily decay'd ſince I ſaw him 6 or 7 Years before. I knew the Phiz of him preſently, and my Blood curdled at the ſight of him, in remembrance of the Trick he play'd me: However I paid him the ſame Honours, and more than I did the others, on

account of his Age; but in my heart, as cold and as feeble as he was, I cou'd have given him the Purgative Remedy which he so amply treated me with, and his Batts, the Duce take 'em. The Cousins, after a Minutes stay or two left us, out of Respect, together: And my Uncle rejoicing to see another Hope of our Family, and one who was in so fair a way of increasing its Lustre, made his Complaints, that I did not come and Lodge at his House where there were Apartments more suitable to my Rank and Character than any I cou'd find in an Inn, and that I should at least have far'd as well; which he suppos'd wou'd not be unwelcome News to me if I was of my Father's Temper, who he said, lov'd to eat nicely, and he doubted not had bred me up with the same Inclination. I thank'd him, with extream Civility for his Invitation, saying, the Gentlemen my Cousins had already complain'd to me on the same Subject, and offer'd me their Houses; but not having the Honour to be known to any of the Family, and having been at *Genoa* but 2 or 3 days when I past thro' it last, riding Post to take Possession of the Benefice I had obtain'd, I was at a loss how to Address my self to them, so that they might know who I was: Indeed I had but a faint Knowledge of my Relation to 'em; and besides intending not to make a long Stay at *Genoa*, I was loath to be troublesome to any one. I should now be very Proud of informing my self fully of my Family, as well for my own Satisfaction as for my Mother's, who had often spoken of my Father's Kindred in *Italy*, and wou'd, I was sure, rejoice to hear of their Welfare. That I cou'd not tell how soon I shou'd be forc'd to go thence, having order'd my Letters to be directed thither; and I every day expected to hear I had a better Benefice given me; my Mother being one who had as great an Interest at

Court

Court as any Body. That gave my old Man an opportunity to enquire of my Mother and her Family, of which I ſaid fine things enough. My Uncle here interrupting me, cry'd out, Nephew, I'll tell you a very odd Story of an Adventure which happen'd 6 or 7 years ago. There came a young Raſcal to this City, and to our Diſgrace gave out, that he was our Kinſman, the Son of your Father, and ran up and down the Streets inquiring after us. He was a meer Beggar-Boy, and look'd like a Rogue, as much as ever Lad did at his Age. We were all in a great Confuſion what to do: At laſt I thought of a Way to be too cunning for him: I met him, gave him good Words, and inſenſibly carry'd him home to my Houſe; where I lodg'd him very nobly; but I gave him ——— quoth he, laughing till he was ready to ſplit his Sides, I gave him ſuch a Welcome, that I believe he will remember it as long as he lives. Four Devils in Maſques were poſted in proper Places; and when he was in Bed, took each a Corner of the Sheet he lay on, and toſs'd him; ſo that nothing in the World cou'd be pleaſanter to ſee: In ſhort, the Sheet ſmelt of him, and 'twas not a little Waſhing could ſet it to rights again. We have never heard of him ſince, and I believe he's ſtill a Vagabond, let him be where he will: I'll warrant he'll never come here again, and viſit his pretended Kindred; he won't forget how he was treated by them. No never, ſaid I to my ſelf, you old Goat, you Wizard; and thou ſhalt pay for thy toſſing, more than the waſhing the Sheet came to. I made as if I laugh'd at the Story, but I was inwardly enrag'd at the Pleaſure the Old Fellow took in telling it. I turn'd the Diſcourſe to ſomething elſe; and after an Hour's ſtay, my Uncle took his Leave. I waited upon him to the Door with all poſſible Demonſtration of Reſpect and Civility. I did not

ſee

ſee my Captain that day at Dinner; one of my Couſins having taken him home with him, as an Acknowledgment of the Favour he had done him, in giving their Family Advice of their Kinſman's being in *Genoa*. When we had din'd, I order'd *Saavedra* to buy me four large handſome Trunks, for a Uſe I had to put them to; and my Gameſters again preſſing me to play, engag'd me to game a little higher, being nettled that I had won ſo much of them, tho' I did not ſeem to play better than they. At that Sitting I won 400 Crowns of them; which I put in my Casket, except a few Piſtoles which I gave *Saavedra*, who had a little aſſiſted me in the Matter. Thus my Stock daily increas'd, and 'twas neceſſary it ſhould do ſo, conſidering the Charges I was at in the Inn, to ſupport the Character I had aſſum'd, without incommoding my ſelf. At night, *Favello* came and told me all that had paſs'd between him and my Relations on my account, and the Joy of all the whole Family, eſpecially my good Uncle's, who pretended he fancy'd he heard and ſaw his Dear Brother, when he was in my Company: And he would have me quit my Abbacy, to marry a Niece of his, who was not very Rich, but he had a mind to leave her his Eſtate, having a great Love for her: In a word, he told me a hundred things of their Affection and Eſteem for me: However, my Heart was not the leſs harden'd againſt them; my Reception when I came firſt to ſee them, had made a Wound which was not yet heal'd up. I oblig'd the Captain to ſtay and ſup with me; and not finding the Gentlemen ſo eager to have their *Revenge*, I withdrew to my Chamber. *Favello* took his Leave of me, and I went to Bed. *Saavedra* bought the four Trunks exactly ſuch as I would have had them: And the next day I went to return my Relations Viſits, beginning with my Uncle, who was very earneſt to have me

come

come and Lodge at his Houſe. He alſo propos'd the Marriage to me, ſaying, An only Son as I was, ought rather to think of maintaining his Houſe, than of ſerving the Church. I was not willing poſitively to refuſe his Offer of Marriage, becauſe I wou'd amuſe him; and ended my Viſit with deſiring him to dine with me the next Day; which I had much ado to bring him to, he excuſing himſelf on account of his Age, very unfit for ſuch Viſits. I told him, 'Twou'd be a Family-Entertainment; for there ſhou'd be no Stranger there, beſides the Captain who was our common Friend: At laſt I prevail'd upon him; but he did it as an extraordinary Token of his Kindneſs to me. My Couſins, whom I viſited one after another, gave me their Words they would come alſo. After which, I went home and beſpoke a Noble Dinner; intending they ſhou'd ſee I was richer than they had imagin'd, and that I abounded in every thing. I went to a Noted Silverſmith in the Town, and ask'd him what he would have for the Uſe of 6 or 7000 Franks-worth of Plate for 24 Hours only? offering to leave the Money in his Hands for his Security, *Saavedra* having the Casket full of it under his Arm. We ſoon made a Bargain; and Veſſels of all ſorts were put up in two of the Trunks which I had ſent for, while I was telling out the Money to the Silverſmith. The Trunks and Plate were carry'd Home to my Inn. Our Dinner was provided in better Order than was expected at ſo ſhort Notice: My Relations came, and did not think they ſhould have found ſo much Good Cheer: Ev'ry thing was in Profuſion. But what ſurpriz'd 'em moſt, was, The great Shew of Plate which ſtood on a Sideboard, beſides what was made uſe of at Table: They thought 'twas too much for a Traveller, let him be of what Quality he wou'd; and ought to make a

Man very wary how he travell'd in ſuch a Country as *Italy*, where a third Part of the Inhabitants are Thieves. But I ſeem'd to deſpiſe ſuch kind of Fears, ſaying, They might ſteal Things of more Conſequence from me. The Good Old Man ſaid, I did not act very prudently, to carry about with me what would tempt People to cut my Throat: Dreadful Examples of which kind he told me. I anſwer'd, That I left what I had moſt Value for in our Ambaſſador's Hands at *Rome*; and that for what I brought with me, I was willing to take it, tho' 'twas not ſo portable as Jewels, becauſe in caſe of Neceſſity one might eaſier diſpoſe of it. This ſatisfy'd them a little, eſpecially when they heard me talk of the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador, whom they had ſeen as he paſs'd thro' *Genoa*. I ſhew'd him his Picture, which he had giv'n me; and that gave them ſtill a greater Opinion of my Merit and Fortune, it being a Token of that Miniſter's Eſteem for me. Yet my Uncle could not put the Riſque I ran out of his Head: He thought I was in danger of Loſing my Plate in the Inn, as well as on the Road; and that Thought made him mightily concern'd, both on account of my Perſon, and my Intereſt. I reply'd, That to content him I would ſend it all to his Houſe after Dinner, in the two Trunks he ſaw there, in which I uſually carry'd it. You can't do better, ſays he; at leaſt, 'twill be ſafer there than here. That Debate being over, we diſcours'd of ſeveral Things, and eſpecially of my intended Marriage; at which my Couſins and I laugh'd; but our Laughing made the Old Man angry, for he was in earneſt, and very much deſir'd it. I told him, I did not think of it the leſs becauſe I laugh'd; but I would firſt be in Poſſeſſion of my other Benefice, that I might be able to make Two of my Couſin's Children a handſome Pre-




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Present each, that which I had being worth 4500 Crowns a Year, and that which I expected to have, 6500. My Two Cousins as well as my Uncle approv'd highly of my Resolution, and gave me a thousand Thanks beforehand, for my Good Will to their Family. My Uncle, when Dinner was over, ask'd *Favello* whether he knew he was in 6 or 7 Days to depart for *Barcelona*? The Captain reply'd, Yes; That he had receiv'd his Orders, and his Passengers were Shipping their Goods. I was glad to hear this News; and saw 'twas time for me to prepare for Springing my Mine: Ev'ry thing contributed towards it, and even my Kindred, as much as I, or Fortune. When we rose from Table, where we had sat long enough o' Conscience, I order'd *Saavedra* my *Major Domo* to put the Plate in the two Trunks, and see it carry'd into my Uncle's, with the Casket of Jewels pack'd up also in it. 'Twas done in about an Hour's time; and we saw the Trunks born away while we were talking. When my Uncle wou'd take his Leave of me, I said I wou'd by all means wait upon him Home, and at the same time order'd *Saavedra* to follow us. The Trunks arriv'd there some time before us, and were no better nor no worse than two Trunks full of Sand, near about the same Weight with the Plate. My Uncle receiv'd them very candidly; and could not mistrust a Nephew who was an Ecclesiastick, and so much of a Gentleman as I appear'd to be; especially considering I was so well dispos'd to promote the Interest of his Family. Thus the cunningest old Foxes are often bubbled by young Fellows. This was the Beginning of my Work; it must have an End, and we are not far off from it. Captain *Favello* came and supp'd with me at Night, as he us'd to do since I desir'd him to let me have his Company; and seem'd very sorry that he was oblig'd to depart so

ſoon. I ſaid ſmiling, That perhaps ſomething or other might fall out to change his Sorrow into Joy for our being longer together. That rais'd his Curioſity to an Extremity; and he ask'd me ſeveral Queſtions, to pump out of me what I meant by it. At laſt he demanded, whether I had a Deſire to return to *Spain*? for if I had, nothing could be ſo joyful News to him: Yes, reply'd I; and to tell you the whole Truth, I did not come hither ſo much to ſee my Relations, or for my Pleaſure, as to be revenged for an Affront a *Genoeſe* offer'd me at *Rome*, on a Woman's Account: I tell this to you, ſaid I, having found you to be a Man of Honour in whom I may confide. *Favello* anſwer'd, That if I would name the Perſon, he'd warrant I ſhou'd be reveng'd in Four and twenty Hours. No, reply'd I, I don't want your Aſſiſtance in that Matter; I have Occaſion for it in ſomething elſe, and I would not by any means bring you into Trouble on my Account. The Man I have to do with is no terrible Perſon; and *Saavedra* and my Footman can do my Buſineſs as well as a Hundred Men. The Captain ſtill preſs'd me to make uſe of his Service, to leave the Affair to him, and not to expoſe my Men; who not knowing the Country, might miſs their Blow, and be taken themſelves; which would be a mortal Affliction to him. I thank'd him very kindly, but beg'd him not to deſire it of me; for our Meaſures were concerted: We knew where my Gentleman lodg'd; what Places he frequented a-nights: That our Blow was ſure; and all I requeſted of him, was, That he would give me notice 2 or 3 Days before his Departure, when he ſhou'd ſet Sail, that I might ſend my Baggage aboard; for I would have it done ſo privately, that no body, not even my Relations ſhould know any thing of my going with him; having good Reaſons to keep it ſecret. He

reply'd,

reply'd, That as to keeping it ſecret, I might depend upon him; and not a Man on Earth ſhould ever know it from him: But he could not without Trouble ſee that I ſhould refuſe him the only Opportunity that he might have as long as he liv'd, to teſtify his Zeal for my Intereſt in all things. I embrac'd him, ſaying, He would have Opportunities enough aboard his Galley, during our Voyage, to ſhew his Tenderneſs and Good Will: That I demanded to have it all there, promiſing my ſelf that we ſhou'd live pleaſantly together. We parted with the like Expreſſions of Friendſhip for one another. The next Morning I ſent the Plate by my Men to the Silverſmith, and they brought me back my Money. My Gameſters, who had not ſaid a Word to me ſince their laſt Loſs, taking Courage again, ask'd me to play. I conſented; and loſt, or rather wou'd loſe 20 or 30 Piſtoles, and then withdrew. The next day, one of my Couſins came to invite me in my Uncle's Name to dine at his Houſe: 'Twas that Couſin who ſhew'd me moſt Kindneſs, and therefore I reſolv'd to ſpare him; for I had a Trick to get 5 or 600 Crowns out of him; but I play'd it againſt a Scoundrel, whom I took a pleaſure in Tricking. My Uncle provided a ſhort Meal, ſaying, He wou'd ſhew me how Relations ought to treat one another. I then remember'd his Compliment when I was the firſt time at his Houſe; *I believe you have ſupp'd*: I look'd about among the Servants, to ſee if I cou'd perceive the Cheat *Antonio Maria* with his merry Spirits, and his Batts; but I cou'd not find him among thoſe Servants; ſo I concluded he had either chang'd his Maſter, or had ſet up a Trade, which is common in *Genoa* for Servants to do, after a few Year's Service in ſuch Rich Houſes; and from Trades they often acquire great Eſtates and Titles; of which I cou'd name ſeveral Inſtances, if I had

time, even among the moſt Haughty and Domineering Noblemen of *Genoa*.

Our Converſation at Dinner was gay, and worth more than all the Treat. 'Twas *Friday*, a Fiſh-day, and my Uncle made choice of it, becauſe Fiſh in all thoſe Maritime Parts is much cheaper than Fleſh, and a Man need not be at any great Expence to treat his Friends with it. We all laught at it, and ſo did the Old Man, who was in a very good Humour: He made me ſend home my Men, that they might not ſtay and dine at his Houſe. *Saavedra* did not matter that, he had ſomething elſe to do, I having already given him Inſtructions to bring me a Letter, and to tell me out aloud when he brought it, that Colonel *Antonio* had been at my Lodgings to viſit me, and invite me to his Wedding, which was to be celebrated on *Monday* next; and having ſomething to ſay to me, and not knowing when he ſhould find me, he had ſent me that Letter. I took it and read it loud enough for my Uncle to hear me, he ſitting on one ſide of me, and one of my Couſins on the other; the Contents of it were as follows:

I See I ſhall never be able to find you at home again; this is the third time I have call'd at your Lodgings, and miſs'd you; I do not know when I ſhall be able to come again, for I have ſeveral Affairs to conclude before my Marriage, which is fixt on Monday *next at fartheſt: I only tell you it, to invite you to come to it, and bring any Friend or Friends of yours with you: I flatter my ſelf that you will do me that Honour. I know you have ſome excellent Jewels that were your Mother's; my Miſtreſs has not brought hers with her, becauſe 'tis a little dangerous to travel with ſuch Things, eſpecially in a Countrey where Robbers are ſo frequent. Pray be ſo kind as to lend me yours, and you'll infinitely oblige both of us; 'tis but for three Days, and you may depend upon it all poſſible care*

ſhall

ſhall be taken of them. I hope you will favour me herein, being ſo much as I am,

Yours, &c.

Don Antonio de Mendoza.

Having read this Billet, I ſeem'd to be troubled and embarraſs'd a little what Anſwer to ſend the Gentleman; and having thought of it ſome time, I ſaid to *Saavedra*, I don't know what to do, go tell him I am heartily ſorry that I can't ſerve him, having left all my Jewels with our Ambaſſador, as thou know'ſt very well. If in any thing elſe I can ſerve him, I am at his Service. As *Saavedra* was going, I call'd him back, and ſeeming to reflect upon it farther, ſaid, I am afraid *Don Antonio* will take this to be an Excuſe that I might not lend him my Jewels, I'll rather borrow them, if poſſible, than not anſwer his Requeſt, after the Obligations he has laid upon me: Then addreſſing my ſelf to my Uncle, I ask'd him if there were no Jeweller in *Genoa*, who for a Sum of Money, and putting ſufficient Security in his Hands, would lend a Man ſome Jewels for three or four Days: Yes, ſays my Uncle, there are enough would do it; But what need you be at the Expence of hiring them, when you can have 'em for nothing? Do you think we have no Jewels, or that we would not ſerve you, or any Friend of yours? Dear Uncle, reply'd I, I would not be ſo troubleſome to you; the Colonel is a Man of Quality, with whom I became acquainted at *Rome*, and when I came firſt to that City, was very ſerviceable to me on ſeveral Occaſions; he introduc'd me to the Ambaſſador, and made uſe of his and his Friends Intereſt in ſolliciting my Affair: He has a Regiment which is quarter'd at *Milan*, where he got the Good Will of a Rich Widow, whoſe Friends being againſt the Marriage, they are come hither to ſolemnize it; he is a very honeſt

Gentleman, and though the Jewels were worth 100000 *Franks*, he might very ſafely be truſted with them. Let him be what he will, ſays my Uncle, 'tis enough he is your Friend, and that you will do us the Favour to make uſe of us on this Occaſion. O Dear Uncle, cry'd I, I am afraid I ſhall impoſe on your Goodneſs: No Compliments, good Nephew, reply'd the Old Man; what I do I do heartily, and you ſhall ſee I won't chuſe out the worſt Diamonds that ever you ſaw. Thus all my Couſins acted the part of Generous Men, all would fain lend my Friend ſome Jewels, in hopes of the Two Benefices for their Children; they offer'd me all they had, and beg'd my Uncle to let them have a ſhare of the Pleaſure in obliging me. Children, ſaid he, do on your part what you think fit, as for me I have more than you, and therefore I'll furniſh the beſt part. As he ſaid, he did, and brought me out about 7000 *Franks*-worth of Diamonds, neatly done up in a Caſe, and gave 'em to me, recommending them to my Care, and deſiring I would put 'em in my Pocket, not without caution to be watchful for fear it ſhould be pick'd as I went home, there being Pickpockets in *Genoa* ſo dextrous, that they can whip out the largeſt Packet inſenſibly, and as if they did it by Magick; I promis'd him to take all poſſible care of it, and wrapping it up in my Pocket-Hankerchief, put it in my Pocket, and pinn'd it cloſe with two great Pins, with which he was very well pleas'd. My Couſins put me off till next Day in the Morning, when they each of 'em promis'd to bring me his *Quota*, for which I return'd them my Humble Thanks: They were as good as their Words, the two beſt of them brought me as many as I had from my Uncle, and as good Stones as thoſe I had of him. The third, whom I had the greateſt mind to catch, did not come till after, and only brought me to the value of about Two Thou-

ſand Franks, with which I ſeem'd to be as well pleas'd as with the reſt; he ſtaid ſome time with me, and talk'd of my Benefice, to ſound me, and try whether I was willing to prefer one of his Children to my other Couſin's Sons, in caſe I ſhould marry; and he gave me to underſtand, a Preſent of 10000 Franks in Jewels was at my ſervice, if I wou'd do him that Favour: I told him, that his Eldeſt Son being older than theirs, 'twas the more proper for him to have it than the others, and as to the Preſent, I knew nothing of ſuch ſort of Bargains: I receiv'd my Benefice *gratis*, and *gratis* I would give it, which gave him double Satisfaction. *Saavedra* at the ſame time entred with my Casket under his Arm, in which was my Gold Chain, and ask'd me if he ſhould go and do that Affair; Yes, ſaid I, go, but know your Man firſt before you deal with him, let the Goldſmith be a Man of Reputation: Stay a little, added I, perhaps my Couſin will recommend us to one of his Acquaintance, who may be for our Purpoſe. What do you want with him, reply'd he? Why, ſaid I, to know what this Gold Chain weighs, and afterwards we ſhall be able to do our Buſineſs; if your Man is below, pray let him go with my *Major Domo* to your Gold-Smith: He waits in the Houſe, reply'd my Couſin, your *Major Domo* may call him, and take him along with him any where to ſerve you. *Saavedra* ſought him out, and brought him to my Chamber, where I gave him the Casket, having in his Abſence open'd it, and ſhew'd my Couſin the Gold Chain, who ſaid he had never ſeen ſo fine a one in all his Life before: He bid his Man accompany *Saavedra* to his Goldſmith, and ſee what the Chain weigh'd, which they did the Goldſmith not living far off, he ſoon return'd, and told us it weigh'd 653 Crowns: Very well, reply'd I, go and deſire the Goldſmith to lend you 600 upon it, at what Intereſt he

he thinks reaſonable, for four or five Days; I ſuppoſe, continu'd I, turning to my Couſin, he's an honeſt Man; certainly, reply'd he, but he'll make you pay Two *per Cent.* for three days as well as for three Months. I am not very much in Caſh my ſelf at this time, but I know a Man who will lend it you for half *per Cent.* This other Man who was himſelf more a *Jew* than the Goldſmith, wou'd have made a Penny of me. I anſwer'd, he wou'd highly oblige me, but I did not borrow out of Want as he might ſee, upon which I pull'd out Two Purſes full of Gold, and ſhew'd him what was in them; but ſaid I, being to go to this Wedding where I know, there will be high playing, I wou'd not be put to a Streight. He reply'd, my Buſineſs was done; and in Two Hours time, I ſhou'd have the 600 Crowns in my Pocket. I then took the Casket from *Saavedra*, and opening it, let my Couſin ſee the Chain was there, after which I put it into the hands of his Man. He went away in a Minute or Two; and in an Hour and half brought me 600 Crowns for that Chain which coſt me but 10. For while we were talking about it *Saavedra*, according to the Inſtructions I had given him, took out the true Chain and put in the falſe one I bought at *Milan*, on purpoſe to have the true made by it. In the Evening Captain *Favello* came and beg'd my Pardon that he cou'd not Sup with me; for he was ſo buſy aboard his Galley he had hardly time to Eat at all, having receiv'd Orders to ſet Sail on *Monday* without fail. This was *Saturday*, and he added 'twou'd be convenient, I ſhou'd lye aboard the Night before, becauſe they ſhou'd be gone early in the Morning. My Cabbin, he ſaid, was fitted for me, and I might do what I intended, and ſend my Baggage aboard as ſoon as poſſible. I reply'd, I would do all the ſame Evening, having already paid my Landlord his Bill, and done what I came

to

to do: Wherefore I desir'd he wou'd send Two of his own Men to fetch my Trunks, that my departure might be the more Secret. Which he promis'd to do; and was done accordingly. I pack'd up all my Baggage in the Two new Trunks that I bought at *Genoa*, and left those I brought with me in my Chamber full of Straw, to satisfy my Landlord for Two or Three Meals which I had not accounted for. I was now pretty well furnish'd with Money, having to the Value of 18 or 19000 Franks in Money and Jewels, which I had made a shift to get out of my Relations, and 10000 which I and *Saavedra*, whose Money was as good as my own, had before: A Sum enough to make the Earth Tremble, and raise the Dust more than ever. The better to impose on my Relations I visited every one of them the next day, saying, I did it because I was to be at the Wedding on the Morrow, and shou'd not have the Honour to see 'em then. I gave my Uncle Hopes of the Marriage he had so much at heart, which rejoyc'd him extremely; and he said a Thousand Things in Favour of the Young Lady, whose Mother intended to invite me to Dinner on *Tuesday*, together with the whole Family, when I was to see the Daughter. I seem'd very glad to hear it, and then took my Leave of him to go my Rounds and visit the other Kindred. When I had done I return'd to my Inn. I gave *Saavedra* and my other Man my remaining things; and told my Landlord, I was going to Sup at a Colonel's a Friend of mine where we shou'd play; and I did not know what time I shou'd come back, perhaps I might stay with him all Night. So out I went and walk'd directly to the Gate that leads to the Sea-side, which was just ready to be shut. 'Twas a dark Night: And we got all of us, I and my Men, through without Molestation. At the Sea-side I met the Captain, who was in pain to know what was become

become of us, and over-joy'd to see we were all well. He ask'd me, how we came off? Oh, very well, quoth I, with an Air of Content, we cou'd not have done any better, and now my Mind is at ease! I am very glad of it, says my Captain, for I confess I was in great Concern to know how you and yours had succeeded. All is well, reply'd I, and I'm extremely oblig'd to you for your good Will towards me. He then conducted me aboard his Galley; and after some more Compliments the Table was spread with several sorts of Provision which I had order'd to be laid in; we eat heartily; chatted away 3 or 4 Hours and went to Bed. We were both wak'd early the next Morning, he by his Men to prepare for Sailing, and I by my Cares, for I was not yet out of danger; my Relations might get a hint of my Flight, and discover or suspect a Cheat; if so, they could easily procure an Order of the Senate to stop me. As soon as I heard People begin to make a Noise upon Deck, I got out of my Cabbin, and ask'd the Pilot which way the Wind? Fair, fair, said he; It can't be better. This was the best News in the World for me. The Captain giving Orders to hoist Sail, I believ'd what the Pilot told me, and was very glad to see it; otherwise I should have ask'd him the same Question, for 'twas such Important News to me that I wanted to have it confirm'd. I therefore return'd satisfied into my Cabbin, and through the Window saw other Gallies do the same that we were doing; and a quarter of an Hour after the whole Crew took to their Oars: We presently row'd away, and in a little time, I perceiv'd were advancing towards the Cape *Noli*. This was Matter of great Joy to me. I was perfectly well satisfy'd with my Fortune, lay down on my Bed and slept soundly. Two Hours after, the Captain coming into my Cabbin, told me, We had doubled the

the Cape, and if the Wind held ſo fair 3 or 4 days ſhou'd have a pleaſant Voyage. In the Afternoon the Wind ſlacken'd a little; however we made *Monaco* and anchor'd there at Night. The next Morning we row'd away again, the Wind continuing ſtill fair, which was an Addition of Joy to me, and I ſhould have been one of the happieſt Men in the World, in my own Opinion, had not my Pleaſure been interrupted by *Saavedra*'s falling ill: On notice of it I went to ſee him, and found he had a violent Fever upon him, at which I was extremely troubled, we being not in a place where we cou'd get any Aſſiſtance. We had a ſorry Surgeon aboard, who underſtood ſo little of his own Profeſſion he cou'd hardly let Blood. I hop'd however, that the Wind continuing Fair, we ſhould ſoon arrive at *Barcelona*, and there he ſhou'd be better look'd after. I did as much for him as if he had been my own Brother. I never left him all day, except to eat or refreſh my ſelf a Minute or two, and order'd a Man to watch with him all Night, and give him whatever he wanted. We were to Land that Evening and lye aſhoar at the Iſles of *Hieres*. The next day, the Wind ſtill, fair we came in ſight of *Marſeilles*, and the next we were off of *Roſes*, having been only Four days at Sea. Nothing cou'd be happier for us than our Voyage had hitherto been. The following day, 'twas hazy Weather, we had little Wind, yet we all hop'd to lie at Night in *Barcelona*, for which every one was preparing. No body more rejoyc'd at it than I, not ſo much on my own account as *Saavedra*'s, whoſe Fever increas'd furiouſly, and he grew Delirious, which made me begin to fear 'twould carry him off, if we did not Land quickly as we all expected. But we had not been on our way Two Hours before a Storm aroſe and blew us off Shoar, ſo that we cou'd not Land, do what we wou'd with our Sails and Oars.

We

We were forc'd to keep out to Sea all day and the following Night, during which time Death often presented himself before our Eyes. *Saavedra* seeing every body in a Panick Fear, his Mind grew as much disturb'd as his Body, and his Brains were quite turn'd in his Head. My Footman watch'd with him, but dropping asleep with too much watching *Saavedra* got up upon Deck, in one of his Delirious Fits, and Jump'd into the Sea. The Watch saw him, but cou'd not come time enough to prevent him. There was presently a great Noise to know what was the Matter. Be it what it wou'd, there was no Remedy 'twas such foul Weather and so dark a Night, after half an Hours search 'twas known *Saavedra* had done what he did. The Seamen brought me News of it; it struck me into the most violent Grief that ever I knew in my Life. One Brother cou'd not have wept more for the Loss of another than I did for the Death of so faithful a Servant. The next day another Galley ran Aboard us, and we were like to have sunk to the Bottom; all we cou'd do was to drop Anchor off *Palamos*, where we stay'd the following Night, and the next day the Weather being Calm and Smooth, we arriv'd about Noon at *Barcelona*, where I went ashoar one of the first of the Company: I had already prepar'd the Captain not to expect I should stay long in that City; having told him as we lay off *Palamos*, I had made a Vow to go to our Lady of *Montferrat* as soon aswe landed, and pay my Devotions for my Deliverance, from whenceI wou'd go directly to *Andalousia*. He cou'd have wish'd I cou'd have staid a little longer, though it had not been above 2 or 3 days, but he cou'd not oppose so just and pious a Vow; he hop'd at least that he might Sup with me, and that I wou'd not go away till next Morning. To this end he ask'd, At what Inn I design'd to Lodge? I told him at such a one,

a one, a very good Inn which I knew in the Town, but I never intended that he ſhou'd know where I went. I gave him a Purſe with 30 Piſtoles in it, and took leave of him with almoſt Tears in my Eyes; I alſo preſented him with a Ring of the ſame Value, deſiring him to wear it for my ſake, and if I did not ſee him this time, to give my humble Acknowledgments to my Relations at *Genoa.* He wou'd by no means bid me farewel, promiſing to come to my Inn at Night: However I bad him Adieu, and 'twas my laſt, though he did not believe ſo then. He had ſo much Buſineſs Aboard he cou'd not poſſibly go farther than the Key with me now, ſo we Embrac'd, and parted very well ſatisfied with each others Behaviour, and promiſing to be true Friends as long as we liv'd. When I enter'd the City, I took up my Quarters at quite another end of the Town from what I had nam'd to the Captain; and after Dinner ſent Men out in the Countrey to buy me Three good Mules, which was done there being plenty of them near that City. I paid dear for them, and for a Mule-driver to go with me; but Money coſt me little, and I had 4000 Franks fallen to me more by *Saavedra*'s Death. My Muledriver knew the Roads very well. Part of the Night I ſpent in preparing for my Journey; I ſlept little the reſt, being Impatient to be gone, for fear my Relations ſhou'd ſend a Felucca after me; and the Devil who ſometimes abandons his Children, ſhou'd leave me to be taken in this City; which I left as ſoon as the Gates were open, and the firſt day put my Mules to a trial what Mettle they were made of, for I travell'd Ten Leagues of that Country without knowing where they carried me, tho' my Deſign was to go to *Saragoſſa.* But I took all the By-Roads, telling my Men that ſince I Travel'd for Pleaſure only, I was willing to ſee the Country, and did not care for keeping the great Road.

Road. I bad my Mule-driver make as faſt as he cou'd to the other ſide of the *Ebro*, for I intended to ride along that River's Banks, and view the fine Landskips on both ſides of it.

CHAP. XXIII.

Guzman *departs from* Barcelona, *takes the Road to* Saragoſſa, *and falls in Love with a Widow near that City, which he is oblig'd to leave ſooner than he intended, by ſome Adventures which befell him there.*

I Began to breathe a little after I was got out of the Gates of *Barcelona*: For to ſay truth ever ſince I left *Genoa* I had hardly a Minute's eaſe in my Mind. In the Galley I was afraid that every Veſſel behind us was making after me; and at Land that every Man I met was a Sergeant or Bailiff coming to take me by the Collar. I was deliver'd from theſe Fears when I and my Equipage were Mounted on my Mules, and we had got ſeveral Leagues from *Barcelona.* We ſpurr'd 'em ſo well that we ſoon found our Cattel was good, and I had Two good Servants. But *Saavedra*, my dear *Saavedra* was wanting; and as often as I thought of him I was inſenſible of Joy or Pleaſure; at laſt I reſolv'd to caſt him out of my Mind, and to do out of Virtue, what others do out of Forgetfulneſs, think of him no more. I had, as you may imagine, my Reaſons for avoiding the great Roads: My Intention was to paſs the River *Ebro*, and ſo go to *Saragoſſa*: Wherefore I took the firſt Road I came to. My Mule-driver knowing nothing of my Deſign, thought I was miſta-

ken, and ask'd me whither I would go? I reply'd, He shou'd follow me, and we shou'd do well enough; for I travell'd for my Pleasure only, and so 'twas the same thing to me which Road I took; I should never be out of my Way. This Answer satisfy'd him: We rode on cheerfully, and at Night came to *Cervera*, ten good Leagues from *Barcelona*. The next Day we went thro' *Lerida*, and soon after came to the River *Ebro*. I cou'd never have taken a more pleasant Road than that I took, nor one more favourable to my Design; there being no Country in *Spain* so fine as that which is water'd by this River. All the way along it is full of beautiful Landskips, which one cou'd hardly have expected to have met with in Places more talk'd of for their Prospects. Now I began to contemplate my Fortune, and to value my self on the Treasure I brought out of *Italy*, and taste the Pleasure of being Rich. Notwithstanding these Reflections, and my Security from Pursuit, I had even now my Cares upon me, and was as much afraid of Thieves, as if I had not been one my self. The Country being full of Rogues, I had provided my self against them as well as I cou'd, by giving my Men each a Fusee well-loaden, and hiding my Jewels so that they cou'd never be found out, unless I was stripp'd stark naked. Yet all this did not preserve me from Fear, and hinder'd the Fullness of my Joy, which otherwise I shou'd have had, to find my self in so good and so fine a Country. 'Twas towards the end of *May*; and tho' I began to feel the Sun a little, yet 'twas not without tasting of the Sweets and Charms of the Spring. I did not follow the Course of that River so servilely, but I left it now and then, as well on account of its Turnings and Windings, as to see the fine Castles, Abbies, and Houses of Pleasure, or Country-Houses belonging to the Gentlemen of

Catalonia. I ſtopp'd at each of them, according to the Welcome I met with, and the Place deſerv'd ſeeing. Thus I liv'd the Life of a true Knight Errant: I was fifteen Days travelling 120 Miles; and all that while I never lay in a Town. At laſt I arriv'd at the Neighbourhood of *Saragoſſa*, ſtill keeping the Courſe of the *Ebro*. 'Twould be too tedious to tell you all the Adventures I met with on the Road, and I have other Things of more moment to inform you of. My laſt Day's Journey was a ſhort one, from *Oſſera* to *Saragoſſa*; where I thought I ſhould arrive early enough, without making much haſte: But I was forc'd to paſs two or three Rivers, and the *Alfajarin* eſpecially; which taking me up more time than I expected, I did not think fit to proceed further than an Abbey about a League from *Saragoſſa*: I ſaw it a good diſtance off it ſtanding on an Eminence, and took it for ſome famous Caſtle. Curioſity inclin'd me to go to ſee that, as I had done others; and ſo I bent my Way thither. 'Twas Half an hour after Nine a Clock, before I came to the Village that lay under it, which was a very poor one. The Houſes were already ſhut. I ask'd if there was never an Inn in the Town; but no-body would make me any Anſwer: At laſt I came to one, and by the Appearance of it, ſuppos'd I ſhould have a very indifferent Night's Lodging. We were a long time before we cou'd get 'em to open the Door; we bawl'd to them, rapp'd at the Windows, and in the end, down comes a Country Fellow, with a Candle in his Hand; who ſeeing me, fell a laughing, and ſaid, His Hovel was not a proper Place for ſuch Perſons as I to lodge in; but at the Monaſtery they wou'd both entertain me, and make me welcome. This News pleas'd me mightily: I promis'd him a Piece of Money, if he would conduct us thither, becauſe we did not know the

Way;

Way; and finding him a little dilatory, quicken'd him with ſomething beforehand. Being all weary, Men and Mules, 'twas a great Fatigue to us to get up the Hill on which the Abbey ſtood. In about Half an hour we made a ſhift to ride half a Mile; and coming to the Place, found the Abbey to be a Nunnery; which I lik'd better than if it had been a Monaſtery of Friars, not only becauſe it pleas'd my Humour better, but becauſe Ladies are generally more hoſpitable than Men.

We began to ring at the Great Gate, and rung and rung again before any body made Anſwer. At laſt we heard a Voice ask us thro' the Key-hole, what we wanted? This it ſeems was the Porter, who did not care to be at the trouble of opening the Gate. I let the Countryman ſpeak for us, becauſe he was well known to all the Servants of the Abbey: He told him we were Strangers, who came for Lodgings to his Houſe, but that he had adviſ'd us to come to the Monaſtery. My Muledriver, whom I had inſtructed what to ſay, not liking the Countryman's Speech, added, That there was a Perſon of Quality, who coming out of his Way wanted Lodgings, and would not have come to diſturb the Ladies, cou'd he have been accommodated in the Village for himſelf and Equipage. The Porter reply'd, He never open'd the Gates after Nine a Clock; however, he would go and tell my Lady Abbeſs, and obey her Orders. In the mean time, I 'lighted off my Mule to ſtretch my Legs a little, and view'd the Building by Starlight: I found 'twas Large and Magnificent, and above all had a Noble Proſpect; the *Ebro* running under, whoſe Murmurs made an agreeable Noiſe in the Silence of the Night. As I walk'd up and down, I heard ſeveral Ladies talking; which made me conclude, that as late as 'twas they were not all a-bed yet; and that the Gates would be open'd,

if they were ſo hoſpitable as my Countryman wou'd have had me believe. As I was returning towards the Porter's Lodge, my Man brought me the unwelcome News, that my Lady Abbeſs wou'd not hear of opening the Gates at that time of Night, unleſs ſhe knew the Perſons very intimately. I was very ſorry for it, and inclin'd rather to lye down on the hard Ground, than deſcend the Hill, and ſhut my ſelf up in the wretched Inn in the Village: I reſolv'd therefore to try once more, and ſpeak to the Porter my ſelf, to perſwade him to return to my Lady Abbeſs, and intercede for us; but all I could ſay or do, was to no purpoſe. So much Hardheartedneſs made me angry with the whole Siſterhood; I cou'd not tell what to do in the Caſe: At laſt I bad my Muledriver go home to the Countryman's Houſe with the three Mules, and I would follow after, if I ſaw there was no Hopes of getting Admittance. I then return'd to the Place where I heard ſome Company talking, and the nearer I drew to it, I thought one of them ſung. I got up to it as cloſe as I could, and came to a Balcony which look'd to the River; and, being the beſt Part of the Nunnery, ſuppos'd 'twas my Lady Abbeſs's Apartment. The Voice charm'd me, and that increas'd my Curioſity. The Perſon had done juſt as I came under the Balcony; and I cou'd hear the Applauſe that was given her by the whole Company: I waited till another Song was ſung; and it happen'd to be an Air which I could ſing my ſelf. It began with theſe Words:

Que yo muero Contento, &c.

In *Engliſh* thus:

Since, Cruel Silvia, *you will have me dye,*
I'll like the other hated Slaves comply:
But this in Death my greateſt Grief will be,
That you who are my Life muſt dye with me.

'Twas

'Twas not the ſame Perſon who ſung before; her Voice was better than the firſt's, but her Manner not ſo good. I heard it out; and was impatient till ſhe had done, that I might ſing my ſelf, not doubting but the Ladies would be wonderfully ſurpriz'd to hear it, which I ſuppos'd wou'd turn to my Advantage. I knew the ſame Song the laſt Lady ſung, and was Maſter of the Graces, which ſhe did not underſtand; but I would not ſing it, becauſe I would not vex her to find her ſelf outdone: I choſe rather to ſing one of thoſe *Italian* Airs which had pleas'd the Court of *Florence*, and would, I doubted not, pleaſe theſe Recluſes. The Lady having finiſh'd her Song, and the Company talk'd of it a little while, I on a ſudden ſung out aloud,

Ahi languenti Dolori.

The Senſe in our Language is as follows:

Who can bear the mortal Anguiſh
Which Deſpairing Lovers know?
Who can live and always languiſh
Under ſuch a Load of Woe?
Death is not ſo great a Pain,
As to love and wiſh in vain.

Great was their Surprize when they heard it, which I could perceive by the great Noiſe they made, and their crying out all at once; as alſo by their Eagerneſs to run into the Balcony, to which there was only a Glaſs-Door, and that being open'd, the Balcony was preſently full of Ladies. I ſtopp'd a moment or two, till they had all taken their Places, and were ſilent with Attention: Then I began my Air again; but they were ſo tranſported with Pleaſure and Aſtoniſhment, not knowing who it

could be, that they had much ado to forbear talking. I could hear they were profuſe of their Praiſes in my Favour, and were charm'd with the Fineneſs of the Air: However, when I had done, I remain'd ſilent, and did not ſo much as ſtir. They were impatient for me to ſing again; and to tempt me, made as little Noiſe as they cou'd, whiſpering what they had to ſay to one another. But perceiving I did not ſing for all that, the moſt forward of theſe Ladies ſaid, That one Song only from ſo fine a Voice, and for Ladies who lov'd Singing ſo well as they, was a very ſmall Matter. 'Tis too little for Ladies, reply'd I in *Italian*, but a great deal for a Pilgrim, who has unmercifully been refus'd Shelter. At this they burſt out a laughing, and ſuppos'd I was the ſame Stranger who had deſir'd to lodge in the Abbey. My Lady Abbeſs bad one of the Siſters to return for Anſwer, That 'twas the Orders and Cuſtom of the Houſe; however, they would break thro' them in favour of ſo fine a Voice; and that I ſhou'd find the Door open, if I went thither. She had before ſent her Steward to make me this Compliment, having underſtood by one of her Men who met my Servant, that I was a young *Italian* Lord, travelling out of Curioſity: The Steward at the ſame time coming with his Meſſage from his Miſtreſs, invited me very handſomely into the Monaſtery, and conducted me in with a great deal of Ceremony. When I came into the Room where my Lady Abbeſs and the Ladies receiv'd me, I addreſs'd my ſelf to all of them; and ask'd, if my Lady Abbeſs had taken a Vow of Hoſpitality only for fine Voices: And the whole Company laugh'd aloud at this Stroke of Raillery; by which they found I was of a gay facetious Humour, and that was exactly what they wanted.

They had but an imperfect Sight of me before, by

Star-light, but now we were in a large Room well Illuminated; and they imagin'd by my Appearance I was a Perſon of Quality, for I had laid by my Abbot's dreſs, and put on that of an *Italian* Gentleman. Next to my Lady Abbeſs ſtood a Secular Lady, and behind her the Recluſes. The Lady Abbeſs affected a grave Air, and the reſt put a Conſtraint upon themſelves alſo. But I enter'd the Room ſo gayly and ſaid ſo many pleaſant Things that I ſoon threw them off of their Guard. The Ladies who attended the Abbeſs were not Virgin Nuns, but Widows who liv'd in a Religious Community, and had no hard Vow to perform: However I knew what Converſation was proper for their Characters, and did not go out of it: As pleaſant and as gay as I was, I cou'd not forbear being a little angry with them for letting me walk ſo long without Doors. They excus'd it again, yet nothing appeas'd me ſo much as a good Veniſon Paſty, Two other Diſhes, Wines and Sweetmeats, which were brought and came in very good time, for my Stomach was very Craving. The Abbeſs deſir'd me to excuſe ſo ordinary an Entertainment. I reply'd in Terms ſuitable to the Subject; and let her ſee by my eating that I heartily lik'd her Treat. While I was at Supper, I chatted with the Ladies, ſometimes rallying the Abbeſs Gallantly, ſometimes the other Ladies, and eſpecially the Secular Lady, who ſeem'd to me to be Handſomer than the reſt; ſhe was alſo more Sprightly, and richly Dreſs'd. I was inform'd ſhe was making her Novitiat, with an intention to enter her ſelf in that Monaſtery, upon which I ſaid an hundred pleaſant Things, all obliging with reſpect to her, and I found ſhe was not diſpleas'd with 'em: I talk'd *Italian*, and being dreſt like an *Italian*, they all believ'd me to be a Native of that Countrey. Moſt of the Ladies cou'd talk the Language, and were glad to ſhew

their Breeding to me. But what they long'd for most was to hear me Sing again; and I was in a better condition to do it after Supper than before. They were all very well pleas'd, and if they might have had their Wills, wou'd have been content to have staid up all Night with me in that Room; for none of 'em, and the Secular Lady least of all, desir'd to go to Bed. But my Lady Abbess, whose Duty 'twas to set a good Example, when the Clock struck Two, thought 'twas more than time for us to seperate, and blam'd the Ladies for abusing my Patience; saying, They shou'd reserve something for the Morrow, and hop'd I shou'd not go so early as not to give them an Opportunity to see me again. All this was very Civil, and to Crown it her Steward waited for me at the Door to conduct me to the Apartment provided for me. I bad my Lady Abbess and the other Ladies good Night, and follow'd Master Steward to my Chamber, where I found every thing in good order, and my Men waiting for me; the Abbess having given Orders to bring them back to the Monastery with my Baggage. I then saw I was not so unhappy as I thought I shou'd have been, and that the Night wou'd end better than I at first believ'd it wou'd. I was very well satisfy'd with my Hostesses, and they with me. I was lodg'd like a Prince, and slept as long as Two the next Day. I drest my self out in all my Finery, and added some Jewels to it, with which you know I was well furnish'd, and how I came by them. I had order'd my Mule-driver to enquire who that Secular Lady was; and as soon as I was up in the Morning he came and told me what he had learnt of her Lackeys whom he had converss'd with for that purpose. They told him, she was a Widow, and of one of the best Families of *Saragossa*; that she had several Suitors, and among others a Nephew of my Lady Abbess, whom the

latter

latter wou'd very fain have her Marry, though ſhe had not been there many Hours before my Arrival, and was to return that very day towards Evening: The Name of the Widow put me in mind of my Amours at *Florence*, and drew ſome Sighs from me, which it had often done. But whether or no it was my Fate to fall in Love with Widows, or really that I found them Handſomer than Virgins, I felt a Concern for this Lady, which by the Impreſſion it had made in ſo ſhort a time, I perceiv'd wou'd terminate in Love. When 'twas the Hour to go to Chappel I went thither, where the Ladies, who were in the Choir, ran to the Grate to Ogle me, which they did from Head to Foot: To give them all the Opportunity they cou'd deſire, I walk'd up and down, and from one ſide to t'other. Maſs done, word was brought me, that my Lady Abbeſs was in the great Parlor; I went to wait upon her, and I found only the lovely Widow, and Two or three Recluſes with her. The Converſation at firſt began with the uſual Civilities, but it ſoon turn'd to Rallying and bantering Jeſts and Repartees, eſpecially as the Company increas'd by more Recluſes coming in, who were moſt of 'em of a free pleaſant Humour. I lik'd all their ways wonderfully, and they mine as well. I particularly addreſs'd my ſelf to the young Widow, and ſhe let me ſee I did not diſpleaſe her by laughing and bantering with her and that I diſtinguiſh'd her from the other Ladies. Great was the effect of my Jewels, which I had ſet out in order: All the Ladies had their Eyes upon them, and at laſt they cou'd not forbear asking me to let 'em ſee them, eſpecially thoſe on my Hat, which they ſaw through the Grate, but cou'd not tell then whether they were true or falſe; finding they were true, they concluded I muſt be ſome great Lord, and I was reſpected accordingly. While they were examining them, there arriv'd a young Gentleman who chang'd the Scene on a

ſudden,

ſudden, by the Joy my Lady Abbeſs ſhow'd at his coming; 'Twas her dear Nephew whom ſhe had a mind to have marry'd to my dear Widow, and to whom ſhe had given Notice of the Widow's being there, that he might come and wait upon her. This Spark was juſt come from the College, was about 22 years of Age, as fair as a Girl, and of a tolerable Air; his Looks ſhew'd him to be a Man of Quality, and his Neatneſs that he was a Beau: Yet I obſerv'd the Widow did not take much Notice of him, and that ſhe anſwer'd all his Compliments very coldly. We look'd upon one another at firſt like Two young Cocks; nevertheleſs we became extraordinary good Friends at laſt; for having a mind to be acquainted with him I ſtop'd a little in my Advances, and that ſoon brought my Spark to a ſociable Temper. Dinner-time being come and the Abbeſs, deſirous that her Nephew ſhould dine with the Widow, cou'd not avoid inviting me too, being one of the Company, though ſhe ſeldom admitted any one but her Relations to her Table. The Entertainment did not at all ſhew any thing like Poverty, but became a rich Abbeſs as ſhe was, and was as handſomely ſerv'd up as if it been in a great Lord's Houſe; we were all Gay and Merry, I did what I cou'd to make 'em ſo, and Don *Antonio de Miras*, ſo the young Lord was call'd, ſeconded me to the beſt of his Power. We ſpent the Afternoon very agreeably. We Talk'd, Laugh'd, and Sung: I was for any thing; and the Recluſes confeſs'd that though they ſaw abundance of People every day, they were never better diverted in their Lives. The Evening approaching, we muſt part, and the beautiful Widow on whom I intended to wait to *Saragoſſa*, took leave of the Siſters. I had more than one Reaſon to believe my Company wou'd not be diſagreeable to me, and I hought ſhe wou'd have me believe ſo, by whiſpering to me ſoftly, and that no body might

might hear, Whether I ſhou'd make any Stay at *Saragoſſa?* I reply'd, I did not intend it at firſt, but ſince I had ſeen her, it did no longer depend on me whether I ſhou'd go or ſtay; for I already found I ſhou'd be detain'd there, by Reaſons which I cou'd not reſiſt. I ſpoke this with ſo ſoft and languiſhing an Air, that it had a greater effect on her Belief than my Words. She bluſh'd a little, and was ſome time at a loſs what to ſay; at laſt, looking not very cruelly upon me, ſhe reply'd, Sir, I ſhall always —— but before ſhe cou'd finiſh what ſhe deſign'd to ſay, the Lady Abbeſs interrupted us, and the Converſation became general: However I was glad that I had broken the Ice ſo well by my ſhort Declaration, and perceiv'd by her Eyes 'twas not diſagreeable to her. A little after this ſhe took her leave of my Lady Abbeſs and the other Ladies to go into her Litter. My Men were ready with my Equipage to attend my Motions, and I to wait on the Lady's; I mounted my Mule, and conſidering 'twas a Mule it was a paſſable Beaſt. But Don *Antonio*'s Horſe put her quite out of Countenance. He made his Horſe Curvet and Prance, to add the more Confuſion to my Mule; I was vext to the heart, I cou'd not do ſo well as he, mine was ſuch a Pacifick Beaſt there was no making him ſtir out of his Pace, though I did what I cou'd to manage him and put him upon the Curvet as well as the Don's. The Ladies laught at my Endeavours, which were all ineffectual: So taking my laſt Leave of them, I ſpur'd my Mule to come up with the lovely Widow who was gone forward. The Don Prancing on one ſide, and I Trotting on the other. As ſoon as I overtook her, I began to Diſcourſe with her on the Road, and the Converſation held till we arriv'd at *Saragoſſa*, though Don *Antonio* never went beyond a Monoſyllable; Yes and No, were all we cou'd get from him, with a formal Cringe, a negligent Bow, a light Toſs of the Head, and a Regale

of

of Snuff; a finiſh'd Beau's Converſation. The Lady had a Gentleman Uſher, Two Lackeys and a Mule-driver: This was all her Train, and a Noble one too, conſidering how far ſhe went, and the Cuſtom of the Countrey; though I learnt afterwards that the Widows about *Saragoſſa* take more Liberty than in other Parts of *Spain*. We had not gone above half a League before we met a Champion, with a fierce Look, mounted on a *Bucephalus*, which he gallop'd along the Road, and rais'd a Cloud of Duſt about him, advancing towards us like a Conqueror. He caſt his Eyes upon me as well out of ſurprize at the Novelty of my Cloaths, as to ſee me talking with the Lady. He was one of this Widow's Suitors or Gallants, and the moſt Furious of 'em all, which Don *Antonio* ſoon found to his Coſt. For when he was within Two hundred Paces of us, he rode full drive between Don *Antonio* and the Litter; ſo that he had like to have overturn'd the one, and diſmounted the other. The Lady was both diſpleas'd and frighted at it, and ſhe no ſooner came to her ſelf but ſhe ſaid to him in a Rage, That he might have paſs'd by them without putting 'em to ſo much Peril; that the Way was broad enough, and he needed not have inſulted People as he did. My Bully excus'd himſelf in ſuch Terms as rather added to hisCrime than diminiſh'd it. I pity'd poor Don *Antonio*, who ſeem'd to put himſelf in a Poſture to revenge the Affront; but whether or no he was afraid of miſſing his Blow, or of being too weak for his Adverſary, or was willing to ſhew his Reſpect to his Miſtreſs, who wou'd have put up a worſe Affront than that, he contented himſelf with the clapping his hand upon his Piſtol, and went no further. As for me I was ſo provok'd at this Bully's Rudeneſs, that I was going to concern my ſelf in the Quarrel, till I ſaw that the Party who was moſt intereſted in it, did not ſeem ſo

ſo forward as I expected in doing himſelf Juſtice; wherefore I believ'd 'twoud not be very wiſe in me to draw ſuch a ſort of Bragadocio upon me for nothing: However, out of Spite to this Huffing Blade, I invited Don *Antonio* to come on my ſide, and gave him my place. What madded the Bully more than all this, was, that Donna *Lucia*, which was the young Widow's Name, did not ſo much as look once upon him all the way, paſſing the time in talking to us. Thus, in a Train as we were, we arriv'd at *Saragoſſa*, we were forc'd to paſs through the middle of the *Corſo*, the place where People of Quality made a Ring every Night; it happen'd to be then full of Company. I was not ſo remarkably ſet out as my Two Lovers, both extraordinary well Mounted, and my Mule look'd the worſe for the Neighbourhood of their Two Gennets; yet being a Stranger which every one might ſee, and that I came a long Journey, I made as remarkable a Figure as they, as well by my Mien which I endeavour'd to Grace to the utmoſt of my Power, as by my Dreſs, eſpecially my Diamonds: Such as I was I reſolv'd to ſee my Widdow Donna *Lucia* home before I left her. I was gaz'd at by all the Aſſembly at the *Corſo*; Donna *Lucia* obſerving it, laugh'd heartily, imagining 'twoud raiſe a great deal of Curioſity, to know how we came Acquainted. Our Cavalcade was not very long, becauſe ſhe liv'd near the *Corſo*. When I took my Leave of her, ſhe ſhew'd that the Reſpect I had paid her had touch'd her ſenſibly; ſaying, ſhe hop'd my Stay at *Saragoſſa* wou'd be longer than I thought for. As for the other Two Gentlemen ſhe only made Two ſmall Courteſies, though there was no end of their Scrapings and Bowings. I ſaid not a word to my Bully Rock, having no manner of Knowledge of him; of Don *Antonio* I had not much: However, my Acquaintance, as late as it was, was of a longer date, and

my Inclination for him more; ſo turning to him to take a Formal Leave, he would by all means accompany me to my Inn, which was the *Angel* near the *Corſo*; where arriving, we parted the beſt Friends in the World. I had ſent my Men before to take up an Apartment in the Inn for me and accordingly found all things in order prepared for my Reception. My Hoſt, a Conceited Old Fellow, when Supper was brought in, came and told me all the Stories of the Town, talk'd mightily of their Antiquity, and above all, of their Privileges, which the Citizens of *Saragoſſa* maintain with a great deal of Haughtineſs. I had Patience to hear him out, becauſe among abundance of Impertinent Things, he told me ſome good ones, as 'tis common for thoſe ſort of People to do. I had a deſire to buy a good Horſe, to ſhew *Donna Lucia* my Addreſs on Horſeback, as well as my Rivals, and to that end enquir'd of him where I might get a good one. I alſo order'd him to ſend me, the next Day, one of the beſt Taylors in the Town to make me ſome Cloaths after that Country Faſhion: He promis'd that I ſhould be well ſerv'd, both as to the one and the other; but as to the Horſe, *Don Antonio*, who very civilly came to viſit me the next Day, with two or three of his Friends, ſav'd him that Trouble, by recommending me to a Perſon who had one of the beſt Horſes in the Country to ſell, and I bought it of him. The Taylor came, and I gave him Inſtructions how my Cloaths ſhould be made, having a Talent for ſuch Things, and being unwilling to ſpare any Money to make my ſelf as fine as poſſible. What with Coſt, and what with Fancy, all the Gentlemen and Ladies that ſaw it ſaid 'twas the moſt Gallant Suit in *Saragoſſa*. Three Days after my Arrival, all things were ready for my Appearance at the *Corſo*, where I appear'd and waited on *Donna Lucia* all the while I ſtaid there, which was as long as ſhe did. The whole Aſſembly perceiv'd

ceiv'd I was her declared Lover, and happier than the reſt, being diſtinguiſh'd from all my Rivals, where-ever ſhe ſaw me and them together: None of them was ſo impatient of my Good Fortune as the Terrible *Don Lucio*, who look'd upon me ſo fiercely as if he would have eat me up; all the reſt were my very good Friends, and eſpecially *Don Antonio*, who was hardly ever from me, and had brought me acquainted with the beſt People in Town: In a word, no Man cou'd come to any Place with more advantage than I did to *Saragoſſa*. But 'twas my Fate always to begin well, and end ill, for I was no more happy at *Saragoſſa* in the end than I was at *Florence*, however I made the moſt of my Time and my Amours with *Donna Lucia*, went forward amain, inſomuch that I had hopes of being ſuddenly a happy Man; I labour'd Night and Day to accompliſh ſo Charming a Work, and flatter'd my ſelf as I us'd to do, that nothing cou'd intervene and hinder my Marriage. I was pleaſing my ſelf one Morning with theſe Reflections, as I lay in my Bed, and contriving how I ſhould come to Conſummation, when one of my Men came to tell me, a Gentleman below would ſpeak with me: I ſuppos'd 'twas one of the Young Gentlemen I had made Acquaintance with; and living in a familiar way with them, I order'd he ſhould be brought into my Chamber: He came, and I ſaw a Man whom I had never ſeen before; his Muſtachio's were turn'd up, his Hat reach'd almoſt to the Clouds, and a Sword much longer in proportion than his Hat; my Room ſhook every Step he took, I waited to hear what this *Orlando Furioſo* had to ſay to me, but he did not open his Mouth, contenting himſelf to walk up and down the Chamber, huffing and ſtrutting, ſwelling and looking as if he would have look'd one through: I thought it prudent to prevent being ſurpriz'd, ſo I leap'd up and took hold

of my Piſtols; then I demanded what Buſineſs he had there. My Gentleman came to a little, when he ſaw me ſo well provided, and deſcending from his Elevations, ask'd me if I knew the Brave Don *Lucio de Ribera*, the Honour and Boaſt of *Arragon*: I reply'd, I had ſeen him, and that is all I knew of him: I came from him, ſays he, and this Billet will let you ſee what I came about. I took the Billet very calmly, and began to be under no manner of apprehenſion, for I perceiv'd the Man that gave it to me was more afraid than I. Opening the Note, I read theſe Words.

SIR,

Whether you are an Italian *or* Spaniard, *'tis all one to me; your Preſumption is unpardonable, in pretending to diſpute our Ladies Hearts with us the Gentlemen of the Countrey: But you are a Stranger, and as ſuch, out of Civility, we ſend you this Wholſome Advice; Be gone within four and twenty Hours, and if you dare ſtay after it, look to it, 'tis expected that you prepare to ſhew by Arms how worthy you are of ſuch a Lady's Favour as* Donna Lucia; *for you ſhall never obtain it without being the Conqueror of*

Don Lucio de Ribera.

The Formidable Entry of the Meſſenger who brought me the Billet, made me gueſs the Contents of it, which when I had read through, I reſolv'd to anſwer in the ſame Stile: I told the Man firſt by Word of Mouth, but he deſir'd I would give it him in Writing, that he might the better prove the Diſcharge of his Duty, as became a Man of Honour. To ſatisfy him I wrote as follows:

Whether I am an Italian *or* Spaniard, *'tis nothing to you; in Affairs of Love I ask no Advice nor Counſel of any Body; and in Matters of Duel, I have been*

been a Match before now for as Brave a Man as Don Lucio de Ribera.. *I have two Daggers at his Service, but I fight always in my Shirt: Armour or Waſtcoats of Mail I abhor, and ſo do all Men of True Courage. Let Don* Lucio *agree to theſe Articles, I am ready for the Combat. Life is a Trifle, when a Lady is in the Caſe. If I had a thouſand Lives I would ſacrifice 'em all for* Donna Lucia.

Don Juan N.

Having given the Challenge-bearer this Anſwer, he read it again and again; he could not digeſt what I ſaid about the two Daggers, he thought thoſe Weapons to be too ſanguinary, and above all, he diſlik'd the Way of fighting in one's Shirt, being to be the Don's Second, which he would not have engag'd to be, unleſs he had expected, that Liberty wou'd have been allow'd him to caſe himſelf with Armour from Head to Foot, that he might fight without any Danger: He look'd upon me as a Man who was of another World, and endeavour'd to perſuade me that Chriſtians ought not to fight ſo; 'twas a downright *Turkiſh* Faſhion; I anſwer'd with a Fierce Look, *Turkiſh* or Chriſtian, what care I? I never fight otherwiſe, and when e'er we come to a Combat, to be ſure one or t'other of us ſhall die on the ſpot. My Bully was forc'd to carry this Anſwer to his Principal Don *Lucio*, from whom he promis'd to bring me a Reply in the Afternoon. I valu'd my ſelf extremely on what I had done, and that I had come off with Honour in ſuch a Scene of Tryal: Not that I had more a mind to fight naked, and with Daggers, than in Armour, or any how. I ſhould have lik'd the Way of Duelling brought up by a Vain, Pert, Noiſy Conceited Player, who affects to draw on People at an Advantage, to pull out his *Spada* when he has his Starving Backs about him, to fight on his own Dunghill, and to be as calm as

Quaker when he's out of his Bounds: Such a Scoundrel was I at the bottom, though my Life and Conversation, as you see, is not so rascally, and I have more Honour than your Dealers in Blood, which no Man wou'd do that does not despair of living otherwise, and dying on the Gallows with Infamy; whereas now he thinks he shall hang like a Gentleman: But for want of Courage I believe 'twou'd be best to make it up with Rhodomontados, as most part of our Modern Duellists do: For what can you really think of that Man's Valour who draws his Sword if a Man but laughs in his Company, and yet shall leap ten or twenty Yards if he hears a Tile rattle from a House? Of such we may truly say, they are Brave when they are mad, and Cowards when they are sober. And pray what are the Famous Duellists of the Age? What are these Nice Men of Honour? name me one of 'em that is not guilty of all the Vices in Nature or Religion; that does not live in open defiance of God and Man, or that has one Good Quality to make his Life worth keeping: As for me, I knew, let the worst come to the worst, I could avoid coming to the Push, and by bullying I might make him fear me, and come off with Honour. I know a Famous Wit and Hero who is always challenging People that will not fight, and cuffing such as all the Town has kick'd, but is as cautious of dealing with a Fellow who is truly rough, as a Wise Man is to have to do with him. If I did not effect this by my Hectoring, I imagin'd I should gain time, a Day or two would be taken up in regulating the Affair of the Duel, and in chusing a Second, which being a Stranger, I should find hard to be got; happen what wou'd, I cou'd at last make my Retreat, my Horse was ready, and the Way open: However, this Business gave me a great many Melancholy Reflections; I found I could not easily leave *Donna Lucia*, yet my

Love

Love was not ſo hot as to venture being run through the Lungs in her Service. My Deſtiny was ſuch that the Widows were miſchievous to me where-ever I came, and I only had the good Luck to inſinuate my ſelf into their Affections, to have the Misfortune afterwards of parting from them. I was meditating profoundly on this Event, when my Hoſt enter'd my Chamber without my perceiving him or hearing him, ſo full was my Head of the late Accident; he came to tell me my Dinner was ready: The Man ſeeing me, after I had blown my Noſe, look in my Pocket-handkerchief, as it is mine and others fooliſh Cuſtom to do, he cry'd out, running to me, *What do you do, Sir? You are undone, you are undone*: I did not call to mind that he was arch, and lov'd to be merry and play the Buffoon; my Thoughts were buſy'd about *Don Lucio*'s Challenge, and I imagin'd he was coming to aſſaſſinate me; I was ſo terrify'd and ſurpriz'd, that I roſe and run about my Chamber, not knowing what I did; but ſeeing my Landlord laugh at me, I recover'd my ſelf a little, and ask'd ſomwhat ſurlily why he ſurpriz'd me ſo: He reply'd, ſtill rallying, that I had broken the Laws and Statutes enacted againſt ſuch ſort of ſilly Cuſtoms as looking in one's Handkerchief after blowing one's Noſe, and that I muſt pay a Forfeit: I laugh'd as loud as he when I heard that, and demanded what the Forfeit was: He anſwer'd, 'Twas not ſettled, but I might get off for a *Real*. I had rather have given twenty not to have been put in ſuch a Fright; I paid him, and he immediately put my Name down in the Roll of the Brethren, having a ſufficient Warrant from the Elders and Governors of *Fools College*, empowering him to take and receive all Fines and Forfeits, and give a Diſcharge for the ſame; he ſaid he wou'd get one drawn up for me, which ſhou'd not only be in full for this Folly, but all others I committed as

long as I liv'd. He told me twenty Stories on this Head in a Comical way, and I asking him whether there were no other Follies condemn'd by the Statutes and Ordinances of the College, there being ſeveral others of more conſequence in the World, he reply'd, he ſaw plainly I was ignorant of the Conſtitution of that Numerous Brotherhood; and having receiv'd my *Real*, in token of my being matriculated in the College, he as the Solicitor of the Society would let me into their Myſteries, as was reaſonable, ſince I had paid my Fine. Upon this he ran to an Old Cupboard, and pull'd out a Book, in which were written all the Names of the Elders and Chief Brethren: He alſo produc'd a long Roll ſeal'd with Yellow Wax, the Seal repreſenting a Schoolmaſter teaching Boys, with this Motto round it; *The School of Fools.* In this Parchment the Statutes of the College were written in great Letters, and he wou'd have read 'em, had not his Servants call'd to Dinner, after which I ſaid I ſhou'd have more leiſure to hear 'em: I imagin'd there was ſomething extraordinary in them, and as ſoon as I had din'd, I was eager to hear this Notable Paper read to me; but the Things contain'd in it did not anſwer my Curioſity, they were a Parcel of Nonſenſical Articles, not worth hearing; were I to have wrote down all the Follies that are committed from the greateſt Prince to the meaneſt Peaſant, inſtead of that Roll I could have fill'd a Folio as big as the *Martyrology*, with otherguesſ ſort of Follies than thoſe he read to me; I ought to have paid another *Real* for hearing them; however I thought 'twou'd ſave me from future Forfeits: The Preamble ran thus.

The

The Statutes of Fools College.

We Reaſon, Abſolute Lady and Sovereign of all Things, having no Maſter nor Superior above us upon Earth, as to what regards the Eſtabliſhment of Good Morals and Manners, taking notice of the Daily Abuſes of our Laws, and the Inveterate Weakneſs of Mankind, which prevails over them more and more, to our great damage, and the damage of all our Obedient Subjects. To avoid therefore greater Miſchiefs, and hinder the ſpreading of this Contagious Evil, We do declare, ordain, and appoint, and our Royal Will and Pleaſure is, That the following Laws be ſignify'd and made known to all Perſons of what Rank and Degree ſoever, as well Men of Senſe as all others whom it may concern, and eſpecially the Aſſociated Society of *Fools*, Sayers of Fooliſh Things, or Doers of Fooliſh Actions, to the end that none may plead Ignorance; which Laws being thus eſtabliſh'd, they ſhall be kept and maintain'd according to the Tenor of the ſame, under the Penalties and Forfeitures hereafter mention'd.

The firſt Thing to be obſerv'd for the Execution and Expedition of Good Juſtice, is, That Officers of known Integrity and Capacity, fit for ſo great and important a Function be choſen; whom we thus appoint and authorize as our Lawful Commiſſioners and Deputies, with all Truth and Application, in our Name, and with as much Power as if we our ſelf was preſent, to adminiſter Juſtice every where, in all Caſes, and to all Perſons, as occaſion ſhall require: And we conſtitute Jealous Husbands, and all Envious People to be Governors of our Royal College of Fools, to have Pre-

 cedence

cedence according to their Error and their Degree in Folly: We appoint Diligence to be our Proctor, and Fame our Publick Cryer, to give notice to all the World, that 'tis time to reform the various Errors into which Men fall.

The first Article of the Statutes being more remarkable than the rest, I shall insert it.

Imprimis,

We will and require all Persons whatsoever who talk by themselves in a Room, or walking in the Streets as if they were in Company, shall be condemn'd to be look'd upon as Fools, during the space of Three Months, till they have corrected and amended that Fault. In case of Failure, the Evil having taken too deep Root, we further will and require, That they stand and remain under the same Censure Three Months longer, to accomplish our Orders and Injunctions, of which they must produce a Lawful Certificate, under Pain of being condemn'd for Finish'd Fools: Of which the Elders of this Brotherhood are to take cognizance.

This Specimen is, I suppose, enough to satisfy the Curiosity of all Readers: As for me, having more Time upon my hands than others have, my Patience held out one or two Articles more.

Item,

We will and require that all Persons who blow their Noses, and then look in their Handkerchiefs as if they sought for Pearls, pay a Forfeit to the Hospital of the Incorrigibles, that such as come after them may be edify'd by their Charity, and follow their Example.

This Article, I confeſs, made me laugh: I made my Hoſt read one more, and then bad him put up his Roll, thanking him for teaching me to leave off ſuch a fooliſh Cuſtom. In the mean time, I paſs'd Part of the Afternoon, without hearing from Don *Lucio*; which I expected; not that I was in any great haſte to come to a Battel: 'Twas not, as you may ſee, my Deſign: But I wanted to know what he would ſay to the Anſwer I had ſent him, that I might manage my ſelf accordingly. I thought I had done like a Man of Honour, to ſtay ſo long waiting for him; and being tir'd with ſtaying at home, had a mind to walk abroad. As I was going out, Don *Antonio* and a Company of his Friends arriv'd, to offer me their Service; Don *Lucio*'s Challenge, and my Anſwer, being already known to the whole Town. I was very much ſurpriz'd to hear it, and wou'd have made a Myſtery of it; but thoſe Gentlemen told me, 'twas in vain to diſſemble, for every body knew it; and that Don *John*, and his Second, were already under Arreſt to prevent it. By which, I perceiv'd my Good Friends did not come to offer me their Service, till they believ'd there wou'd be no Occaſion of it. I then confeſs'd the whole Truth to them, making my Story as advantagious as I could to my own Reputation; telling the Dialogue that paſs'd between me and the Challenge-bearer. They adviſ'd me, to ſave the Trouble of an Arreſt, to leave my Lodgings a little while; otherwiſe, they ſaid, 'twas impoſſible for me to avoid having Guards ſet upon me, as well as Don *Lucio*. Their Advice was good, as it prov'd in the Conſequence; for I was hardly a Street off my Inn, before Guards came to arreſt me alſo; and it did not at all ſuit my Circumſtances, to be a Priſoner on any ſcore. I went to Don *Antonio*'s, who very obligingly offer'd me his Houſe; and there we ſpent

the rest of the Evening together agreeably enough, till Ten a Clock, when I return'd to my Lodgings: Don *Antonio* wou'd have had me lye at his House; but I could not sleep any where out of my own Inn, because my Trunks were there: I excus'd my self, saying, I was not disturb'd at the Magistrates Proceedings; being conscious to my self of no Crime committed by me: However, if I found I was in any danger of being further prosecuted by them, I would go out of Town for 2 or 3 Months. I said this to prepare him for my Departure, in case I resolv'd to be gone. Thus Don *Antonio* and I parted. I return'd towards my Inn, and by the way met two pretty Girls lighted along by a Footman, and follow'd by two Maid-servants: 'Twas apparent enough they were about some Matters of Love-Devotion. I went by them, and said nothing; but they seeing I was very fine, took me for a Cully, and spoke to me first in the way of Gallantry. I stopp'd, and talk'd to them: They were both Good-humour'd, Witty, and Willing. I banter'd with 'em, and they took it kindly: I accompany'd them above a Quarter of an Hour, and then they desir'd me to go no further; and if I had a mind to divert my self, I need only go and wait for them where I met with 'em; for they did not live far off, and wou'd come to me in Half an Hour. I was easy of Belief, and gave Credit to what they said; so, like a Fool, I return'd to the Place where I met them, and stay'd in expectation of their coming: Tho' I ought to have left off minding Girls many a Moon before, having had Experience enough of the Danger of such Intrigues. Two Hours I waited for my Young Ladies, and at last I began to suspect they had bubbled me. I was weary of waiting, and reflected on my Folly as I return'd homewards, yet had not so much Resolution as to amend upon it. I was

obliged to go by *Donna Lucia's* Door, in my way home; tho' if it had been a little out of my way, like a true Lover, I ſhou'd have made it in it: I did not fear meeting Don *Lucio*, who walk'd his Rounds there ev'ry Night, hearing he was in ſafe Cuſtody. When I came near the Door, I ſaw the Shadow of ſomething that ſtirr'd: I preſently had ſome dreadful Apprehenſions in my Mind, and heſitated whether I ſhould proceed, or retreat: But the Shadow, it ſeems, was as much afraid as I, and retir'd haſtily to make way for me. I then took Courage, coming up quite to the Door, to ſee what was doing there: I heard a Bolt make a Noiſe, as if ſomebody was opening it. I reſolv'd to ſee the End of this Matter, and I conceiv'd ſuch Jealouſy of it, that I found I cou'd not be eaſy without knowing the bottom of it. The Door was open'd juſt wide enough to admit one Man; I ſlipp'd in; and preſently a Perſon took hold of me by the Hand to lead me along, for there was no Light. I perceiv'd there was a Miſtake; but Rage and Jealouſy hinder'd me from improving the Part I acted, as I might have done to my Pleaſure and Satisfaction. I follow'd ſoftly, and as ſoon as I came into an Appartment, I was honour'd with a Savory Hogo of Pepper, Saffron, Onions and Nutmeg; by which I found I had to do with an Appurtenance of the Kitchen. She could not ſee my Cloaths nor my Face in the leaſt, till we came there, and then by a ſmall Glimmering perceiving ſhe was miſtaken, ſhe wou'd have fled: I have been caught already, ſaid I to my ſelf, at Count *Gabriel's*; I'll ſee if I can catch now: So I threw my ſelf upon her at a Venture, and by good Luck took hold of her Petticoat; but in the Struggle the Strings broke, and I fell down upon my Back. She, on her ſide, was ſo entangled by her Petticoat's falling about her Heels, that ſhe could not

get

get along, and tripping, fell upon her Nose. Then 'twas who shou'd get up first, we were both down, and 'twas fair Play on one side and t'other. I caught her fast by the Smock, and drew it along, so that she was almost naked. All this happen'd, and not a Word was spoken, but we puff'd and blow'd like a Couple of Bulls. This Bustle 'wak'd two Lackeys who lay near the Kitchen, which prov'd as I guess'd to be the Scene of our Scuffle: They suppos'd Theives had got in, and came softly with drawn Swords in their Hands, and a long Candle, to the Kitchen-Door, which they open'd at once, and found us in the Posture you may imagine. They knew me presently, and were surpriz'd to find me engag'd with such a nasty Beast as their Cookmaid, whom they wou'd not have touch'd themselves; and it pleas'd them to find her in the Posture I had put her: This made 'em burst out into a Fit of Laughter; which overwhelm'd me with Confusion. She complain'd at first that I would have ravish'd her, and had hid my self in the House on purpose. I did not trouble my self much to justify my self: I only took up my Hat which she had thrown off in the Scuffle, and making my way between the two Lacqueys, I bad one of 'em light me out, which he did without any difficulty, and I went home. Never was poor Wretch so confounded as I was, to be surpriz'd in such a pitiful Adventure, which I doubted not wou'd be known to the whole Town the next day, and I should be the publick Jest. 'Twas enough to make me leave *Saragossa*. My Host was not gone to Bed: I ask'd him for my Bill; but when I came to put my Hand in my Pocket to pull out my Money, I found 'twas pick'd, and a Purse with 100 Ducats in it fairly stoll'n out of it. I turn'd it in and out, endeavouring to find it, but all to no purpose: So I suppos'd the two Young Ladies I met

met in the Street, had done me the Favour to eaſe me of that Burthen. They ſtuck ſo cloſe to me, I might have truſted their Tenderneſs was not diſintereſted; but my Head was good for nothing but Roguery. This was an Addition to my Misfortune; however, Patience was my Remedy for all. I fetch'd more Money, paid my Landlord, pack'd up my Things, and by Day-break got a Horſeback, with my Equipage and all ready for the March. By that time I was three Leagues out of *Saragoſſa*, my Troubles vaniſh'd all, except that for the Loſs of the 100 Ducats, which ſtuck cloſeſt to me of any I had lately met with; the more, becauſe I thought 'twas unworthy a Man of my Profeſſion to be trick'd by two Young Wenches: Yet I was forc'd to comfort my ſelf as well as I could, for I had no body elſe to comfort me. I took the Road to *Madrid*; and by great Journeys arriv'd at *Alcala de Henares*, the fifth Day after I left *Saragoſſa*.

CHAP. XXIV.

Guzman *goes to* Madrid, *where he engages in an Intrigue which prov'd a troubleſome Buſineſs. He gets off for Money; Marries a Banker's Daughter; turns Merchant, and breaks.*

WHen I came to *Alcala deHenares*, I diverted my ſelf with viewing the City; which I found to be very beautiful, as well on account of its Situation, as of its Buildings and the Country about it. I at firſt inclin d to ſtop there; and my natural Inclination for the *Belles Lettres* wou'd have made the Place much more charming, for 'tis one of the

moſt

most Celebrated Academies in *Spain*. This had been to have acted like a Wise Man. But I was over-perswaded by Vanity, or rather Folly, to make a Figure in the City where the Court resided, and where formerly I had acted so miserable a Part. I stay'd Eight days at *Alcala*, and then went forward towards *Madrid*; which I left Ten Years before with as much Fear and Trouble, as I return'd to it now with Haste and Joy. I took Lodgings in *Toledo-street*, where there was a famous Tavern in my time; but the Man of the House being dead, his Widow, tho' she was a sharp cunning Woman, could not keep up the Reputation of the Tavern: I found in a few days that I could not long live after the Rate I did, unless I had something coming in; and yet I was so pleas'd with the Respect that was paid me by every body; being taken for a Young Lord for the sake of my Money, which they saw I had Plenty of; that I could not think of any Methods of Good Husbandry. There were abundance of Old Things which shou'd have made me cautious how I ventur'd to stay long where I was; particularly my Apothecary, and the three Bags of Money, which I was most afraid of, till I heard he was gone to t'other World; tho' I was so chang'd, and had so much the Figure of a Man of Quality, that a Man must have been a Conjurer to have known me again by seeing me. I took a pleasure in showing my Finery, for I had two or three very good Suits of Clothes, especially the last which I made at *Saragossa*. I went to the most frequented Churches every Morning, and at Night to the Places of Rendezvouz, as the Walks at the *Campo Prado*, *Buen Retiro* and others: I also appear'd on all Occasions on Horseback, bowing to the Right and Left to every one I met, that they might bow to me. But I acquir'd a mean Taste of Pleasure; by

by uſing the Tavern I have mention'd, which made me not reliſh the Diverſions of the Great, ſo much as otherwiſe I might have done; but to delight in Wine and Women, my old Fault, and which always was and ever will be my Ruin; eſpecially Women; for as to Wine, I ſeldom debauch'd that way, unleſs 'twas to forward an Intrigue. One day when I leaſt thought of one, I was engag'd before I was aware of it; for coming late Home from a Walk, I call'd at the Tavern, and from the next Houſe heard the Voice of a Young Lady who ſung admirably, and another Perſon play'd upon a Harp the ſame Tune. I liſten'd to this little Conſort; the Room ſhe ſung in being next to mine, and I had an extream Curioſity to know who the Perſon was that had ſo charm'd me. My Landlady was juſt going to ſend ſome Sweetmeats and Biſcuits to that Houſe; which I underſtanding, enquir'd about the Young Lady; who, ſhe ſaid, was the Daughter of a Lady of *Guadalajara*, that was newly come to Town, to ſollicit a Law-Suit of hers which was depending, and was for a great Sum of Money. I gave her to underſtand, I had an extraordinary Deſire to hear her Sing, and ſhou'd be oblig'd to her, if ſhe cou'd procure me Admittance into her Company. My Hoſteſs reply'd, She was intimately acquainted with them, by the means of the People of the next Houſe where they Lodg'd, who had ſome Dependance upon her: By which I underſtood they were her Tenants. She added, She would ask the Old Lady, and endeavour to procure me Satisfaction: But the Mother was a reſerv'd ſort of a Woman, and kept her Daughter in very much, ſhe being very pretty. This was to make me the more eager to ſee her. Accordingly I repeated my Requeſt to her to prevail with the Ladies, that I might wait upon them; and ſhe promis'd to do what ſhe could. I let her

alone

alone to manage the Matter, and walk'd up and down in my Room expecting an Anſwer; which was, That the Ladies deſir'd to be excus'd that Evening, for 'twas too late to receive Viſits, and eſpecially from a Man whom they did not know. I made my Landlady believe I was mightily troubled at their denying me that Favour; and the Good Woman pretending to be as much concern'd as I was, to lay a further Obligation upon me, ſaid, She would go and try again what could be done. I follow'd her to the Door of the Houſe, and ſhe knowing I was there, and cou'd hear her diſcourſe with the Lady, talk'd aloud, acted her Part to Perfection; and nothing was ſaid on both ſides, but what they were willing I ſhould hear. At laſt the Lady came to, and on Condition I ſtay'd only a Quarter of an Hour, I was to be admitted. I deſir'd no more, tho' it had been but for a Moment, flattering my ſelf that when I was with 'em once, they would not drive me out of their Company. I enter'd their Room with the Air of a Man of Quality, and ſaluted firſt the Mother, and then the Daughter, and they me, as became Perſons well-bred, at their firſt Meeting. They were both of 'em very neatly dreſs'd, conſidering they were juſt come out of the Country, as I was inform'd: The Mother look'd like a Lady of Quality; and the Daughter, who was 16 or 17 Years of Age, had a ſoft Maiden Look very inviting. Their Room was ſet out in Order; large Wax Candles illuminated it: Two Noble Toilets were ſpread with proper Furniture: Two great Trunks ſtood in one Corner of it, and a Lackey with a very Rich Livery waited upon them with profound Reſpect. I could not think 'em leſs than of the Nobility, and began my Compliments with excuſing the Liberty I had taken, and juſtify'd my Impatience to be near them, by the Excellence of the Harmony

I had

I had heard. The Mother reply'd to that with a great deal of Wit and Modesty; and our Discourse naturally ran upon Musick for a full Quarter of an Hour; in which I let 'em see I was not a Novice; tho' I did not talk of my own Performances, till towards the end of our Conversation; when I intreated 'em to renew their little Consort: And to ease the Young Lady, I would accompany her, if she sung any Air that I could sing. So the Mother took up the Harp, and the Young Lady naming me two or three very fine Airs which I knew, I sung them with her, to the surprize of both of 'em at my Voice and Manner; which they show'd by their excessive Praises; and then beg'd me to sing alone, which I did to their great Satisfaction. Thus several Quarters of an Hour pass'd on without their discovering any Inclination to let me go, on the contrary I saw they wou'd not be pleas'd with my leaving them so soon; and as for me, the Daughter's Beauty was so charming and the Mother's Company so agreeable, that if they wou'd have had me be gone they must have driven me away. My Landlady stay'd with us all the Time, and all our Talk was of Consorts and Meetings for our Diversion while they stay'd at *Madrid*, which I was already afraid wou'd not be so long as I desir'd it shou'd. The Clock struck Twelve, and Decency requir'd they shou'd give me notice of it, which they did so obligingly, that it made some amends for the Trouble it put me to to part with them. When I went away I let the Young Lady see both by my Words and Looks that I was not insensible of her Charms; and indeed what I said to her had more Truth in it than I at first thought it had; for when I return'd to my Lodgings I found her Beauty had made such an Impression upon me, that I cou'd not sleep all Night for thinking of her. The next Morning I

went

went to my Hoſteſs, to drink a Diſh of Chocolate with her, according to Cuſtom; all our Diſcourſe was about the Two Ladies at next Door, from whom ſhe juſt came, and brought me a Thouſand Compliments from them, telling me abundance of tender things which they had ſaid of me, and I ſwallow'd 'em all as if they had been Honey. The Sum of the whole Matter was, I deſir'd they wou'd let me wait upon 'em in the Evening and take a Walk, when I ſaid I wou'd ſurprize them with a Noble Collation at her Houſe; but my Hoſteſs cry'd out 'twas impoſſible, and the Mother wou'd never conſent to it. I reply'd, ſhe might ſolve all Difficulties by pretending to invite them her ſelf, and the thing might be done in her Name; if I came in it ſhou'd be as it were by chance. She paus'd a little upon this, and in the end approv'd of my Propoſal, ſaying, ſhe believ'd, if they were not engag'd, ſhe cou'd prevail upon them ſo far; tho' ſhe was afraid they cou'd not come, they having a great many Relations to viſit, and Perſons of Quality their Acquaintance, who were always taking 'em abroad with them. I adviſ'd her to make ſure of them, by going immediately and inviting them to take a Walk in her Garden in the Evening, where we ſhou'd be private, and have No-body to overſee or interrupt us. She promiſ'd to do it, and Two Hours after came and told me ſhe had with much Difficulty prevail'd, the Young Lady having joined with her in perſwading the Mother to it, only ſhe deſir'd all things might go under her Name, and that it might not be ſeen ſhe had any Correſpondence with me, or that I came in to them any otherwiſe than by chance; we eaſily agreed how things ſhou'd be manag'd. The Entertainment was like that of a young Lover, who was deſirous to pleaſe his Miſtreſs, and the Ladies carry'd themſelves like Perſons who deſir'd to be pleas'd

by

by them. Among the many Recreations we thought of to divert us, Love to be ſure came in for his Share of the Converſation; Muſick was not wanting, Singing at leaſt, for we had no Inſtrument. Many ſoft paſſionate Things came from my Heart, and I whiſper'd 'em in the Ear of my Miſtreſs. But Night drawing on, my Hoſteſs, who underſtood her Buſineſs, held the Mother in Chat while I courted the Daughter ſo warmly, that if I was not belov'd already I conceiv'd Hopes I ſhou'd be in a little time; I thought I had got a great deal of Ground. The Mother ſtarting up on a ſudden ſeem'd to be angry with her ſelf for ſtaying out ſo late, it being quite dark, and away ſhe went in haſte, ſuffering me to wait on her Daughter to her Lodgings, where we chatted another half Hour away, and then I took my Leave as much in Love as Man cou'd be. The next Day I ſent the young Lady a gallant Billet by my Hoſteſs, who gave it her, and ſhe let me know how happy I was in that ſhe took it without her Mother's Knowledge. The following Evening was ſpent at their own Lodgings, where my Landlady treated them at my Expence, carry'd another Billet from me, and brought me back Two Lines of Anſwer; in which, tho' there was not much Love, there was an infinite deal of Wit; thus they made me diſpute every Inch of Ground, that I might value the Conqueſt the more, and think the Prize the more charming. My Hoſteſs forgot nothing on her Part, and indeed all the Parts were ſo well acted, that I queſtion whether a Perſon cunninger than I might not have been enſnar'd by them. I now hardly ever ſtir'd out of this Tavern, I had no Buſineſs elſewhere; my Heart was at the next Door, and while I was ſo near, all was well. I began to be a little more intimate with my fair Neighbour; Billets were always going and coming if I was a Moment abſent

from her; I cou'd not live without ſeeing or writing to her. Her Mother went every Morning, as ſhe ſaid, to ſollicit her Affair, and my Landlady was always on the Watch to obſerve her Motions. As ſoon as ſhe was gone I had notice of it, and ſtrait was conducted to the Daughter, with whom I ſtay'd as long as I thought convenient; Word wou'd be brought me twice or thrice while I was there, that the Mother was coming, to alarm me, and make the Difficulty of the Buſineſs prepare me to pay the more for it. When my Hoſteſs perceiv'd I was drawn in far enough, ſhe propos'd Marriage to me, but ſhe had repreſented her to be too rich, and of too great Quality for me to think ſhe wou'd marry an Adventurer. That Propoſal made me think a little what I was about, and to dive into the Plot that was laid againſt me: So I told my Landlady in plain Terms, I was engag'd elſewhere, and could not break it off. When that came to be known, all their Contrivances were how to fleece me as much as they could: And to that end they chang'd their Batteries; for hitherto I had not been able to prevail upon my Miſtreſs to accept of one Preſent, now ſhe took what I offer'd her, which was not Trifles; but with ſuch an Air, that it did not look like mercenary, or intereſted. Finding my Purſe went to wreck, I was loth to ſigh unprofitably: I acquainted the Daughter with my Wiſhes, and ſhe having taken a greater Fancy to me, or perhaps loving me better than her Mother wou'd have had her, concerted Meaſures with me how we might converſe together, and the Good Old Lady know nothing of the Matter. I found ſhe was Prudent and Ingenious in the Affair of Aſſignation; which Charm added freſh Fuel to my Flame. We became very intimately acquainted; and tho' I had all of her that I deſir'd to have, I ſtill lov'd her, and was very generous

generous to her. This Intrigue was very expensive; I paid dearly for my Pleasure, yet I must own 'twas all out of my Free-will; for my Mistress, on her Part, was at no pains to get more of me than I inclin'd to give her. This Passion grew less violent every day, and I saw more and more the Inconvenience of it: What finish'd my Cure, was, my meeting a Lady one Morning at the Dominicans Church, who by her Air and Dress I took for a Woman of Quality; and there was something very engaging in her Mien: As she pass'd by me, I shew'd so much Respect to her in making room for her, that she took notice of it, and look'd upon me so pleasantly, that I thought my self as much honour'd as I was charm'd. 'Tis a great deal for a Lady in our Country to look upon a Man, and much more to look favourably. My Curiosity put me upon enquiring who she was; I follow'd her; she observ'd me, but walk'd on with a Grave Majestick Pace, attended by two Women and a Footman, whom I saw go into a fine House with her in the Broad Street, where she liv'd. She had not at all the Air of a Woman of Intrigue; and I was surpriz'd when I learnt in the Neighbourhood she was a Banker's Daughter, whose Father pass'd for a very Rich Man, and she for a very discreet Young Gentlewoman. I went home thinking of her, and that Idea took me up the rest of the Day. I had only had a transient View of her at Church, and therefore I rode up and down before her Door in the Evening, and had the good Fortune to take a full View of her from her Father's Balcony. She was not what we call a perfect Beauty, but she was very agreeable, and her Air and Ways pleas'd me extreamly, for I judg'd by them she did not want for Wit: Nor was I mistaken in my Judgment; yet I was so vain and conceited, that I

thought 'twas below me to look upon a Young Woman of her Condition. However, I return'd to my Lodgings more in Love than before, and the next day endeavour'd to become acquainted with her Father; which I took an Opportunity to do, by applying to him about my Jewels, which I had all new ſet, for fear my Relations ſhou'd have given Advice to their Correſpondents at *Madrid*, and ſo I be diſcover'd by the Form of their Lockets, and other Diamond Ornaments. I carry'd the beſt I had, to the Value of 10 or 12000 Franks, pretending to be a Merchant, and that they were only a Sample of a great many more I had to ſell. He look'd upon them, and ſaid, He would be my Chapman, if I pleas'd; telling what he would give for 'em; which was much more than I thought they were worth; and ſaying, He would pay me the Principal and Intereſt in 6 Months time, and give Security for the Payment. I wanted chiefly an Occaſion of Commerce with him, and this was a favourable one. I reply'd, I wou'd let him have them at the Price he offer'd; and had had ſuch a Character of him, that a Note under his Hand wou'd ſatisfy me as well as all the Securities in the World. He accordingly gave me his Note for 6000 Franks, payable in three Months, and 6000 in ſix Months. My frank Way of Dealing charm'd him ſo much, that tho' he was naturally a fair-ſpoken Man, he could hardly expreſs his grateful Sentiments of my Generoſity: He ſhew'd me all his Houſe, which was rather a Palace than a Private Houſe: 'Twas richly furniſh'd from Top to Bottom; his Servants, Equipage, and his Daughters every way anſwerable: So that I look't upon him to be one of the Richeſt Bankers in *Spain*; and indeed Two or Three Millions formerly were nothing with him: The Court always made uſe of him and his Purſe: There were no Sums of Money

of

of any Conſequence remitted to any Place whatever, but paſs'd through his Hands: He had Acceſs to the Miniſters when he pleas'd, and the Lords of the Court were his Friends, and had Dealings with him. However, all this was a Shew; for by truſting and dealing with thoſe Lords, and by affecting to live like them, he had run himſelf ſo far in Debt, that he ow'd twice as much as he was worth, and his Credit began to decline a little. The Jewels I ſold him came *a propos*; if they had dropt down from Heaven they could not have been more welcome to him; for he was extremely ſtreightned for Money, and there happen'd to be a great Demand of that Commodity, on account of a famous Wedding that was to be celebrated; the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*'s Daughter being married about that time; by which means he got Fifty *per Cent.* by them; which pleas'd the Old Man as much as if I had given him ſo much Money. I judg'd by Appearances and Hearſay; and had no reaſon from either the one or the other, but to think I was very happy in having made an Acquaintance with him; and to look upon my Deſign of Courting his Daughter, as a bold and difficult Enterprize. I did not ſee her then; however, I was well ſatisfy'd with my Viſit, and thought I had prepar'd my way as happily as I could have wiſh'd. Don *Andres*, for ſo my Banker was call'd, becauſe he was the King's Banker, like a wary prudent Man, ſet Perſons to enquire out my Character at my Lodgings, and every where heard good Tidings of me; for I had ſpent my Money freely, made a good Figure, and that's enough to get a good Name. He underſtood by his Daughter, that I had follow'd her Home, that I had ogled her, and by all my Actions given her to underſtand I had a Deſign upon her: Which her Father believ'd was the Cauſe of my Civility to him; and ſuppoſing

me to be very Rich, resolv'd not to miss so fair an Opportunity of marrying his Daughter so advantagiously: He came to visit me; and as I expected him, I took care to set out every thing I had, which I thought could produce a good Effect on such a Man as he, especially my Gold Chain, the Workmanship of which he lik'd wonderfully, and offer'd to sell it for me for a third part more than it cost. I desir'd him to do it; which was a new Engagement; and nothing pass'd between us but Protestations of Friendship, and Offers of Service: Our Acquaintance increas'd daily; he concern'd himself more and more in my Interests, carry'd himself towards me like a Father-in-Law, and gave me Advice how to put out my Ready Money to the best Advantage. Seven or Eight Days after he brought me a Chapman for my Gold Chain, which I sold for a third part as much again as it cost me. I was indebted to him for his Assistance in this Affair, and desir'd I might lay out what I intended to give him, on some Present for his Daughter: I ask'd his Leave with so good a Grace, that he readily granted it; and this was the first plain Step I took in my Courtship. My Present consisted of Toys and Nicknacks, some of 'em of Value; and the Young Gentlewoman receiving them favourably, I thought my self the happiest Man in the World: Nevertheless I durst not declare my Design more openly, for fear of a Denial. I acted the Part of a Passionate Lover, and miss'd no opportunity of shewing my Passion after that Countrey way. I talk'd of nothing but Trade and Business with her Father, whom I saw every day, waiting for a lucky Minute to ask his Consent. This new Amour cool'd me mightily with respect to my late Intrigue; I went seldomer to the Tavern, and my Neighbours there perceiv'd my Alteration; the Treats and Presents came short; I was

was however Civil to the Daughter, yet ſo coldly, that ſhe who lov'd me really and without Intereſt, could not ſee it without a hearty Sorrow. The Mother gueſs'd preſently ſome New Intrigue had driven the Old one out of my Head: She was reſolv'd to try whether 'twas ſo or not, and watch'd her opportunity to do it thoroughly. Several Young Lords who were full of Money us'd to frequent our Tavern and Game there: They ask'd me to play; and at two or three Sittings I got Three Hundred Piſtoles of them. My Neighbours believ'd I play'd for them as well as for my ſelf: And when we came back from a Walk in which I could not avoid accompanying them, they drew me into a Tradeſman's Shop, to buy a Suit for the Young Lady: The Mother and my Hoſteſs were very earneſt with me to do it: But I wanted my Money for other Uſes, and therefore reſolv'd to take hold of this Opportunity, to let them ſee they muſt expect nothing more from me. I was about buying a Houſe that was juſt built in that part of the Town, and was very proper for carrying on my Deſign upon Don *Andres* and his Daughter: I ask'd his Advice upon it; he approv'd of it, and help'd me in buying it to get a Pen'worth: I gave 3000 Ducats for it, and paid down the Money before the Don my Banker and future Father-in-Law, as if I had 100000 Crowns in my Coffers. This made the Old Man more fond of the Match than ever; and ſeeing I was young, and might be drawn aſide by ſome other Amour, he was afraid I ſhou'd eſcape him: Wherefore he reſolv'd to give me an Opportunity himſelf to talk to his Daughter, by inviting me to Dine with him; where ſhe came in as if by Chance, as the Deſert was ſet upon the Table: I roſe immediately to pay my Reſpects to her, and ſhe return'd my Compliments with a modeſt Air: After which ſhe wou'd have retir'd, but

her Father bid her ſit down with us. This was a very great Favour; I ſhew'd both of 'em I was duly ſenſible of it; and her Father, under pretence of writing ſome Letters, withdrew to leave us together: I made uſe of the Liberty of our private Converſation; and not knowing when I ſhou'd have a better opportunity to diſcover the height of my Paſſion, I ſaid all that I cou'd think of, that was tender and moving; and found the Fair One to have a Soul equally or rather more charming than her Body: She anſwer'd me with Diſcretion, and at the ſame time with Tenderneſs. The Father found out Excuſes to ſtay longer and longer, only coming in now and then to beg Pardon for being no better Company. I return'd him Compliment for Compliment, and follow'd my Point ſtill, very well content with my Converſation with the Daughter, who ſeem'd as well pleas'd with mine. We were Three Hours together, and yet the Time was ſhort to us: At laſt the Father came and ſat down, and ſhe withdrew. Being alone with him, and full of Eſteem and Affection for his Daughter, I cou'd not forbear breaking out in Praiſe of her, and acknowledging 'twas impoſſible to have a greater Value for her Merit than I had. Don *Andrès* heard me very attentively; and to encourage me to explain my ſelf, he fell upon the Argument how neceſſary it was for Perſons of my Age to marry, to avoid an infinite number of Precipices to which they are daily expos'd: That Marriage was the Foundation of a good and laſting Settlement, but that the good Choice of a Wife was no eaſy Matter, nor ſlight Affair; and that a Man's making or marring depended entirely upon it. From theſe Moral Reflections he proceeded to the good Opinion he had conceiv'd of me from the firſt Minute he ſaw me; and it having increas'd daily the more he became acquainted with me, by my Confidence

in him, my honourable and frank Way of Dealing, I had got his Heart, and might do what I wou'd with him; for there was nothing that lay in his power which he would not do, to ſhew how deſirous he was that we might be ſtill better Friends. I anſwer'd his kind Expreſſions with others which were as much to the purpoſe: And ſeeing my Affairs in ſuch a fair way, I declar'd to him how far my Ambition carry'd me; and that I ſhould think my ſelf the happieſt of Men, if he would but allow of my Addreſſes to his Daughter. He paus'd upon it ſome time, to ſhew that the Propoſal I made him was of too much Importance to be ſlightly agreed to. However, before we parted, the Marriage was above half concluded: 'Twas only to ſave Decencies, and maintain his Gravity, that he put off giving me his poſitive Conſent, to another time: For from that time he treated me as his Son-in-Law that was to be; he allow'd me to viſit his Daughter; telling me he wou'd do nothing without her Approbation, for he lov'd her too well to put any Conſtraint upon her; and that 'twas my Buſineſs to engage her Love. I willingly took that Charge upon me, replying, That I ſhould never accept of a Woman's Hand, unleſs I thought her Heart went with it.

From this moment I thought my ſelf at the Height of Felicity, and of nothing more than to prepare for my Marriage. I had already begun to furniſh my Houſe, and fit it up to the Liking of my new Spouſe. Don *Andres* help'd me in this Matter, as well by paying me the firſt 6000 Franks at the time, as by buying ſeveral Things cheap for me; knowing where good Goods were to be had at reaſonable Rates, of ſuch as wanted Money. I ſaw my Miſtreſs every day, din'd often with my Father-in-Law *in futuro*; every thing went ſwimmingly; I only wanted ſome particular

Diſcourſe

Discourse with the Daughter, and then I doubted not to bring the Father to. I told him my Impatience to conclude the Matter; and desir'd him not to let me languish any longer. He embrac'd me, and said, His Daughter finding I was ev'ry way well qualify'd as a Man of Honour, and such a one as she cou'd wish, there was nothing now that could hinder our Union; and he only demanded eight Days to prepare for our Nuptials. I was transported at the News; and taking him by the Hand, kiss'd it out of Gratitude. I had before sounded him on the Article of Portion, and he gave me to understand, His Design was not to part with much ready Money down upon the Nail; but she should come in for her Share with his other Children after his Death: I now put him upon explaining himself on that Head. He told me, I should look for no more than 10000 Franks down, which he would pay on the Day of Marriage; but after his Death, he would leave me 30000. I thought 10000 Franks a small Portion for a Man's Daughter who pass'd for so Rich as he did; but I knew, Tradesmen did not care to lessen their Stocks much, and besides 'twas more than I deserv'd.

My House being fitted up, I was to lye in it the next day; and to come off handsomely with my Neighbours, went to take Leave of them, Mother, Daughter, and Landlady. My Mind was taken up with the Prospect of my approaching Happiness; so I went to them in the best Humour in the World: They knew I had bought a House; they went to it several times, and had seen it in all its Magnificence. I invited 'em to come and see me, and made them some other such Compliments of course; but whatever I did or said, they remain'd all the while I stay'd with them in the Grave Airs in which I found them: I did not much trouble my


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my ſelf about that, and the Time of Night requiring me to withdraw, I bad 'em farewell, and return'd to my Lodgings. The next day I ſent all my Goods and Equipage from my Lodgings to my Houſe; and my Landlady pretending ſhe ſhould be extremely ſorry for loſing my Company, came and deſir'd me to accept of a ſmall Treat before I remov'd. I conſented, and din'd with her, knowing what a ſly Piece ſhe was, and being unwilling to put her out of humour: She gave me three Diſhes of Meat; but the Deſert was a terrible one; 'twas ſerv'd in by an *Alguazil*, or Sergeant, with Six Catchpoles, who enter'd the Room we were in, and ſhew'd me a Warrant to apprehend my Perſon. I ſaw immediately the Danger I was in, and roſe from the Table in a dreadful Diſorder: I knew not what to do, nor what would become of me: The Catchpoles ſtood at the Door, and the Windows were ſo high, I could not leap down without breaking my Neck; never Man was ſo embarraſs'd. I did not doubt but I ſhould preſently ſee ſomebody or other, whom my Relations had employ'd to take me, come in againſt me; for I cou'd not imagine I had any thing to fear from any one in that Place, where no-body had any Cauſe of Action againſt me. The leaſt I could expect was, to be ſent to Priſon, and thence to the Gallies, if nothing worſe came on't. The *Alguazil* ſeeing me in this horrible Confuſion, trembling, and as pale as Death, pity'd me. He was an honeſt Fellow for one of his Damnable Profeſſion; and to reſtore me a little to my ſelf again, came up to me, ſhew'd me the Warrant, and ſmiling ſaid, I need not be ſo much afraid, for this Buſineſs might be made up for a little Money. I believ'd he did as thoſe Fellows ſometimes will do, only banter me, or ſay it to amuſe me. I took the Warrant; but my Hands ſhook ſo I could hardly read it. I ſat

down,

down, and running it over, came to the Name of *Donna Thereſa de Melida*, the Name of my *quondam* Miſtreſs. I took Breath a little, and ask'd of the *Alguazil*, What ſhe would have of me? He anſwer'd, ſtill ſmiling, I need only read it through, and I ſhould ſee what it meant; 'twas for the Crime of Violation, or a Rape. A Rape, ſaid I, ſure ſhe has not the Impudence to ſay ſo? 'Tis not my Buſineſs, reply'd he, 'tis her's to prove it, and your's to defend your ſelf: All that I am to do, is to arreſt and carry you to Priſon. I read the Warrant over and over again, and the more I meditated upon it, the worſe I found it: 'Twas an ugly Affair to happen the Day before I was to be Marry'd; I knew of what ill Conſequence 'twould have been, if my Miſtreſs and Don *Andres* ſhould come to the Knowledge of it; as to be ſure they ſoon wou'd. By this time I had recollected my ſelf, and approaching the *Alguazil*, ſaid, Sir, I believe you to be a Man of Honour, and as ſuch declare that I never violated this Young Woman, nor committed any Rape upon her, but for my Money, as a great many more have done beſides me. He reply'd, You tell me no News: I have a great many ſuch Buſineſſes as theſe go thro' my Hands in a Year: 'Tis your Misfortune to have to do with one of the wickedeſt Jades in Town, as this Young Woman's Mother is known to be; and I believe you'll not be able to get clear, without a Sum of Money. I perceive it, ſaid I; and ſlipping privately a Diamond Ring worth ten or twelve Piſtoles into his Hand; added, But I have ſuch a Confidence in you, that I will refer the Accommodating the Matter to you, that nothing more may come of it. He took the Ring, without ſaying any thing, put it on his Finger, and ſpeaking out like a Man that would go thro' with what he undertook, and was concern'd for me,

me, reply'd, I'll go ſee what I can do this very minute, and will bring you good News in an Hour's time, or theſe Ladies ſhall turn o're a new Leaf. He left his Followers to guard me; and after ſeveral Goings and Comings, the Bargain was ſtruck for 100 Piſtoles, of which he had 20 for his ſhare. I thank'd him that I had got off ſo cheap, and met with ſuch an honeſt Man, who did my Buſineſs as well as his own. I went out of the Houſe as glad as if I had got my Cauſe, and withdrew to my own: The Matter was huſh'd up, and not the leaſt Noiſe made of it. The next day I met the ſame *Alguazil* at Church, and enquir'd as much as I could of him concerning this Affair, of which my Father-in-Law had not heard a Word: He reply'd, he had not time to give a Hiſtory of thoſe Ladies: They had liv'd ten Years at *Madrid*; that I was the Third the Mother had accus'd of Raviſhing her Daughter; that my Landlady was of their Cabal, and in all their Intrigues, of which ſhe made her Advantage. I found him to be a Man of Senſe, and one that underſtood the World very well, ſo we talk'd a long while together on theſe Cheats; and what little Care was taken to do Juſtice on ſuch wicked Mothers, and looſe Daughters: Tho' I verily believe my *quondam* Miſtreſs was not concern'd in the Accuſation againſt me. The *Alguazil* ingeniouſly reply'd, That there never was any ſuch thing known in his time, as puniſhing a pretty Girl; the Judges being as ſuſceptible of an Amorous Impreſſion, as other Men. I was glad I had made an Acquaintance with this Man; for in caſe of Neceſſity 'tis a hard matter to find Sergeants ſo honeſt as this was. Moſt of 'em are downright Rogues, as I have already ſaid more than once.

The Day appointed for my Marriage being come, our Nuptials were Celebrated with great Pomp

Pomp and Magnificence, becoming a Tradesman of my Father-in-Law's Reputation. I made my Bride very fine Presents of the Jewels that were left me: I gave her a Suit cover'd all over with Gold; I receiv'd the 10000 Franks, I carried her home, and 'twas one continual Feast for Fifteen Days. I provided my Wife Women, Maids, Footmen, and set up a Way of Living which was enough to ruin me in a few Years, unless I supplied the Expence by my Industry, or Fortune smil'd at the Enterprizes my Father-in-law and I undertook. He was all for vast Designs and Projects, and together we thought of no less than getting the whole Affairs of the Kingdom into our Hands: He depended on my Pocket, and I on his: However, by seeing one another every day, and being forc'd on several accounts to communicate our Concerns to one another, we at last compar'd Notes, and discover'd the whole Truth; we had cheated each other, and so no-body was to blame or was blam'd: Whatever we were to others, we were honest to our selves, and like Robbers kept our Words with one another: At last we put a mutual Confidence in each other, and never disguis'd our selves, but spoke what we thought without dissimulation. Our Partnership at first made a great Noise, which my Father-in-Law lov'd: He gave out I was worth Millions, and every one was for dealing with us: We thriv'd by this means, and might have carry'd on our Business by our Credit only, which grew better every day, if we had contented our selves to live like Tradesmen, and converse with Tradesmen: But Don *Andres* was all for the Court and Courtiers, and spoil'd all by his Vanity. If a Marquis, a Count, or a Knight was Civil to him, they might have had what they wou'd of him: If a Minister look'd favourably on him as he pass'd by him, immediately he sent him some Rich Present or other;

which

which was enough to ruin us if we had had a Mint in our Houfe, and cou'd have made Money. He had a thoufand Chimerical Projects in his Head, which when he wou'd put in Execution, if I advis'd him againft them, and fhew'd him the Folly of it, he laugh'd at me, and look'd upon me with Contempt, as a Perfon that did not underftand Bufinefs: Thus our beft Subftance went, and our Stock grew low; there were no Engines which we did not fet to work to replenifh and uphold the great Credit we were in; we bought and fold whatever we could lay our Hands upon; we lent Money at Extravagant Intereft; we receiv'd Pawns; we barter'd, and, in a word, there was no fort of Commerce which we were not engag'd in: I knew enough already, but my Induftry help'd me to new Expedients: However my Father-in-Law out-did me, I was a Novice compar'd to him: Our Gains were great, and enough to maintain us, in the Way we liv'd, greatly and honourably, if we had not wanted ready Money; but being often ftreighten'd for want of that, we were oblig'd to ufe fome forry Shifts, and all our Cunning was how to hide them. Befides, our Domeftick Expences were to Profufion: My Father-in-Law, fince our Partnerfhip, had increas'd his; tho' they were indeed too big before; and his Daughter, who exactly refembl'd him in this Humour, fet up for a Topping Lady, and was more extravagant than he; there was nothing too rich nor too fine for her: Our Table was as well fpread as the greateft Lords; our Servants were in proportion, and our Houfe full of Relations and Friends, whom we treated from Morning to Night: I lov'd all this Buftle as well as fhe, and at firft, while our Affairs went on well, did not in the leaft oppofe it; but two or three Years afterwards, when by my Father-in-Law's Folly and Bad Fortune I found 'twas Low-Water

with

with us, and we were threaten'd with a Drought, I made her ſome Remonſtrances on this Article ; ſhe grew worſe upon it, and added Reproaches to her Profuſion ; ſo I ſaw there was no Remedy ; that I did no good by my Advice, and Patience was to be my Cure : However I cou'd not but be diſpleas'd to ſee that I was likely to be undone by the very Marriage which I expected would be my making : My poor Money melted like Snow, and I was in the end forc'd to ſpeak to my Father-in-Law to reprove her ; but he did no more good than I. Nevertheleſs we liv'd lovingly together. My Father-in-Law and I ſeeing how things were likely to go with us, and that 'twas impoſſible for us to hold long, took the neceſſary Precautions to ſave the little that we had left, at other Folks Coſt : He was a Maſter of this Art, and none in the World underſtood Tricking ſo well. Following his Example, I made over all I had to others, gave falſe Judgments, and did ſeveral other ſuch Things to defraud my Creditors : And my Father-in-Law, to prop up my Credit, which began to ſink notoriouſly, made me buy an Eſtate worth 500 Ducats a Year of his Brother : Tho this was only a Shew of a Purchaſe ; for 'twas not in our Power between us both to raiſe ſo much Money as the Purchaſe came to, to pay down, that the Notary might witneſs to the Payment of it : To ſtop this Gap, we gave Fifty good Crowns for the Uſe of it for one day : So this Sham-Purchaſe was made ; but at the ſame time I ſign'd a Writing to the Seller, declaring that the Eſtate was ſtill veſted in him, and acknowledging all I had done was only to patch up my Broken Affairs ; and that the 500 Ducats a Year were his, and ſhould be paid to him only, without any Claim from me. This Shift was wonderfully to my Liking, and was no more than I had ſeen practis'd very commonly at *Madrid* ; and indeed what is done

done in all Trading Towns, where Honeſty ſhould prevail more; but there is no Remedy for this Evil. 'Tis ſaid, Commerce ſtands in need of a little Indulgence now and then; and that a Tradeſman muſt trick and cheat, or he could never get an Eſtate. It becomes only Rogues and Beggars to talk ſo; 'tis better he ſhould ſtarve, than maintain himſelf by ſuch Unlawful Practices; and that Commerce ſhould be driven out of the World, than be ſupported by Knavery, and Honeſt Men ruin'd to keep up the Grandeur of Cheats.

By theſe wicked Means I found ſomething was ſecur'd to me, let what wou'd happen; my Credit increas'd, now I had got the Reputation of a Landed Man; I fell afreſh upon Buſineſs, and did as I us'd to do: But this was not likely to laſt long, for Tricking is one of the moſt Temporary Things in the World. My Wife's continual Expences took away all my ready Money. Our Gain grew very ſmall, and in the end we were forc'd to break. My Father-in-Law got clear off; as for me, I was arreſted and thrown into Priſon, where I endeavour'd to compound with my Creditors; who finding every thing was made over to others, and that they were balk'd of the Eſtate they thought I had purchas'd, were glad to accept of 10 *per Cent.* down, and the reſt of their Debt in ten Years. So I got out of Priſon, and my Father-in-Law made up his Matters, and return'd to his Shop. My Wife, who was the proudeſt Woman that ever I met with in my Life, was ſo mortify'd at my Impriſonment and Bankruptcy, that believing the Shame wou'd lye at her door, ſhe fell ſick and dy'd: And I having no Children by her, was forc'd to refund the 10000 Franks I had with her, tho' I could ill ſpare the Money. My Father-in-Law was very much afflicted at his Daughter's Death, notwithſtanding the frequent Quarrels he had with her for her ill

Houſwifry and Extravagance. I own, as to my ſelf, my Sorrow was not over-ſincere: Indeed, I was much more ſorry for the Loſs of my Money which ſhe had fool'd away, than for the Death of my Wife: The Refunding the 10000 Franks was a terrible Blow; however, like a Good Husband, I bury'd her with as much Magnificence, as if we had ſail'd before the Wind.

CHAP. XXV.

He reſolves, after his Bankruptcy and his Wives Death, to take Orders: To that end he goes to the Univerſity of Alcala, *and juſt as he was about to receive Ordination, he falls in Love with a Young Woman, and Marries her.*

MY Father-in-Law and I were as good Friends as ever, tho' our Partnerſhip broke off. It went againſt me to pay back the 10000 Franks, which I cou'd not avoid; for beſides that he was entirely Maſter of my Affairs, and I wanted his Aſſiſtance, I was loth to waſte my Money in Law. I paid him with a good Countenance: He was well pleas'd with it, and I always found him a good Friend. The Charges of my Wife's Funeral, and the Repayment of her Portion, ſo drain'd me, that I had ſcarce Furniture enough for one Room left; which Don *Andres* ſeeing, he furniſh'd a Chamber for me. My Houſe was ſtill left, but I had no Money to keep it; and inſtead of paying my Creditors in ten Years, if they would have allow'd me twenty I ſaw no Poſſibility of doing it. What is there to be done in this Caſe? Apothecaries were not to be found ev'ry day, nor Bankers

of *Milan*, nor Credulous Kinſmen. The Cheater was at laſt cheated, and he who caught others, caught himſelf. If I did not grow wiſer as I grew older, I at leaſt learn'd to be more cautious and reſerv'd, and had leſs Inclination than ever to be hang'd. I now call'd poor *Saavedra* to mind; by his Advice and Aſſiſtance I thought I might have done ſomething notable in our way; but *Saavedra* was no more, there was no-body like him, and I mourn'd over him always in a time of Need. After much moral reflecting on this Subject, ſeeing I was born to be unfortunate in all my Worldly Undertakings, whether honeſt or diſhoneſt, I reſolv'd to leave off all, and try how propitious the Church would be to me. I will try all Things, ſaid I to my ſelf; perhaps I ſhall ſucceed that way: I am't the firſt Rogue that has fled to this *Azylum*, and made his Fortune there: I may do it by Preaching, as many a fat Biſhop has done; or let the worſt come to the worſt, I can but buy a Benefice at laſt, I ſhall raiſe Money enough for that by the Sale of my Houſe. If I cannot meet with a Benefice to be ſold, I need only put my Money out to Uſe, the Intereſt and a Chaplain's Place in ſome Abbey or Nunnery, will maintain me very comfortably. I underſtand more *Latin* already than is neceſſary. If a Man can but puzzle the Peaſants with hard Words, and tell Stories to Country Squires out of old Chronicles, 'tis enough; Learning now-adays is as unneceſſary in a Parſon, as Sobriety. At the worſt, I am ſober enough, and that will go a good way in ſetting up a compleat Divine. The Univerſity is not far off, I'll retire thither, and go thro' a Courſe of Philoſophy and Divinity: If I am too old to begin to ſtudy, the *Cordeliers* as ſoon as they hear me ſing, will with Joy admit me among them, tho' I could not read. Men of Wit ſtill live; they can't want Ways to

ſupport themſelves, ſince Fools ſo eaſily find them out. You will ſay, perhaps, I was a very fine Perſon to think of the Church: Was there ever a more Apoſtolick Vocation? A Rogue in all Things, and all Places: For ſhame, *Guzman*, think of ſomething elſe, and don't add Prophaneneſs to thy other Crimes. A Man can as ſoon change his Skin, as his Humour and Inclination; and 'tis a Wonder, if he that's born a Wolf, does not dye a Wolf. The Shepherd's Cloathing will not change thee: Heaven can only work Miracles, and remove Mountains. All this is true, but 'tis no matter: A Man that's born, muſt live; I have try'd all other Ways, and now I'll try this. Why may not I put on a long Gown, as well as a thouſand more, who have no Merit, nor no Call, but for Bread? They muſt be fed; their little is ſpent at the College: What ſhall they do afterwards, turn Foot-Soldiers? No, no; take them in, they can plead for the Church, and rail at Hereticks; they can ſay Maſs on Holidays, and keep Faſts on good Fiſh and Wine enough: What wou'd you have more of Men? I communicated my Deſign to my Father-in-Law, and colour'd it over with as many ſpecious Pretences as I could; tho' there was no need of it; for he who was no honeſter a Man than my ſelf, declar'd I could not do better, if 'twere only to ſecure my ſelf from my Creditors. All my Care afterwards, was, to ſell my Houſe for the moſt I could; and I ſoon found a Chapman, who gave me for it almoſt as much as it coſt me; the Street being more noted ſince, on account of the New Buildings in it. When the Notary brought me the Writings, before we ſign'd them, he told me I muſt have Leave of the Ground-Landlord, and adjuſt his Dues with him for Alienation, or I ſhould be fin'd, and pay all the Dues beſides. I went to him, and he ask'd me more than the Ground

Ground was worth at the first. I thought 'twas very cruel; but there was no Help for't, and I must either pay him, or lose the Sale of my House: So I gave him the Money, after having drawn up some Protestations against it; at which the Landlord laugh'd, put the Gold in his Pocket, and bad me take my Course. As for Justice, I expected none in this World; so I thought 'twas best to abide by my first Loss.

I receiv'd the Purchase-Money for my House, which I put into the Bank, where it brought little or nothing; but 'twas safe, and I could have it out when I wou'd. Having thus finish'd my most important Affair, and that on which the making of my Fortune depended; I bought me a Gown and Cassock, such as those Students wear who aspire to the Chair: The Term approach'd at the Academy, so I took Leave of my Father-in-Law, and my best Friends, and went to *Alcala*, which Place I always imagin'd would be my last Refuge. I was not much encumber'd with Equipage; however, I had Money in my Pocket, and such a Man is always welcome at the Universities. When I came there, I was in doubt what I had best to do; whether enter my self in a College, or only hire Lodgings in the Town: I knew what twas to keep House, to be Master of one, to live as I pleas'd, eat and drink what and when I wou'd, in a word, to be entirely at Liberty. I foresaw, 'twou'd be hard accommodating my self to the Humour of a Pedagogue, to live upon College-Diet, and eat with the Students; I being a Man, and others Boys, at least most of 'em; in short, to pay my Money for being starv'd. But when I consider'd how chargable 'twould be to find my own Victuals, to keep a Maid, who ten to one would be a Thief or a Drunkard, a Gossip, a Whore, or perhaps all of them; with several other Inconvenien-

cies, which over-balanc'd the Sweets of Liberty; I resolv'd to enter my self a Pensioner in a College; which I did, chusing one where I knew there were most Men, and most Students in Divinity. I soon got acquainted in the Town, and found out some Students, whose Beards were as long as mine. I was pretty well vers'd in the Studies of Humanity, and spoke *Latin* fluently and classically: So I began a Course of Philosophy, in which I made a considerable Progress in a short time; for what by a Natural Genius for Letters, and by great Application, I soon acquir'd the Reputation of one of the best Students in the University. In three Years time I went thro' my Course, and took my first Degree. I had the Second Place at the Commencement, which all the Students said was nevertheless an Injustice to me, for I deserv'd the First; but I was forc'd to make way for a Son of one of the most famous Professors, who got the First Place by Favour for him. From Philosophy I proceeded to Divinity, which I design'd to finish my Studies with; and had Reason to believe, that having laid a good Foundation for it in Philosophy, I shou'd succeed in Theology. I continu'd my Studies with great Warmth and Assiduity, insomuch that at last they were my Diversion, and I became a very Intelligent Profound Person. But you must not imagine, that amidst all this Application and Reading, I did now and then find some Leisure-hours for Pleasure with my Comrades: However, I never fail'd in any of my Exercises; we all of us stood upon our Honour in that Matter, and wou'd not for any thing have miss'd one Lesson. You know I had been us'd to a Life of Freedom and Plenty, and a Man can't presently reform himself, especially in such a Place as *Alcala*, which, as well as a great many other Universities, is full

of

of People, who are given to Pleaſure and Licentiouſneſs: Beſides this, the poor Pittance of our Allowance in the College was very ſhort, and wou'd keep a Man as lean as he cou'd wiſh; which did not at all agree with my Conſtitution, who had been a long while us'd to fare well. I wanted a Paſty, a Couple of Fowls, a Neck of Veal, Sweetbreads, and a Bottle or two of Wine ſometimes; to which I commonly invited my Landlord, and two or three Friends: This was my Cuſtom twice or thrice a Week, and there was as much Vanity as Neceſſity in theſe Treats, by which I got the Character of a Generous Genteel Man, and one who had Money, and knew how to make uſe of it. 'Tis a wonder, you'll ſay, that all this while I avoided the Company of Women, even Women of Honour, tho' there are enough of all ſorts to be had at *Alcala*: But I had ſeen by Experience, that the Commerce of Women was a Rock on which I ſhould always ſplit; and I was afraid to have any thing to do with 'em, having already ſuffer'd ſo much by them. I came to *Alcala*, reſolving to go thro' a Courſe of Study, to fit my ſelf for the Church; and that I might not be interrupted in it, I avoided all Womankind. It had been well for me, if I could have done ſo always; but what is done, is done, and we are not Maſters of our Deſtiny, as I found more than once to my Coſt.

I advanc'd daily in Theology, and in the following *May* hop'd to go out Batchelor of Divinity; but before that, I was to take Holy Orders, and thoſe Orders were never given to Men, before they had ſome Cure, or Chappel or other: This was a Difficulty I cou'd not eaſily get over, having little Money left to buy off the Licenſe that may be purchas'd on ſuch Occaſions. My Stock was grown very low in 6 Years Abode at the Univerſity, where I liv'd

much above my Income. My Expences for Books and other Things neceſſary and unneceſſary being very large. In this Extremity I had recourſe to my Father-in-law, with whom I had kept a conſtant Correſpondence by Letters, and given him from time to time an account of the Progreſs of my Studies, with which he was extreamly pleas'd. It was he who put me in a way to get out of this Difficulty; and that was by pretending he had aſſign'd me my Wife's Portion, as a Foundation for a perpetual Maſs which was to be ſaid for her Soul, and that he firſt endow'd me with. This Shift would do, and I knew if any Man upon Earth cou'd help me to one it muſt be he: So I gave him a Declaration under my Hand, that I had no Right and Title to that Inheritance, and wou'd, whenever he pleas'd, formally reſign it back to him. This Trick of falſe Conveyancing from one to another, was, you ſee, put to a very odd uſe which ſeem'd to juſtify it, for one might call it an act of Piety if there's no Simony in it; nor no Breach of the Decrees of the Holy Councils. But I matter'd that no more than my Father-in-Law, and knew how certain Caſuiſts qualify'd the Buſineſs. Be it as it will, I made uſe of it, and prepar'd to enter into a Spiritual State by ſo holy a Gate. I endeavour'd to keep out of all manner of Company, to live a little regularly, and to frequent Prayers more than formerly, in order to my Prieſthood. One day the Weather being Fair, invited me Abroad to take a walk in the Fields, 'twas in the Month of *February*, there was no Lecture that day in the Univerſity, ſo I reſolv'd to go in Pilgrimage to St. *Mary* of the Valley, a pretty Village about a Mile from the Town; there was a Church in it very much reſorted to by ſuch ſort of Pilgrims as I. The Road was full, and the Church the ſame, ſo that when I enter'd it, I had hardly room to kneel down and

ſay

ſay my Prayers, which a young Gentlewoman perceiving, made room for me, and gave me her's. I was both ſurpriz'd and touch'd with her exceſs of Civility. I had not had, as I told you already, any Commerce with Womankind in *Alcala*, and did not know to whom I was ſo much oblig'd. She ſeem'd to be a Woman of Faſhion, was well dreſt and very handſome. I went up to her, and being deſirous to ſhew my Gratitude for the Favour, ſaid, Such Obligations as theſe are of a dangerous Conſequence, Madam. No, reply'd ſhe, they are too ſmall to be fear'd. I did not think fit to ſay any thing more, becauſe there were ſeveral Women about her whom I knew to be of her Company, and they might over-hear me. I had a great Curioſity upon me to know who ſhe was, and looking about to ſee if I knew any of her Companions, I ſaw one who was the Widow of an Acquaintance of mine, a Doctor of Phyſick, that had left Three beautiful Daughters behind him; I did not doubt but this was one of them, and the Thought pleas'd me extreamly; tho my Curioſity was as much concern'd to know which of the Siſters 'twas. Their Name was *Gracia*, and thence they were call'd the Three Graces, which indeed was a Name they were not in the leaſt unworthy of, for they paſt for the moſt Charming and Witty Young Gentlewomen in *Alcala*, eſpecially the Eldeſt. I wiſh'd it might prove to be her to whom I was ſo oblig'd; but at the ſame time I was ſeiz'd with a ſort of Fear that it boded no good to my Heart. I had heard much talk of them, and the truth is, they did not paſs for Veſtals of the ſevereſt Order: But that was no wonder, conſidering their Mother took Boarders in the Univerſity, She, however, was a very good and a very honeſt Woman. Her Huſband had left her ſo little, ſhe was forc'd to do it to keep up her Houſe. The Man had been an ho-

neſt Fellow, a lover of Muſick and good Cheer, had bred his Daughters well, and ſpar'd no Coſt to have them learn every thing proper for young Ladies of a good Family to know; which was all the Legacy he left them, except the Furniture of their Houſe, which wou'd not have been enough to pay his Debts, had they been reduc'd to that. I had been often told all this before, and had paid them a Viſit once to hear their Performances in Muſick, which were much talk'd of; my own Skill tempting me to try that of others upon all occaſions. They wou'd fain have had me Board with them, but I did not think it convenient; not that they wanted Boarders, their Houſe was full, but they ſaw I had Money, was Generous and good Humour'd, and ſpent what I had freely. All Boarding Houſes in the Univerſities love ſuch Students, for they are rare to be had. I carefully ſhunn'd thoſe Snares, and have told you my Reaſons. I little thought I was deſtin'd to ſuch a Church as that, and to be engag'd in an Intrigue when I was about entring into Orders: However, I felt an Emotion in my Mind which look'd very ſuſpicious, was a Sign of my Weakneſs, and upon which I ſaid to my ſelf, Ah, *Guzman*, art thou going to play the Fool! whither is thy Heart rambling? What God didſt thou come hither to Worſhip? 'Twas better thou hadſt broke thy Neck by the way, than to loſe all the Fruit of thy Six Years Study in one Moment. 'Tis worth thinking of, thou haſt done and ſuffer'd enough to grow Wiſe at laſt. While I was making theſe Reflections, theſe young Gentlewomen and their Companions having ended their Devotions, roſe, and paſſing by me I cou'd do no leſs than riſe to ſalute them, eſpecially ſhe of whom I am talking, who in effect happen'd to be the Eldeſt of the Three Siſters, and as ſhe came by, under pretence of adjuſting her Headdreſs,

drefs, pull'd up her Veil and fhew'd me her Face, looking upon me at the fame time fo charmingly that I had no longer the ufe of my Reafon; I did not know where I was; and as if fhe had lain a Spell upon me, I was about to follow her; but a Motion from within, which I believ'd to be the Infpiration of the Power I Worfhipp'd, ftopp'd me and prefented to my View the Peril I was precipitately running into; I kneel'd down again to finifh or rather begin my Prayers, for as yet I had not had 'em in my Thoughts: And how cou'd I think of my Duty when my Head was fo full of my new and fatal Ideas. Love and Devotion are incompatible, for Lovers worfhip no Divinity but the Object belov'd. Never Veffel without Sails, without Anchor or Rudder, was more driven, more tofs'd by the Waves than my Thoughts were now by this new Paffion, for it already deferv'd that Name. 'Twas to no purpofe for me to ftay at Church; however I had fo much Government of my felf, as not to walk home directly, for fear of meeting the Fair one; I therefore turn'd afide to the River, where I hop'd to difperfe the Ideas which at prefent confounded my Reafon. The Fields by the River are the fineft about *Alcala*: But I was fo taken up with contemplating the Beauty of the Fair, that I did not mind thofe of the Place; I walk'd by the River's fide without knowing where I was, or minding whom I met. I fhou'd have avoided the Danger I was in, had I known it was fo near, but in the midft of my Meditations I heard a Voice which touch'd my very Heart, and wak'd me as out of a deep fleep, fo I turn'd my Head to liften from which fide it came; the firft thing that prefented it felf to my Eyes was Donna *Maria Gracia*, whom I fled on one fide of the River and found on the other; the common Path to the Town being over a Bridge, which I thought fhe had pafs'd. 'Twas

her Voice that I heard, ſhe ſung as ſhe ſat down on the Green Graſs, with her Companions about her, who ſpread a handſome Collation of Fruit before them, and were going to make Merry. I was too far gone not to ſay ſome Gallant thing or other as I paſs'd by, ſo ſtopping as I came near them, I bow'd and ſaid ſmiling, I ſee, Ladies, 'tis my good Fortune to meet you every where, I think therefore I ought to improve it, and come in for a ſhare with you. She reply'd, You may make our Meeting as happy as you pleaſe, we are Shepherdeſſes and want a Shepherd to guard us from Wolves. 'Twas enough, I needed no more Invitation, down I ſat and made one of the Company. I ſaid all the fine things I cou'd think of; I threw my Cloak on the Ground, and ſet my ſelf about ordering the Collation, in which I acquitted my ſelf to every bodies Satisfaction. Both Mother and Daughters behav'd themſelves very obligingly, and try'd who cou'd Honour me moſt: So that I had not ſpent my time ſo agreeably to my thinking ever ſince I came to *Alcala*; I began to repent my not being ſooner acquainted with them, and that had loſt ſo many fair Occaſions: I had not been in ſo good a Humour for ſeveral Years before: There were two or three Young Gentlewomen, their Neighbours, who were alſo very good Company. I fancy'd all that was amiable in *Alcala* was with us; I ſaid ſo more than once, and they were not angry with me for't. When the Collation was over, there were two Guitars produc'd, *Donna Maria* ſung, and we had one of the moſt Charming Conſorts I ever heard in my Life: *Donna Maria* preſenting a Guitar to me, deſir'd I would touch it, having heard I play'd well upon it, and give 'em ſome Airs to dance to; I could not deny her, I play'd three or four very pretty ones, and was charm'd to ſee how juſtly and gracefully ſhe and her Fair Companions danc'd, eſpeci-


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eſpecially ſhe her ſelf, whoſe Air was ſo gallant, ſo graceful, and ſo touching, that I could have look'd upon her for ever. And 'tis not to be wonder'd at, that a Perſon ſo ſuſceptible of Love, as I have own'd my ſelf to be, ſhould not be able to reſiſt ſo many lovely Qualities. I became ſo paſſionately taken with her, that I did not know what I did, or where I was: After they had done dancing, I ſat down by *Donna Maria*, and reſtoring her Guitar, pray'd her to play and ſing to it her ſelf, which ſhe promis'd, provided I would accompany her, for they all long'd to hear me ſing, and none of 'em durſt ask me: I deſir'd as much as they that ſhe ſhould hear me, and knowing my Excellence that way, did not give 'em much trouble to preſs me to it. I need not tell you they were ſatisfy'd with my Performances, for beſides that I had forgot nothing of my Muſick, I had on the contrary perfected my Knowledge, and my Voice was riper and ſtronger, and I may ſay without boaſting, there was not a finer and mellower Pipe not only in *Alcala*, but in all *Spain*. The whole Company were pleas'd with the Diverſions we paſs'd the Time away with ſo well, that 'twas Night before we were aware of it, which oblig'd us to return home. The Mother was a little out of Humour that we had ſtay'd ſo long, but all the Young Women lik'd it well enough: We prepar'd to decamp, and the reſt of our Band having fil'd off, *Donna Maria* and I ſtay'd laſt, as if by conſent, that we might walk home together, and have ſome particular Converſation by the Way. You may eaſily gueſs what we talk'd about, being both of us ſo well diſpos'd as we were: We ſaid what is uſually the Subject of a Man and a Woman's Diſcourſe when the one inclines to love, and the other to be belov'd: But it growing dark, and the Company walking a round Pace, we who did not mind our Way were in the more danger of ſtumbling

bling; and *Donna Maria*'s Foot tripping, ſhe had certainly fall'n and hurt her ſelf if I had not caught her by the Arm, and claſp'd her as I held her up, by which means my Face being near hers, I ventur'd to ſnatch a Kiſs, the ſweeteſt I ever had in my Life: I was afraid ſhe would have taken it ill, and excus'd my ſelf for committing a Fault that 'twas not in my Power to forbear, when my Good Fortune had offer'd me the Temptation, which otherwiſe I ſhould not have thought of: She reply'd, Having the Means in my own hand, I was in the right to pay my ſelf for the Obligation I had lain upon her, which otherwiſe ſhe could not have told how to have paid: This was a plain ſign that ſhe did not take the Liberty I took, ill, and that I might venture farther when Occaſion offer'd, without fear of offending her. I waited upon them to their Houſe, and they invited me in, where there was another Entertainment, and I was honour'd, careſs'd, and belov'd, if I may be allow'd the freedom to ſay ſo: I paſs'd the Night away very agreeably, till 'twas time to retire to Bed; I took my Leave firſt of the Mother, whom I heartily thank'd for her Civility, and begg'd her Conſent that I might come and viſit her ſometimes, which ſhe granted very obligingly: I then addreſs'd my ſelf to *Donna Maria*, whom I bid farewell in a very fond manner; after which I ſaluted the other Siſters, and the reſt of the Company: Inſtead of going to my Lodgings I went directly to the Schools, and was about to knock at the Gate; ſuch an abandon'd Lover was I, and ſo little my ſelf in ſo few Hours: You may imagine what a Night I had after ſuch a Day, and that I did not ſleep a Wink. I was to do my Exerciſes next Morning in the Publick Schools, but I could not tell what Theme to chuſe. After Dinner I could not forbear going to a New School where *Donna Maria* preſided, and where what ſhe ſaid made quite another Impreſſion

on

on me to what I heard from the Profeſſors in the Morning, and in a little time I commenc'd Doctor in this Science. I need not ſtay to enter into the Detail of what follow'd after in this Amour till'twas conſummated; 'tis enough for you to know I ceas'd frequenting the Schools, and if I went thither, 'twas only out of Decency; I quite gave over all Thoughts of taking Orders, I left off my Gown and Caſſock, bought me a handſome Suit of Cloaths for a Lay-Man, left the College, and boarded with *Donna Maria*'s Mother. All Men of Senſe, eſpecially ſuch as wiſh'd me well, pity'd my Blindneſs; the Rector of the Univerſity talk'd to me with equal Reaſon and Kindneſs; but nothing could bring me to my ſelf, I was reſolv'd upon my Ruin and juſt Heaven permitted me to go on in my Madneſs, to puniſh the Diſorders of my paſt Life, and hinder my committing greater in a Condition which was too holy to be prophan'd by me. I was treated as if I had been the Favourite Son of the Miſtreſs of the Houſe, or rather as the Maſter of it; nothing was too good for me, all was Mirth, Jollity, and Good Humour; Love plaid his Part, and a full liberty to talk what and when I pleas'd, increas'd my Flame ſo long, till 'twas capable of no Addition. Oh what a delicious Life was this: I liv'd thus three Months, and at laſt propos'd Marriage. The Bargain was ſoon made; and as I never did a fooliſh thing by halves, I laid out as much Money on Cloaths for me and my new Spouſe, as if I had been worth a Hundred thouſand Crowns; and there was as much Profuſion in Feaſts and Treats, as in Cloaths. My Mother-in-Law, Good Woman, fancy'd her and her Daughter's Fortunes were made for ever by this Match, and that I ſhould raiſe the Grandeur of their Houſe to its former Luſtre: She believ'd the ſureſt way for me to do it, would be to ſtudy Phyſick, which ſhe knew was a beneficial Profeſſion;

ſion; and that her Husband might have got an Eſtate by it, if he would have minded it. She talk'd to me about it, and offer'd me all her Books and Notes to aſſiſt me in my Studies: Which, out of Complaiſance to her, I follow'd Six Months; and then growing weary of Studying a Science for which I had no Inclination, and by which I cou'd hope to get little till I was old, I left it off, and pretending I was invited by a Friend of mine to *Madrid*, return'd thither; flattering our Family that I was promis d an Honourable Employment at Court. The truth of the Matter was, I found my Pocket drain'd almoſt to the bottom: I hated the Study of Phyſick, and was loth to loſe my Reputation all at once at *Alcala*, where I had hitherto liv'd in the Repute of a Rich Man, who wanted neither Wit nor Generoſity. But what determin'd me to do this, was, That *Alcala* could not ſupply me with any Opportunity to put my Talents in Practice; and without which, I ſaw no Probability of ſubſiſting.

CHAP. XXVI.

He carries his new Wife to Madrid; *where not thriving with her better than with the firſt, tho' ſhe was handſome and kind, he ſtay'd not long, but removes to* Seville. *His Wife quarrels with his Mother, whom he finds alive, and runs away with a Captain of a Ship.*

ANother great Reaſon for my leaving *Alcala*, was my Wife's renewing her Intimacy with ſome of her former Acquaintance, ſhe not having been

been over ſcrupulous in the Choice and Number of her Friends; I ſhou'd have wink'd upon it cou'd we have got any thing by it: But alas! what can be got by a Scholar's Love? Ale and Cheeſecakes, as they ſay in *England*, Songs and Sonnets, Love-Letters, and Serenades, Comfits and Cream. I did not much approve of ſuch thin Diet. If I muſt have long Ears, cry'd I, let 'em be ſuch as *Midas* had, let my Horns be gilt, let me ſuffer at *Madrid*, or at Court, and not be the Jeſt of ſuch a Town as *Alcala*. I prepar'd therefore for my Journey; and my Wife and I having taken leave of her Mother, Siſters and Friends, departed to her Mother's great Grief. We arriv'd at *Madrid* in pretty good Equipage. I had fallen out with my Father-in-Law about this Marriage, from which he did all he cou'd to diſſuade me, and not taking his Advice I loſt his Friendſhip, otherwiſe his Purſe wou'd have been mine. As to my Creditors I had Two Years to come before any thing was due to them by my Compoſition; and I did not trouble my ſelf about that, hoping before theſe Two Years were out I ſhou'd by my own Induſtry or my Wife's, who had her Talents as well as I do, my Buſineſs; for though ſhe had not Money, ſhe had what wou'd fetch Money, Beauty and Wit. And we were neither of us very delicate, provided we cou'd make our Market any way. The firſt Adventure we met with at *Madrid*, was with a Rich Merchant, whom we had made an acquaintance with on the Road, and who being charm'd with my Wife's Beauty, invited us to come and lye at his Inn, where he aſſur'd us we ſhou'd be heartily Welcome; ſaying, The Hoſteſs was a very good ſort of a Woman, that her Rooms were very neat, and ſhe had the beſt Cook in the Town to which we were coming. We were eaſily perſuaded to follow his Advice; and the Merchant deſiring that I wou'd leave it to him to Cater

for us, I did it with all my heart. He provided and extraordinary Entertainment for our Supper; and when we ſet out in the Morning I found all was paid, which I lik'd very well; but the next day I muſt needs ſhew him that I underſtood Treating as well as any Man, and invited him to Dinner but 'twas with an intention to pay the Reckoning with his own Money, as it happen'd, for ſeeing him to be more and more caught in my Wife's Snares, I left them together under ſome pretence or other, that he might have an Opportunity to Court my Wife, and ſhe to win his Money, for they went to play; and my Wife got a Hundred good Ducats of him, which were a timely Recruit for our Pockets. This was only a beginning, for accordingly as he advanc'd in his Amour, his Liberality increas'd: ſo that in a few days ſhe had entire Sutes of Cloaths ſent her, Jewels, Toys, Knicknacks. There was nothing to be heard of at our Houſe when we came to *Madrid*, but Walks, Treats, Plays, and other Diverſions, with which he Treated us every day. I believe indeed my Wife was not Ungrateful, but I did not matter that, ſhe was not the worſe for me, I lov d her enough, yet not ſo much as to be nice in exacting Conſtancy; I had had her a Year, and a Man muſt be a Fool after that time, to be ſo Covetous of a Treaſure where he knows he can loſe nothing, as not to be a little Communicative, eſpecially when he finds his Account in it. The Fools are thoſe that buy a thing of us ſo dearly which we can ſell again and again, and ſtill have enough left for our own uſe. And yet this fooliſh Cuſtom is follow'd by abundance of People of all Sorts of Qualities. As for me I was not ſuch a Blockhead as to give away what I had, I made as if I ſaw nothing, though I ſaw every thing, and knew which way my Matters went: Thus in a little time I had Money, Cloaths, Moveables,

ables, and all things I wanted. The Hoſteſs of our Inn where we Lodg'd, gave me moſt Vexation; ſhe obſerv'd how the Money came in, and was for having her Share of the Gains. My Wife had preſented her with ſome few things of ſmall Value, but that did not ſatisfy her, ſhe grew every day more and more out of Humour, which oblig'd us to leave her Inn ſooner than I ſhou'd have done; ſo I hir'd a Houſe of my own, and by the help of our Merchant furniſh'd it well enough at a little Charge. I thought we lead a heavenly Life, for we did nothing but Feaſt and make Merry from Morning to Night: The Merchant was pleas'd with his Fortune, and we with ours. Things were in this Situation when a new Lover fell into my Wife's Nets; he was a young *Flemiſh* Lord, Handſome, Rich, and one who had a Place at Court. Signor *Diego*, our Merchant, carry'd my Wife to the Play; there the Young Lord firſt ſaw her, and ſhe him: And perhaps both of them were equally Smitten, he being as beautiful for a Man as ſhe was for a Woman. He cou'd not tell what to think of a Lady ſo lovely and richly dreſs'd, in Company of ſuch an Ordinary Man as our Merchant appear'd to be, who laid out all his Money on my Wife. He took him for her Gentleman Uſher, or one of her Domeſticks; and yet he carry'd himſelf ſo familiarly towards her that he cou'd not believe him to be leſs than her Husband: He firſt thought 'twould be beſt for him to ſcrape an Acquaintance with him, and having found out where he Lodg'd, he hir'd Rooms in the ſame Houſe, which made well for the Landlady, the *Flemmand* ſpending high. He there underſtood that Signor *Diego* was not marry'd; that the Woman he ſaw with him was a Lady of *Alcala*, Marry'd to a Gentleman of *Seville*, and that that Merchant was in Love with her. The *Flemmand* was glad to hear the Lady was to be come at, and did

not doubt but he ſhould be preferr'd to the Merchant, let him be never ſo Rich, having Youth and Beauty on his ſide, which his Rival could not boaſt much of. He made his Hoſteſs his Confident: She deſir'd no better Sport; ſuch Employments were in her way, and the moſt beneficial of any; ſo ſhe promis'd to ſerve him, and did it to purpoſe. She had always kept up her Acquaintance with us, and us'd to come to our Houſe, imagining 'twould one time or other turn to her Advantage. She gave my Wife a Viſit, and engag'd her to take a Walk, Senior *Diego* knowing nothing of the Matter; The *Flemand* met her as by chance, and they ſoon became very well acquainted. For, as I have ſaid before, there was a great Diſpoſition in my Wife to oblige her Gallants; and ſhe never let any of 'em languiſh longer than was neceſſary for her to fleece 'em well. She had not now Ordinary Moveables; Watches of 10 or 12 Piſtoles Price, or Suits of Cloaths of 28 or 30, as the Merchant us'd to give her; but good Purſes of 1000 Franks, Diamond Rings worth as much, whole Pieces of Tapiſtry, Plate and other Treaſure, which abounded in my Houſe as if it had been a Lord's. I dreſs'd my ſelf out like a Man of Quality, and my Wife was not behind-hand in the Figure ſhe made. Our Merchant quickly perceiv'd that the new Comer had ſupplanted him; and that we began to deſpiſe him, as a Man whom we had made the moſt of, and now was a Burthen to us. The Merchant cou'd not digeſt this cruel Uſage, after he had ſet us up in the World: He firſt reproach'd my Wife with Ingratitude, and was ſo inſolent as to threaten her: Which coming to my Ears, I talk'd to him as a Man who ow'd him nothing, who was reſolv'd to be Maſter at Home, and do what he pleas'd there, without giving an Account to any one; adding,

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That I did not deſire to be provok'd further, or I ſhould let him ſee what ſuch Men as he was to expect from Perſons of my Condition. When he found me in this Tone, he ſaw plainly he had been the Fool of the Play, and that he had no more Buſineſs at our Houſe; he went away immediately, ready to burſt with Deſpite and Rage, ſeeing himſelf turn'd out to make room for a Stranger, and after the many good Services he had render'd us, be forc'd to put up ſuch an Affront. The *Flemand* did Wonders; ev'ry thing about us was ſplendid: I had three Footmen, and my Wife two Waiting-women. The Gallant ſpent his Money at my Houſe, I ſpent mine at other Folks: For Money ill-gotten goes as lightly as it comes. I ſuppos'd Things would not always proſper with us as they did now; or at leaſt I liv'd as if I was willing to make Hay while the Sun ſhin'd: And the Truth is, had not Old Nick interven'd, and put a ſtop to the Progreſs of our Affairs, I had done my Buſineſs pretty well; but the Miſchief of it was, that this young Lord, like the reſt of his Years, cou'd not help bragging of his good Fortune, and telling a Courtier of it, who was his Friend, as young, handſome, and amorous as himſelf, and fell in Love with my Wife the firſt time he ſaw her. That was nothing with ſuch a Lady as mine; ſhe had Wit and Beauty enough for both of them; but the latter brought three or four of his Friends to our Houſe, who would all come in for a Share; and tho' that was a little unconſcionable, yet Ways and Means were found out to oblige all of 'em. Thus our Houſe became Night and Day crowded like an Inn; and the Noiſe and Buſtle were the ſame, as you may imagine, when 'twas frequented by 5 or 6 Young Lords, all amorous and frolickſome. Nothing but Eating, Drinking, Singing and Dancing, was to be heard or

ſeen: We had hardly time to take our natural Reſt; and 'twas not likely that ſo many young Hot-heads wou'd let us live long in quiet. Jealouſy began to breed Differences between them, and Play, which my Wife and I always encourag'd, finiſh'd it. Some of 'em were more impatient than others, and leſs able to bear their Loſſes; they borrow'd, plunder'd, mortgag'd, and did every thing they cou'd to raiſe Money, which was all melted down at our Houſe, and they hardly knew which way it went: Though I got Money my ſelf, our Way of Living was ſuch, that I did not find I was ever a whit the richer for't. At laſt they quarrel'd ſo, that two of 'em fought; one was wounded, and my Houſe being look'd upon as the Source of theſe Diſorders, Complaint was made of it at Court; and one Morning I was hall'd out of my Bed to Priſon by twenty Sergeants, who thought fit to plunder my Houſe of my moſt valuable Moveables. There's no help for what ſuch Rogues do: I was ſhut up cloſe, and to complain had been to no purpoſe. My Wife was in a deplorable Condition, to ſee all gone at once: She dreſs'd her ſelf, and went to my principal Judge, threw her ſelf at his Feet, and ſollicited my Affair. He was a very Grave Perſon, of a Venerable Aſpect, had a grim Air, and was well in Years; yet notwithſtanding his Grey Hairs, the Fire that ſparkled out of my Wife's Eyes thro' her Tears, kindled a Flame in the Old Man's Heart, which one would have expected to have been all Ice. He took her up, and carry'd her into his Cloſet, that, as he ſaid, her Audience might not be interrupted: And while ſhe told him the Matter of Fact, ſhe came about the Leacherous Old Knave; who did not mind what ſhe ſaid, but with one Hand wip'd her Eyes, and put the other trembling on her Breaſts: In ſhort, he gave her hopes that the Buſineſs ſhould be

accommodated to her mind; and in the mean time he ſent Order to the Jaylor to uſe me well, as indeed I was, better than any other Priſoner. For he was a Man of Authority, and might have let me out that minute if he wou'd; but he wanted Time to make Love to my Wife, and he did not believe, in caſe I was out of Priſon, the Matter would have been ſo eaſy to him as I ſhould have made it. He appointed her to come the next Day to the ſame Cloſet; where my Wife found him provided, perfum'd, comb'd, and his Beard neatly adjuſted; with a Colour'd Coat on, which he had thrown by 20 Years ago. The Succeſs of this Second Viſit, was, a Promiſe that I ſhould next day be ſet at liberty; and he bad my Wife come on the morrow to fetch the Warrant, which ſhou'd be ready Sign'd and Seal'd. I thought my ſelf very happy, to be deliver'd from this troubleſome Affair in ſo few days, notwithſtanding it coſt me half as much as I had got ſince I came to *Madrid*; but I hop'd, that having ſo good a Protector as my Wife, no ſuch unlucky Accidents would happen to us again. In the Afternoon I waited upon the Judge, to pay him my Acknowledgments: He receiv'd me very kindly, invited me to come and ſee him, and eat a Bit with him ſometimes. I return'd him Thanks for the Honour he did me, and begg'd the Favour of him to continue his Protection. In the Evening he came to our Houſe: My Wife and I entertain'd him with Muſick, which he lov'd mightily; and afterwards with a Collation of Sweetmeats; which he repaid by a Noble Preſent my Wife receiv'd from him in a day or two. Things went on thus ſome time: At laſt he began to think my Company troubleſome, and wou'd fain have ſent me out of the way. He told me one day as I was at Dinner with him, that 'twas pity a Man of Senſe and Learning, as I

was, ſhould not have a Place at Court; where many a ſorry Fellow, either by his Flattery and baſe Complaiſance, or the Conformity between his and his Patron's Morals, gets Preferment; tho' he has nothing to recommend him, but a little faſhionable Pertneſs, the Court-Cant, and a Diſpoſition to give up all his Principles, if he has any, to his Patron's Intereſt or Humour. Whereas he ſaw in me a Perſon who was capable of Exerciſing any Office without a Deputy, and need not do like ſome Men, be ſent to School to learn to write, before they enter upon their Offices. You may make your Fortune, added he; and I'll help you to a Place, if you'll accept of it. I reply'd, With all my Heart; 'twas what I wanted, being weary of a Life of Idleneſs, and I ſhou'd reckon my ſelf the happieſt Man in the World, if he would lay ſuch an Obligation upon me; hoping he wou'd never have any Reaſon to repent his Choice. He put me off to the Morrow, promiſing then to give me a poſitive Anſwer: I came to him punctually at the Time appointed, and found a Commiſſion Sign'd and Seal'd for me to be one of the *Receivers* of the King's Taxes; and it oblig'd me to be gone immediately to the Precinct where I was to Collect them. This Poſt did not ſuit my Inclinations very well; for I knew that your Receivers and Collectors are deteſted by the People, and that nothing was ſo ungrateful and odious as the Name of an Exciſeman or Cuſtomhouſe-Officer: Beſides I did not care to leave *Madrid*, to run about the Country at all times, and not to be Maſter of my own; nevertheleſs I was forc'd to be ſatisfy'd, and to thank my Benefactor, as if he had given me the moſt acceptable Office in the Government. My Wife did not like it any more than my ſelf; however, we concluded 'twould be the beſt way to make a tryal of it, and ſee what he wou'd do for

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us, while he poſſeſs'd all to himſelf at *Madrid.* I obey'd the Orders I had receiv'd, and enter'd upon my Charge; in which I ſoon found, that without Robbing, Extortion, and all ſorts of Violence which theſe Gentlemen commit upon the Country People, and poor Wretches, I ſhou'd never be able to maintain my ſelf, and ſhou'd be reduc'd to worſe Streights than ever. I did not like this Trade; I found a Robber on the High-ways was an honeſter Profeſſion, and was preparing, as ſoon as my three Months Duty was expir'd, to return to *Madrid*; when I receiv'd a Letter from the Judge, inviting me himſelf to return. This was as welcome to me as the Diſcharge my Wife brought me to get out of Priſon; but I cou'd not imagine what was the Cauſe of my being recall'd. My Wife told me part of it when I came Home, and I had the reſt from him. 'Twas not likely that ſuch a Young Woman as ſhe, ſhould long be ſatisfy'd with ſuch an Old Grey-bearded Fellow as he. As for me, I was always for ſomething ſubſtantial, and enquir'd how we had thriv'd in my Abſence? If Stock was higher, and ſhe had improv'd what I left her? But to my great Surprize I underſtood, that the Old Covetous Lord had thought he had done enough in giving me the Place; and that ſhe had only receiv'd ſome few Dinners and Suppers of him, beſides which ſhe cou'd not get a Petticoat out of him. I found we had made a bad Bargain. My Judge complain'd to me of my Wife's Inclination to Coquetry; and that ſhe lov'd only young Fellows, whoſe Viſits wou'd be her utter Ruin: He ſaid, He ſent for me, to give me notice of it, that I might take care in time to prevent the ill Conſequence of it; for if any other ſuch Accident happen'd to me as did before, I might not find Men of his eaſy good-natur'd Diſpoſition, to make it up ſo again.

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I gueſs'd what he would be at; and he enlarg'd more on the ſame Subject, which wou'd be too tedious to tell you. I promis'd him to do my Duty, and would endeavour to make my Wife do hers; but the jealous Old Man not finding any Change in my Wife's Life and Converſation, or rather that our Houſe was more haunted by young People than ever, and that he muſt come at unſeaſonable Hours to find my Wife alone, chid me ſeverely for not taking more care of my own and her Reputation; he reproach'd me with the Services he had done me, and heighten'd 'em as much as if he had made my Fortune. I excus'd my ſelf as well as I could; however, my Wife and I was at no pains to reform: On the contrary, we were willing by our Conduct to let him ſee we did not matter him; for we deny'd our ſelves twice or thrice when he came to viſit us, tho' he knew we were at Home. Upon this his Love and Jealouſy turn'd to Fury and Reſentment: He reſolv'd to ſhew it us, in procuring us to be condemn'd to leave *Madrid* in three Days time; by which Proceeding he thought to terrify us, and make us cry out for Mercy: But as ſoon as we heard of this unjuſt Sentence, we both gueſs'd from whence it came; and that the Old Fellow imagin'd he wou'd force us to comply with him on his own Terms; which we wou'd rather have gone to the End of the World, than have conſented to. Indeed, I was willing enough to leave that City, for ſeveral Reaſons; my Creditors, I was afraid, wou'd come upon me for the Remainder of my Compoſition-Money, the Time of Payment expiring; our Trade began to decreaſe, and our Credit to ſink ev'ry way: So I diſpos'd of all my Effects, turn'd 'em into Money, hir'd four Mules to carry us and our Baggage, and departed early in the Morning on the third Day after, according to the Sentence.

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We took the direct Road to *Seville*, where I was inform'd my Mother was ſtill living; and my Wife was as fond of going thither as I, being tempted by the Stories I had told her of the Riches and Magnificence of that City; where ſhe doubted not, but ſo young and Beautiful a Woman as ſhe, might fill her Coffers at the Expence of the Merchants who came thither from *Peru*, were loaden with Gold and Jewels. We did not travel far in a Day, becauſe we would not be incommoded, nor fatigu'd; and I own, I felt a ſecret Pleaſure in ſeeing and travelling the Country, which brought to Remembrance the ſad Adventures of my Youth. The reflecting on the Alteration of my Condition, the various Chances of my Life, and my Arrival at laſt at my firſt Stage; cou'd not but be pleaſant to a thoughtful Man, as I was when I had Leiſure to think. I came to the Inn where I had been a Servant; the Hoſt was dead, but I remember'd the Good and Charitable Fryar who gave me half of his Dinner. We did not go thro' *Cantillana*, leaving it on the Right hand; but the Smell of thoſe Ragouts of Mules was ſtill in my Noſe, and I did not forget the Cudgelling the two Sergeants beſtow'd on me and the Aſs-driver. I came to, and din'd at that Charming Inn where they made Pancakes of Pullets; I told my Wife the Story, and ſhe laught at it heartily: I ſaw the Holy and Devout Hermitage where I lay the firſt Night after I left *Seville*, and was immediately ſeiz'd with this Pious Rapture, Great St. *Lazarus*, cry'd I, full of Joy, Tenderneſs and Gratitude, when I took leave of thee and thy Holy Chappel, 'twas with Tears in my Eyes and Face, alone, miſerable poor, but innocent, and now thou ſeeſt me return in good Condition, marry'd, and contented; but how innocent thou and Heaven know. I came to the Fountain, at which I breakfaſted before I parted, and in the

the Evening we arriv'd at my dear and lovely Country; at the thoughts of which I wept with tenderneſs and joy; 'twas late, ſo we took up our Quarters in the firſt Inn we came to; but next Morning I roſe betimes to find out a better, and fetch my Baggage from the Cuſtom-houſe, whither 'twas carry'd over Night to be examin'd: I took Lodgings for the preſent in St. *Bartholomew-ſtreet*, order'd my Goods to be brought thither, and enquir'd after my Mother, of whom I could hear no News till ſome Months after, when my Wife viſiting a Lady ſhe had made an acquaintance with in the Town, happen'd to hear her Name mention'd by chance, and ſo we came to underſtand ſhe did not live far off of us, that ſhe had a handſome young Lady in the Houſe with her, who paſs'd for her Daughter, but I knew it muſt be her Adopted Daughter, for ſhe had no other then living unmarry'd: As ſoon as I heard where ſhe liv'd, I ran to ſee her, found her at home, and the Joy on both ſides at this Meeting was beyond expreſſion. I carry'd my Wife to wait upon her, and my Mother embrac'd her with great Signs of Affection and Joy: Thus we continu'd for ſeveral Days, ſhe treating us, and we treating her: At laſt having occaſion to make uſe of her, in the Condition my Purſe ſtood, and knowing her to be a Woman of Experience, who cou'd give my Wife Good Inſtructions as to commerce with the World, as much as ſhe knew already, eſpecially as to what related to the Converſation of *Seville*, quite different from that of *Madrid*, I deſir'd her to come and live with us, offering to take a Houſe on purpoſe to have her Company;, but ſhe was ſo loth to leave the Young Gentlewoman whom I would not have her live with, and ſo afraid ſhe ſhould not agree with her Daughter-in-Law, as it often happens, that I could not for a good while prevail with her to let out her own Houſe:

Houſe: I would at laſt have given my Conſent that ſhe ſhou'd bring the Young Woman with her, but ſhe told me 'twas not likely two Young Airy Nymphs would live together long without quarrelling, and cauſing a Civil War in the Family: In the end finding my Wife to be a Tractable Girl, and one that wou'd be govern'd by her, ſhe agreed to come without the Young Woman, to avoid all cauſe of Strife: I was very glad I had gain'd my Point, and if my Wife wou'd have been rul'd by my Mother and me, we might have got a handſome Livelihood: But the Peace between my Wife and my Mother did not laſt long, all that my Mother foreſaw came to paſs: My Wife grew weary of being under Government, ſhe wou'd live as ſhe pleas'd, and having once begun to quarrel, ſhe never gave over, except a few ſhort Intervals. When I ſaw ſhe was beginning her Freeks, I took my Cloak, walk'd abroad, and diverted my ſelf with my Friends; for my Wife being almoſt always in the wrong, I, as Juſtice requir'd, took my Mother's part, and that made the Breach wider than before. In ſhort, there was ſuch a hurly-burly every Day at our Houſe, you wou'd have thought it a fire; and what made Matters worſe than otherwiſe they might have been, was the failure of the *Weſt-India* Ships, which did not come in that Year. My Wife's Gains were but ſmall in compariſon of our Expence, and eſpecially her own; no Silks, no Cloaths, no Ornaments were rich enough for her, ſhe had every Thing alamode, and Faſhions altering, ſhe was always making New: Our Troubles and Vexations increas'd as our Stock leſſen'd, and 'twas a terrible Mortification to us to think we muſt lower our Sails, and moderate our Expences, to which we had ſet no bounds, in expectation of the Merchants of *Peru*, whom we doubted not would recruit us. My Wife would not hearken to Reaſon, right or wrong ſhe wou'd wear

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the beſt, eat the beſt, and live as if our Income were as great as a Grandees: I bore all, and durſt not ſay any thing; but my Mother, who was a very good Houſwife, remonſtrated to her frequently, and told her the Truth: My Spouſe always fell upon me, as if I had been the occaſion of it, I never liv'd ſo wretched a Life, and I deſerv'd it richly. As Good Luck would have it, I happen'd to come acquainted with an *Italian* Captain of a *Neopolitan* Galley, who by Order of the Court was come to *Malaga* to carry the Biſhop of the City to *Italy*; that Prelate not being ready to depart, and the Captain willing to make the moſt of his Voyage, came to *Seville* to ſee for Freight, or if any *West-India* Merchants wou'd tranſport themſelves and their Diamonds to *Naples*: I met with him the ſecond Day after his Arrival, in Company of ſome Merchants, and was charm'd to light upon a Man who talk'd as good *Italian* as my ſelf: The Captain, who cou'd ſpeak little *Spaniſh*, was as well pleas'd that he had found ſuch a Man as I, ſo we were almoſt always together: I invited him home to my Houſe, he ſaw my Wife, fell in love with her, made us ſeveral good Preſents, and if his Affairs wou'd have permitted him a longer ſtay at *Seville*, we might have got a Penny by him, for he was liberal, and had Money; but being preſs'd as to Time, fearing the Biſhop would ſtay for him, and ſo deſperately enamour'd with my Wife, that he cou'd not think of Parting with her; he perſwaded her to leave me, and fly with him into *Italy*. I believe he did not find it a difficult matter to prevail with her, for ſhe had been a good while out of humour with me and my Mother, inſomuch that we neither of us enjoy'd a quiet Hour with her. I did not matter her Elopement; on the contrary, I was glad he had eas'd me of ſuch a Burthen: But ſhe carry'd away all her Jewels, Cloaths, Plate, and

what ready Money ſhe cou'd lay her Hands on; the Captain aſſiſting her Night and Day, in order to it, without our taking the leaſt Umbrage at his Conduct. However, I was not ſuch a Fool as to ſend a Hue and Cry after her; and believing my ſelf happy and rich in getting rid of her, had ſhe not left me a Penny, I ſhou'd have been very eaſy, and not have deſpair'd of getting my Livelihood. Some Furniture and Moveables, ſome of her worſt Cloaths, and a little Money ſtill remain'd; and I made as little Noiſe of the Matter as I cou'd, becauſe the Scandal reflected all upon me. I ſold off my Furniture, and was, as ever, merry with my Friends; which my Mother obſerving, ſhe return'd to her Adopted Daughter, with whom ſhe liv'd more eaſily and pleaſantly than ſhe cou'd expect to do with me.

CHAP. XXVII.

Guzman *being at Liberty by his Wife's Elopement, enters himſelf into the Service of a Lady, whoſe Favour he gain'd; but having betray'd and robb'd her, ſhe has him Try'd and Condemn'd to the Gallies, whither he is led and Chain'd to the Oar as long as he lives.*

BY my Wife's Flight I found my ſelf entirely free, reduc'd to the firſt Condition of my Life, and 'twould have been a very miſerable one, If I had not been an Induſtrious Perſon. I was reſolv'd to try how I cou'd employ my Talents upon a rich Lady of our Town, whoſe Husband had been Governor of a City in the *Weſt Indies*, and dy'd there. She had been a very handſome Woman,

man, and not the moſt Cruel of her Age; but Years had had a diſmal effect on her Beauty, and the World having abandon'd her, to ſave her Honour ſhe was turn'd Devout: But not ſo Devout as to forbid any Man's addreſſing to her; 'twas viſible, her Devotion was more out of Neceſſity than Decency or Virtue; and that her Complexion was ſtill the ſame, which was to be ſeen by her Care to dreſs her ſelf as gaudily and magnificently as ſhe cou'd. She had no Children, but ſeveral conſiderable Relations who pretended to the Succeſſion of her Eſtate. I was told by a good hand that ſhe wanted a Man of Buſineſs to manage her Affairs for her; and I believ'd no body cou'd ſerve her better, at leaſt in what ſhe wanted to be moſt ſerv'd. I concluded if I cou'd get to be her Steward, my Fortune was made, for ſhe was very rich; and I doubted not of getting enough in her Service one how or other, to maintain me as long as I liv'd. To procure me an entrance into her Family, I learnt that a Dominican Fryar, her Father Confeſſor, had a great Influence over her, and muſt be gain'd to my Intereſt. I took a Purſe and put Eight Piſtoles in it, and 25 Ducates of Gold, to which I added a pretty Diamond Ring and a Gold Seal, with this I went to the Dominican's Monaſtery, and ask'd to ſpeak with her Confeſſor, who was a wonderful good Man, a famous Preacher, to whom abundance of Perſons reſorted to be reſolv'd about Caſes of Conſcience. I had put on a plain Suit of Cloaths, and laid by my Sword, ſo that I was taken for one of his Penitents. I was conducted to his Chamber, and enter'd it with an Air and Countenance which anſwer'd to my Equipage: I ſpoke ſoftly, and look'd as if I was afraid to caſt my Eyes on ſo Sacred a Perſon: I am a poor Man, Reverend Father, quoth I, who by chance have found ſome Jewels and Gold in the Street, 'tis what does not be-


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belong to me, and as much as I am in want, I thought my ſelf oblig'd to depoſite it in your hands, that you may do with it what you think fit. The good Father charm'd with ſo Heroical an Action in a Perſon whoſe Wants wou'd have excus'd his appropriating it to himſelf, commended my Diſintereſt and religious Sentiments. He enquir'd more particularly into my Condition, what I did, and what I was capable of doing, that if ever it lay in his way he might help me to Buſineſs, and reward ſuch extraordinary Virtue. I told him, I had liv'd ſome time at *Seville*; that I had been Receiver of the King's Taxes at *Madrid*, but I had ſo much Compaſſion for the Poor, whom I ſaw every day oppreſt by His Officers, and cou'd not pay what was Impos'd upon them, that I cou'd not in Conſcience continue in that Office, in which I ſpent my own Money to ſave the Subject. That afterwards I was Steward to a Nobleman, and had the Management of all his Eſtate; which when I undertook, I found in great Confuſion: But while I ſet his Affairs in Order on one hand, he run out on the other; and after four Years good and faithful Service, whereas his other Domeſticks had enrich'd themſelves by cheating him, and made their Advantage of the Proſperity into which by my great Induſtry I had brought his Affairs, I remain'd poor and miſerable, and was worth no more than when he firſt entertain'd me; having not receiv'd ſo much as my Wages, and I did not underſtand the Ways ſome Servants had of paying themſelves. The Holy Man heard me out very attentively, and perceiving I argu'd reaſonably on ſeveral Things, and talk'd in the proper Terms; he ask'd me if ever I had been at the College? I reply'd, Yes; and was deſign'd for the Church; but after well examining my Vocation, I found I was not at all fit for ſo Sacred a

Function. He try'd me on that Head, and saw how far I had gone in Divinity and Philosophy: He was surpriz'd to find me so Learned, for I had all my Lessons fresh in my Memory, and upon Occasion cou'd teach 'em to others. He seem'd glad to hear me, and know me, and not only conceiv'd an Esteem, but a Friendship for me. I stay'd with him above three Hours, so long he was pleas'd to keep me; and then he said, He was to preach to-morrow, being *Sunday*; and that he wou'd publish the finding the Purse, to the end the Right Owner might have it; and would have me without fail come and see him on *Monday*, because he hop'd to find out a Place for me, which I shou'd like. I left him after this, and went to my Mother; whom I told that I had unfortunately lost my Purse, with a Ring, her Gold Seal, and about 200 Franks in it; but as Good Luck wou'd have it, 'twas fall'n into the Hands of a Dominican Fryar, who wou'd be sure to have it publish'd in the Church to-morrow after Sermon, and I pray'd her to go and own it; for I had some Reasons, which she should know hereafter, why I was unwilling to see the Fryar my self. The Good Woman did what I desir'd of her; and knowing as well as I what sort of Ring and Seal was in it, and how much Money, she pass'd without difficulty for the Person to whom it belong'd; so 'twas restor'd to her; and, as I order'd her, she took out a Pistole, gave it to the Good Fryar, and desir'd him to give it to the Person that found it, as a Reward. Thus I had my Purse again safely; and on *Monday* went to the Dominican, as he had order'd me. He receiv'd me as kindly as if I had been his Son; telling me, the Master, or rather the Mistress of your Purse is found; and the Good Old Woman who own'd it, has charg'd me to give you this Pistole for your taking it up. I

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made as if I was ſcrupulous of taking it, becauſe I had only done what I ought to do, and did not deſerve a Reward, but in Obedience to him I took it. He added, Friend, I have better News to tell you; I have got you a Place with one of the principal Ladies of this City, to take care of her Buſineſs; and, if you will, you may now live happily all the reſt of my Life. He added, I doubt not of your diſcharging the Truſt committed to you faithfully: I have paſs'd my Word for you; acquit your ſelf well, and your Fortune is made. I preſently threw my ſelf at his Feet, took him by the Hand, and kiſs'd it with Tranſport of Joy. He bad me riſe, and having given me aſſurance of his Protection, wrote a Letter to the Lady, which he bad me carry. He had before mightily commended my Virtue and Capacity, and the Lady was impatient to ſee me, and have me in her Houſe. I waited upon her, and ſhe receiv'd me not as a Man that was to be her Domeſtick, but as a Perſon whoſe Worth ſhe had ſuch an Opinion of, that in caſe of Need I might ſerve inſtead of her *Director*, or Ghoſtly Father. The Fryar, Good Man, had already made my Bargain with her, and ſettled my Salary and Perquiſites. She ask'd me if I was ſatisfy'd? I reply'd, 'twas more than I deſerv'd; but I wou'd endeavour to render my ſelf worthy of her Bounty, by my Care and Fidelity in her Service. She was charm'd with my Diſcourſe, and not diſpleas'd with my Perſon: She wrote a Letter to the Fryar, to thank him for recommending me to her; and deſir'd that I wou'd lye in her Houſe that very Night. Accordingly, I brought my Things thither, being a neat Trunk full of Cloaths, Linnen and Woollen, all ſuitable to the Part I was to act. I had a handſome Room provided for me, and ſoon got the Reſpect of the other Servants, as a Perſon whom their Lady

would have respected, and who was her Chief Minister. All the Papers relating to her Estate and Affairs were put into my Hands, and I apply'd my self with so much Zeal and Assiduity to the Discharge of my Trust, that I seldom or never went out of the House, and thought of nothing else; insomuch that in fifteen Days time, Madam found as much Business dispatch'd, as she thought wou'd have taken up six Months. She was amaz'd at it, and look'd upon me as a Treasure which she ought to value, and for which she often thank'd her Confessor, being oblig'd frequently to consult her on some Affairs which could not be done without it. I behav'd my self always so respectfully, with so much Softness and Insinuation, that I perceiv'd I daily got ground in her Good Will, and that her Confidence in me went something farther. She had had Stewards before, but she thought she had never had such a one as me. She perceiv'd by my Air that I had had a more than ordinary Education, and had frequented People of Quality. Besides, I let her see I knew something of ev'ry thing, and cou'd talk to her upon any Subject. My Conversation grew more and more agreeable to her, whether for that Reason, or others, which she as yet kept to her self. She had set me certain fix'd Times to come and talk with her about her Concerns; which were, in the Morning at her Toilet, and in the Evening after Supper: But that was not enough at last; she wou'd come into my Closet after Dinner, under some Pretence or other, and spend two or three Hours in Discourse that had no Relation at all to her Business. She had heard me sing, by Chance, as she thought; tho' I took care that she should hear me; and 'twas a new Charm which made a great Impression on her: She then talk'd to me of it, and desir'd me to sing to her. I affected a great deal

deal of Modeſty, and ſhe was afraid of preſſing me further. Her Kindneſs for me augmented daily: All her Concern was, how to hide it; and to let me think ſome Liberties which ſhe took when I was in her Chamber were caſual, or Negligences, that I might not be ſcandaliz'd; for my ſevere Virtue was very troubleſome to her. But in ſhort, Fleſh is Fleſh; and ſhe having made Advances above half way, I could not forbear meeting her the reſt. We were very well ſatisfy'd with one another; ſhe excus'd her Frailty, by her deſigning to Marry me privately; and I excus'd mine, by the Power of her Charms, which no Virtue was ſtrong enough to reſiſt. What better Fortune cou'd a Man of my Circumſtances and Diſpoſition hope for; and what a Fool was I not to maintain my ſelf in it? But as ſoon as I found I cou'd ſwim in deep Water, I was drown'd. No Man cou'd behave himſelf more like a Blockhead than I did on this Occaſion: My Wiſdom, of which I was full when I did not want it, forſook me when I ſtood in moſt Need of it. As ſoon as I found I was the belov'd Ruler of Her Houſe, I forgot my ſelf, and my Miſtreſs, who was ſo blinded by her Paſſion that ev'ry thing I did pleas'd her; I carry'd my ſelf as if I was abſolute Lord of all, ſet up for a Beau, made a Figure, ſpent her Money, gave Rewards to whom I pleas'd, and took an Under-Steward to look after the Buſineſs of the Houſe, which was the High-Road to Ruin. The Lady's Relations, who were concern'd to ſee that Matters went not well with her, look'd aſquint upon me; they did not at firſt like that ſuch a ſort of a Man as I ſhou'd enter into her Service, knowing her Weakneſſes: They were alarm'd when they ſaw how great we were, and that I gave the Domeſticks in the Houſe to underſtand all Things were under my Government, as much as if I was their Maſter.

They did not know who I was, and believing I had no Wife, were afraid their Kinſwoman wou'd marry me, if we were not marry'd already, eſpecially knowing ſhe wou'd before have marry'd her Coachman, for I was not the firſt Servant ſhe had been ſo kind to. They reſolv'd therefore to look into the Matter, and do what was moſt for their own and the Lady's Intereſt and Honour: However, all their Endeavours would have been ineffectual, had I not ruin'd my ſelf by my Wretched Conduct. The Love-ſick Lady into whoſe Arms I had fall'n, not out of Love, which was leaſt in my Thoughts, but with Views that are eaſy to be imagin'd; beſides, that her Beauty was ſomewhat worn, had ſome Natural Defects, which were diſtaſtful to a Gallant Man; and to make 'em more ſo, I had caſt my Eyes on a Young Girl in the Houſe, who was a pretty merry Wench, and having Money at command, and being Maſter of all things there, I gain'd her by a few ſmall Preſents to my Lure. We liv'd as pleaſant a Life as any Couple cou'd in the World, and kept our Correſpondence ſecret a long time, but we cou'd not hinder the Flame burſting out at laſt: Her Fellow Servants envying the New Cloaths, Diamond Rings, and the Gold ſhe ſhew'd them every Day, miſtruſted how ſhe came by it, and out of Jealouſy told their Lady. She commanded them to watch her, and they did it ſo narrowly, that we were in the end diſcover'd. The Jades having heard her have Nocturnal Converſation with me three or four Hours one Night in my Chamber, this News was like a Dagger to the Lady's Heart, for ſhe did not ſuſpect that I cou'd have been guilty of ſuch a Treaſon, wherefore ſhe reſolv'd to be ſatisfy'd her ſelf, and have Ocular or Auricular Demonſtration before ſhe declar'd her Reſentment. I lodg'd in a Magnificent Room, that join'd, and had communication with hers by a Cloſet which came

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out of her own; in that Closet was a Private Door, over which hung a Piece of Tapistry, so that the Door was not seen; besides there was a Hole or little Window in the Closet, which I knew nothing of, 'twas so near my Bed's Head, that by putting one's Ear to it, the Person hearkening might hear whatever was said a-Bed, tho' spoken never so softly; there my Lady waited for the Girl's coming in that Unfortunate Night wherein we were detected: The dear little Rogue was punctual at the usual Hour, we laught a little together; and as we us'd to do sometimes, so, as Old Nick would have it, we now fell a railing at our Lady, and jesting upon her Amour with me and others: The Girl told me all her Intrigue with the Coachman, and others of the same nature, and I to be quits with her, gave her a full Account of all her Corporal Infirmities, which I came to know by having Familiarity with her: In short, I painted her in such filthy Colours, that no Woman alive cou'd bear it. And indeed no Woman was ever in such a Rage; I believe my Little Mistress and I had felt the Effects of it that very Night, if I had not had the Precaution to see the Door of the Closet which open'd to my Chamber well barricado'd, for I heard a Noise there as if some-body endeavour'd to break it open, but she had not Strength enough for it: I immediately made my Girl get up, and run into her Chamber as fast as she cou'd, while I fasten'd my Door withinside as well as I could: I can't tell how my Lady pass'd the rest of that Fatal Night, but all I cou'd learn from one of her Domesticks, was, that as soon as 'twas Day she sent for one of her Relations who was her next Heir, told him I was a Rogue, and had not only robb'd her several Ways, but had dishonour'd her House, wherefore she desir'd him to go presently and fetch Officers to seize my Person, that I might be brought to Tryal for robbing her, and

punish'd according to my Deserts: Her Kinsman was transported at the fair Occasion which offer'd for him to get rid of me, and fearing the Lady, who he suppos'd did what she did out of Jealousy, might be sorry for it afterwards, and change her Opinion in my Favour if he gave her time to cool upon it, and me to appease her, was as diligent as possible in executing her Orders: So he obtain'd a Warrant to apprehend me as a Domestick Thief which was executed before Ten a Clock, and I hurry'd out of Bed to Jail. At first I thought my Relations at *Genoa*, or my Creditors at *Madrid* had done it; but when I understood the Lady had proceeded so far out of Jealousy, I only laught at it: However when being brought to give an Account of my Administration for the two Years in which I serv'd her, I was at a loss, and found my Prosecutors resolv'd in earnest to ruin me; for since I had been her Favourite, I believ'd all was my own; I had spent so much Money extravagantly, that I knew 'twas impossible for me to get off of it, if I was rigorously examin'd. I was above 12000 Franks out of Cash, which I cou'd give no manner of account of, and if the Lady prosecuted me to the utmost I shou'd be condemn'd. To compleat my Destruction, my Under-Steward, seeing I was thrown into Jail, and fearing, as he deserv'd, the same Usage, ran away with all the Ready Money he cou'd lay his Fingers on; all which was laid at my door, as being answerable for that Man's Behaviour: I had neither Money, Credit, nor Friends, and my Mistress's Friends had more than enough to procure me to be sentenc'd to the Galleys for six Years: This Blow surpriz'd me to the last Degree, however I was not so much daunted but I had Courage enough still to attempt making my Escape: I dress'd my self up in a Woman's Disguize, having by my Generous Expences got more Liberty than any other

other Priſoner; I came as far as the Outer Door, where a Rogue of a One-Ey'd Door-keeper knew me, and cry'd out: I drew out a Dagger to ſtab him, but 'twas too late, Help came in, and this was an Aggravation of my Crime. My Confinement was cloſer than ever, and ſome Days after my Sentence was ſolemnly pronounc'd, and I was order'd for St. *Mary* Port to go aboard the Galleys: Thus what ſhou'd have been my making, was my marring, and I curs'd the Day I ever enter'd into the Lady's Service. The time appointed for my marching to Port *St. Mary*'s being come, I was drawn out with 25 other Priſoners, our Sentence was read to us, and our Chains put on; we were then divided into four Bands, chain'd one to another, deliver'd to our Conductor, who had twenty Men to guard us, and he led us along by ſmall Days Journeys. The firſt Day we ſet out was a *Munday*, and we lay at *Cabecas*, a Village nine Miles from *Seville*; the next Day we were call'd out early, and a Poor Boy happening to drive a Drove of Hogs in our Way, half of 'em was taken from him, and he cou'd get no Satisfaction from our Conductor, who hop'd to eat his ſhare of 'em: We paſs'd on with our Prize as glad as if we had got our Liberty: At Dinner-time finding none of our Gang took notice of our Conductor, I made him a Preſent of my Hog, with which he was very well pleas'd: And obſerving he was at a loſs how to diſpoſe of himſelf and his Guards and Slaves for want of Room and Neceſſaries in the Inn, I offer'd him my Service, if he wou'd command my Chains to be taken off, which he did, and I provided every thing in ſo good order, that he afterwards us'd me more kindly than the other Priſoners. But before we left the Inn, I had an Opportunity to ſhew a Caſt of my Office on two Merchants who came thither very melancholy for fear of their Goods, knowing we were upon

upon the Road. One of them was more fearful than the other, and had always his Eye upon his Portmanteau; I had a great mind to play him a Trick, which I effected, and with a Keen Knife cut a Hole in it, and whip'd out two Parcels while his Hand was upon it, one of my Comrades holding him in Diſcourſe to amuſe him. This Comrade's Name was *Soto*, and I had enter'd into a Friendſhip with him in Priſon; ſo I communicated my Deſign to him, gave him the two Parcels when I had got 'em, and after we had march'd a Mile from the Inn, deſir'd my fair Dividend of him, as Brothers in Iniquity: He making as if he knew nothing of the Matter, ſaid, he cou'd not imagine what I meant by it, denying that he had receiv'd any thing of me: I was enrag'd to hear him talk ſo, when I found he was not in jeſt, and threaten'd to tell our Conductor, being rather willing that he ſhou'd have the Advantage of my Theft than ſuch an Ungrateful Raſcal: My Threats and Reproaches prevailing nothing upon him, when we came to our Inn at Night I told the whole Truth to our Conductor, who preſently demanded the two Parcels of *Soto*; he reply'd boldly, I was a Cheat, and had given him nothing; upon which our Conductor, who did not underſtand Raillery when his Intereſt was concern'd, immediately order'd *Soto* to be put to the Torture, which the Coward no ſooner ſaw, but he confeſs'd he had hid the two Parcels in his Hog's Belly, where they were found, and upon opening them, it appear'd they were full of Beads and Bracelets of Coral adorn'd with Gold, of excellent Workmanſhip: The Conductor very fairly put 'em in his Pocket, promiſing me a Reward, but I have had nothing to this Day. My Comrade and I were ſuch bitter Enemies ever after, that our Conductor was forc'd to yoke him with ſomebody elſe. We arriv'd at Port *St. Mary* as the Galleys were careen-

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ing to put to Sea, and go out a cruizing: We were ſuffer'd to reſt a few Days in Priſon, after which the Officers of the Priſon and the Galleys divided us into ſix Bands, and, to my Misfortune, *Soto* was plac'd with me; we were carry'd aboard our Galley, I was ſeated in the midſt of it, over-againſt the Main Maſt, and *Soto* not far from me on the Maſter's Bench, which I was ſorry for, knowing what a Malicious Rogue he was: We had the King's Coat given us, a Red-Waſtcoat, two pair of Canvas-Drawers, two Shirts, a Red-Cap, and a Sea-Gown: The Barber came to ſhave our Beards and cut our Hair, which I griev'd at the moſt of any thing, for mine was long and fair: In a word, I was made a Compleat Slave, chain'd down to my Oar, as my Life and Actions had a long time deſerv'd. In this Condition my firſt Care was to make my ſelf belov'd by the Comiſſary, the Officer who has the Command of the Galley-Slaves aboard; I had the fairer Opportunity to do it, becauſe he eat and ſlept over-againſt my Seat, where his Poſt was; I was very officious to ſerve him in every thing he wanted help in: As at Meals, when he was a-Bed, in cleaning his Cloaths, and all Things that ſhew'd my Zeal and Aſſiduity to pleaſe him. I perceiv'd in few Days that my Care was not unprofitable, the Comiſſary look'd favourably upon me, which was a great Comfort to me, and rais'd the Envy of my Fellows. I was ſo well lik'd by him at laſt, that he would not let any one ſerve him but me, and made me change my Seat, that I might be entirely at his Service, to look after his Goods and Bed, and provide his Meat for him, finding I was vers'd in ſuch things, which was an equal Honour and Advantage to me, becauſe by this means I was eas'd of a Slave's duty; tho' when I had leiſure, I did as the reſt out of Supererogation. Our Galley was order'd to *Cales*, to take aboard ſome Maſts, Yards,

Yards, and Ships Tackling for the Arſenal; I was not oblig'd to row; however, becauſe my Fellow Slaves might not be too jealous of me, as they had too much Reaſon already, ſeeing me ſo well us'd by the Comitè, I ſeated my ſelf in my Place, took my Oar, and did my Duty on purpoſe to learn it, knowing I was in for a long time and one time or other might be put to it; and beſides we had now a little way only to go: When Night came, I found my ſelf ſo weary with tugging at ſuch hard Work, that all I cou'd do was to put the Comiſſary to Bed, and then wrap my ſelf up in my Gown, and lye down: I ſlept ſo ſoundly now, that a Rogue of our Bench, aſſiſted by two of his Comrades, robb'd me of a Piece of Money, all I had left me when I came out of Jail at *Seville*: I had ſow'd it up in my Gown, but they found it out, and ſeiz'd it: As ſoon as I was awake, I felt for my Treaſure, on which my Head always run when I was not aſleep, and came and complain'd to the Comiſſary, who drubb'd the Slaves till he found it out, adviſing me to lay out what I had in ſome little Merchandize or other, which I might ſell, and make advantage of: That I ſhou'd content my ſelf with pleaſing ſo good a Maſter, who ſhew'd ſo much Kindneſs to me. And I muſt own, conſidering my Condition, no body cou'd live eaſier and happier than I. But my Stars muſt belye themſelves, or this Good Luck cannot be long liv'd, and what ſeem'd to contribute moſt to my Happineſs, threw me into the laſt Degree of Miſery. A young Lord, who was a little related to the Captain of our Galley, rich, and a Knight of the Order of St. *James*, came aboard with a deſign to make his Caravan, or firſt Expedition as a Knight of the Order; for when our Squadron had join'd that of *Naples*, we were to cruize on the Pirates of *Africk.* He brought his Train and Baggage aboard, where he had not been a Week

before

before he loſt his Gold-Chain, which 'twas then the Faſhion for People of Quality to wear about their Necks. His Servants were ſuſpected to be the Robbers; all Ways were thought of to find it out, but nothing cou'd be diſcover'd; the Cat-a-nine-tails went to work, and all in vain; the Captain's own Servants had the ſame Tryal, but no Chain cou'd be recover'd; upon which the Captain adviſ'd his Kinſman to take a Slave to ſerve him, to look after his Cabin, and to take charge of every thing, on pain of being flead with the Laſh, if any thing was miſſing; Enquiry was preſently made after me, and the Lord heard ſuch a Character of my Addreſs and Capacity in theſe things, that he deſir'd earneſtly of the Captain to have me; the Captain knowing I had waited upon the Comiſſary, ſent for him, and ask'd what ſort of a Man I was; the Comitè ſaid ſo many kind things of me, that the Lord was the more impatient to take me into his Service; I was call'd, he ſeem'd to like my Looks, and I was enrol'd among his Attendants, to the great grief of the Comiſſary, who had loſt a very Faithful Servant in me: Thus I was advanc'd ſeveral Steps higher, and from the Comiſſary's Servant rais'd to be *Valet de Chambre* to a Knight of St. *James*: The firſt Favour he obtain'd for me was, that I ſhou'd have my great Chain ſtruck off, and have only a Link on my Foot, that I might be at the more Liberty, and ſerve him the more commodiouſly. All his Cloaths and Plate were told out to me, as alſo his Linnen, Jewels, and ev'ry thing elſe of any Value, which I put in their ſeveral Places; his Servants being forbidden to enter his Cabbin, if their Maſter was not there, unleſs they were permitted. 'Twas not long before I not only gain'd his Affection, but even his Eſteem: He lov'd to talk with me, and found I was a Man of ſo much Senſe, that he ſometimes ask'd my Ad-

vice

vice in his private Affairs. It happen'd one day that he was out of Humour at a Letter he receiv'd from an Uncle of his, a Great Lord and Courtier; by which he preſs'd him earneſtly to Marry, otherwiſe he threaten'd to leave his Eſtate to another Nephew, being himſelf a Batchelor. The Nephew I ſerv'd had no more mind to Marry than the Uncle, and cou'd not tell what Anſwer to make him: I told him in a merry way, He ſhou'd write back, he was ready to do what he deſir'd, and to take a Wife, if he wou'd give him one of his Daughters. The Young Lord was wonderfully pleas'd with this Anſwer, tho' I deſign'd it only for a Jeſt: I liv'd now in the Galley as much at my Eaſe as one cou'd deſire, and had it in my Power to oblige my Comrades with the Remains of my Maſter's Table, which was always well ſpread. I treated them often, not forgetting *Soto*, tho' I had little Reaſon to do any thing for him: This Villain envy'd my good Fortune, and cou'd never forgive me for the two Parcels: He always rail'd at me to my Maſter's Servants, who were enrag'd that they were driven out of the Cabbin. The Captain's Valets hated me as much, and whatever they heard of me, were ſure to tell their Maſter, as well as the others. I obſerv'd their Reports had made ſome Impreſſion on the Knight; who lately watch'd me, and did not confide in me as before; *Soto* ſaying, I wou'd one time or other play him a Trick. However, I continu'd in my Poſt and ſeeming Favour, and ſerv'd him faithfully; which the Raſcal perceiving, enter'd into a Confederacy with the Knight's Men to ruin me. He adviſ'd 'em to ſteal a Piece of Plate out of their Maſter's Cabbin, and hide it in my Sleeping-place; where Search wou'd be made; for I ſhould certainly be ſuſpected, and if 'twas found upon me, I ſhou'd be expell'd the Cabbin, and puniſh'd.

punifh'd. The Lacqueys did what he bad them, took a Silver Salver and hid it under my Bed, where they could never have found it, had they not hid it themfelves; for they had taken up a Plank, and put it under it. I was the firft that mifs'd my Utenfil, and told my Mafter with fo plain and fincere an Air, that 'twas enough to juftify me; but in fpite of all I could do, 'twas laid at my Door; the Captain, notwithftanding all my Proteftations to the contrary, believing I had taken it, condemn'd me to receive fifty Baftinado's; which my Mafter pitying me begg'd off, on condition that if any fuch thing happen'd again, I fhou'd pay for all; and I was once more put upon my good Behaviour. I knew I had fecret Enemies, and 'twas impoffible to prevent a Second Surprize; wherefore I humbly pray'd the Captain and my Mafter to difcharge me, and turn me to the Oar, for I had rather do as the reft of the Galley-Slaves did, than be expos'd to another fuch Misfortune. My Mafter thought I did it becaufe I was weary of his Service, and had a mind to return to the Commiffary; which he took very ill, yet was refolv'd to keep me whether I wou'd or no. Patience was my only Remedy, and I ftood as much on my Guard as I could Night and Day; yet as watchful as I was, the Rogues ftole a Gold Hatband from me one day, as I was undreffing my Mafter when he came from Town; for while I fetch'd his Morning-Gown and Night-cap, and was putting up his Sword and Gloves, they nimbly whipt it off, and 'twas gone: How it came I cou'd not imagine, and did not mifs it till next day, when I went to brufh the Hat; I turn'd as pale as Death, feeing no Hatband there. 'Twas in vain to feek for it, and at laft I muft e'en tell my Mafter; who looking on me with a fowre and wrathful Smile, faid, Put your Tricks upon fome body elfe,

Friend,

Friend, I shan't be made a Fool of by you: I know *Gusman* of *Alfarache* too well for't: Thou hast been a Thief all thy Life long, and wilt be so till thy Death; I was to blame to trust thee, and admit thee into my Cabbin, but thy Skin shall pay for't; I'll have my Hatband out of it, I'll warrant thee: Find it me, or I'll deliver thee over to the Under-Commissary, who shall handle thee as thou deserv'st. I swore I was innocent, but my Oaths were as much in vain as my Search. The Captain heard of it, and being naturally cholerick, was in a greater Fury than my Master. He examin'd me, and I still denying the Theft, he order'd me to be beaten so that I thought I should have dy'd under it: He wou'd certainly have had that Pleasure, had he not been afraid he should have been forc'd to have found a Man in my Place, or paid the Fine set upon ev'ry Galley-Slave's Head. He wou'd not suffer me to stay at the Stern, but sent me down to the Prow, the most miserable and uneasy Place of all, and that in which the Slaves work hardest; commanding the Commissary not to spare me, as he wou'd answer it himself. 'Twas a Month before I could stir Hand or Foot, or do any Service. In the end, Heaven had Compassion upon me for my suffering so innocently then, tho' I merited all and more for my other Crimes. I took Heart, and recover'd by degrees; and as soon as I cou'd handle my Oar, I row'd as well as the best of them. *Soto* had a Devilish Design in his Head, of which he was as capable as any Wretch alive; and seeing I was so posted that I might assist him and his Fellow-Conspirators in it, my Seat being near the Powder-Room, and my Business to help the Gunners upon Occasion; he began to reconcile himself to me by the Mediation of a *Turk* who was of his Cabal, and had the Liberty to go fore and aft, as he

he pleas'd, in the Galley; not doubting but my Heart burn'd to be reveng'd for the ill Usage I had met with, and that I lov'd Liberty as well as the rest. Being very Good Friends again, the *Turk* communicated the Plot to me; which was, that as soon as we were on the Coast of *Barbary*, which we approach'd, we should rise, cut the Throats of the Officers and Soldiers, beginning with the Captain, proclaim Liberty to the rest of the Slaves for their Assistance, seize the Galley, and fly to the *Turks* with it. I heard him out, and reply'd, 'Twas a Great and Glorious Design, but shou'd be well concerted, for if 'twas undertaken, and it fail'd, we should all perish in it. The *Turk*, who was a Man of Sense, and very resolute, said, They had consider'd it above two Months, and were preparing to put it in Execution. All they desir'd of me, was, to blow up the Powder-Room at a Signal giv'n; That they had Arms ready, and *Turks* and Christians, at least the Bravest aboard, resolv'd to go thro' with it. I promis'd to do my Duty, and not to be the last in Arms. Matters thus concluded, and St. *John*'s Day fix'd to execute the Plot, I bad a Soldier who came near my Seat, tell the Captain I had a Secret of Importance to communicate to him, wherein the King's Service, his Honour and Life were concern'd: Wherefore I desir'd him to send for me, since the Business was in haste, and if delay'd, the Evil cou'd not be prevented. Indeed, we were very near the *Barbary* Coast, and the morrow was St. *John*'s Day. The Captain believ'd 'twas one of my usual Tricks, to reconcile my self to him, and endeavour to regain the Post I had lost under the Knight: However, he had so much Curiosity as to desire to hear what I could say, resolving if I trifl'd with him, to have me well basted a second time. He sent for me, and

I discover'd the whole Mystery to him, told him where the Arms lay conceal'd, and nam'd the principal Conspirators. He saw then I did not rally with him; however, he resolv'd to proceed warily, and not to engage with desperate Men before he was provided for't. He order'd all the Soldiers to their Arms, from one end of the Galley to the other; commanded Search to be made, and more Arms were found than I either told him of, or knew of; the most Criminal of the Conspirators were seiz'd, as well *Turks* as Christians, who being put to the Torture, confess'd all. *Soto* and one of his Comrades were condemn'd to be drawn in four Quarters, by four Gallies; the rest were decimated, of whom 5 were hang'd, and the others had their Noses cut off. *Soto*, before he dy'd, own'd, 'twas by his Contrivance the Salver was taken away, and that I was innocent of it, as also of the Hatband; which was found as the Sails were hoisted to make way for the Fellows that were hang'd. Thus my Innocence appear'd fully: The Captain commended highly my Zeal and Fidelity, after the cruel and unjust Usage I had met with: He ask'd my Pardon publickly, order'd my Irons to be taken off, gave me the Liberty of the Galley like a Freeman; and he and all the Officers Sign'd a Letter, in testimony of the considerable Service I had render'd the King, in saving the Galley, and so many Officers and Soldiers Lives; a Representation of which was transmitted to Court, to procure an Order from his Majesty for my Enlargement. You may imagine how I rejoyc'd at this Revolution, and with what a grateful Heart I thank'd Heaven for his Mercy and Goodness to me, promising to amend and live better for the future. Thus, Dear Friend, I have giv'n you an Account of the principal Adventures of my Life. What follow'd after the King was graciously pleas'd to command I shou'd have my Liberty, you may expect if I live long enough to tell you.

F I N I S.

CELESTINA:

OR, THE

Spanish Bawd.

A Tragi-Comedy.

Taken from the *Spanish* Play of *Mateo Aleman*, Author of *GUZMAN*.

Reduc'd from 21, as it is in the Original, to 5 Acts; and adapted to the *English* Stage.

Neve minor quinto, neu sit productior Actu Fabula.

Hor. ad Piso.

LONDON:

Printed for *R. Bonwick, W. Freeman, T. Goodwin, J. Walthoe, M. Wotton, S. Manship, J. Nicholson, R. Parker, B. Tooke,* and *R. Smith.* 1707.

PREFACE.

Whoever will give themselves the Trouble to read over Mateo Aleman's *Celebrated Dramatick Poem, call'd* Celestina, or, the *Spanish* Bawd, *will, we hope, find the* English *Play as diverting at least as the* Spanish, *which is a Monster as to the Conduct, unworthy the Name of a Tragedy, Comedy, Tragicomedy, or any thing relating to the Theatre, it having no less than* 21 *Acts. The Action however seems to be regular, the Design being to shew the Fatal Consequences of Unlawful Love, in the Examples of* Calisto *and* Melibœo: *To whose* Characters *all the rest are subordinate, as their Intrigues are to their Loves. As for the other* Unities *of* Time *and* Place, *our* Criticasters *and* Criticks *have a long while ago given 'em up to the Admirable* Taste *of the Town, and that will excuse us for taking some Liberties with them, tho' far from the License we find in Don* Aleman's Celestina: *In which Play the Action lasts as many Days as it does Hours in this. Indeed his* Work *is properly Dramatical* Dialogues, *wherein there are some Moral Reflections, with some* Humour *scatter'd up and down, and so little* Wit, *that all the other Qualitirs cannot save it from the Scandal of being tedious. How it is improv'd by the Alterations now made in it, let those judge that will compare the one with the other. They will soon see his Contrivance was bad, let ours be what it will. We have adapted his* Tragicomedy *to the* Stage, *which we had no Thoughts of doing at first, not imagining* Mateo Aleman's Spanish Bawd *cou'd ever be fitted for a Representation; but now seeing the whole together, we have chang'd our Opinion. If any of the Sentiments are a little too free, they are the* Spaniard's, *from whom, tho' he is very discreet in the main, we have rather taken than added to him in this Particular. We have made the* Humour *Modern as well as the* Expression, *and where any Antique Phrases are preserv'd, they are in the Mouth of Persons in whom we thought they were pleasant, and consequently proper.*

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

Calisto, A Young Lord violently in Love with *Melibæa*.

Parmeno,
Sempronio,
Tristan,
Sosio,
His Servants.

Centurio, A Bully.

Thraso, A Ruffian.

Melibæa, A Young Lady in love with *Calisto*.

Alisa, Her Mother.

Celestina, The Bawd.

Areusa,
Elicia,
Two Whores.

Lucretia, Maid to *Melibæa*.

Bullies, *&c.*

Scene, The City of *Valentia*.

ACT

ACT I.

Scene, *A Mirtle-Grove near* Calisto's *House.*

Melibæa *and* Calisto *walking.*

CALISTO. Now, *Melibæa*, you are kind indeed,
Like Heav'n that form'd you, so divinely fair,
As good as you are great.

Melib. In what, *Calisto?*

Cal. In suff'ring me to see you thus alone,
To tell you that I love you more than Life,
And wish and sigh, and sigh and wish in vain.

Melib. To see me then, is that so great a Blessing?

Cal. Nothing but to possess you can be more;
And I, like *Tantalus*, behold the Fruit
Fresh, fair, and tempting to the Touch, but when
I reach my Hand, it strait dissolves like Shade,
And leaves me in Despair.

Mel. Audacious Youth!
Despair be thy Reward.
How durst thou with thy Wishes wound my Virtue?
Since thus to meet me pleases thee, besure
Thou ne'er shalt meet me more. If Chance, as now,
Does ne'er again befriend thee, from this Minute,
I'll fly thee as I wou'd a Plague. [*Exit.*

Cal. Sempronio, hoa *Sempronio?*

Semp. What wants my Lord? [Enter *Sempronio.*

Cal. Haste, Let my Bed be ready, I wou'd rest,

 Shut

Shut out the Light, and let my Room be dark
Like Lunaticks, for I'm as mad as they.

Semp. Hey day! What's the matter?

Cal. The matter, Raſcal, read it in my Eyes,
And vaniſh in an Inſtant, or thou'rt dead.

[*Walks up and down haſtily, and* Exit.

Semp. Yes, I'll vaniſh, and I'll warrant ye, you ſhall ſend for me before you ſee me again — But let me conſider— Wiſe Men never do Things raſhly, and I am by my Office that of a Pimp, and a Politician: If I ſhou'd ſtay, and he ſhou'd cut my Throat, I ſhou'd never forgive my ſelf. If I ſhou'd leave him, and he ſhou'd cut his own Throat, I may be hang'd for my Negligence; he's rich, I'm poor, and that's enough to hang me. Beſides, he's a good Maſter; but then, again, Life is ſweet, and *Elicia*, oh, much ſweeter. 'Tis true, he's mad, or in love, for a Lover and a Madman are all one — And if I go— What then? Why then I am ſafe, and out of harm's way. —The Fit begins to grow cooler, he comes to himſelf, and as an Expert Phyſician, knowing his Diſeaſe, I may perhaps help to find out a Cure: Come ſtay, *Sempronio*, Charity is a fine thing, and ten pieces much finer. [*Exit.*

Scene, *A Room in the Houſe.*

Caliſto, Hoa *Sempronio*!

Semp. My Lord.

Cal. Reach me my Lute,
I'll try if Harmony has Power to calm
The Dreadful Storm that ruffles all my Soul.

'Can any Heart be ſo ſevere, [*He ſings to a Lute.*
'Whoſe Looks are ſo divine?
'Can any Scorn with her's compare,
'Or any Grief with mine?

Semp. Your Lute is out of Tune, my Lord.

Cal. No, no, *Sempronio*, my Soul's untun'd,

And

And Harmony can never come from one
On whom the Fury Diſcord thus prevails.
Take thou the Inſtrument and try thy Skill.
‘ When *Nero* from the *Tarpeian* Hill [Sempronio
‘ His Burning *Rome* ſurvey'd, *Plays and*
‘ Pleas'd with the Sight of ſo much Ill, *ſings.*
‘ He took his Harp and play'd.
My Fires are greater, and her Pity leſs.

Semp. Stark mad, a' my Conſcience! he muſt be ſhav'd and blooded immediately, or he's a gone Man.

Cal. Sirrah, What's that you mutter to your ſelf?

Semp. Who I, my Lord?

Cal. Speak out, and fear nothing.

Semp. Why, an't pleaſe your Honour, I was in ſome doubt as to your Lordſhip's Wits, whether you had not, like other Lovers, play'd the Fool, and run mad. Why elſe ſhou'd you ſay, Your Fire is greater than that of *Rome.*

Cal. That Fire on Senſeleſs Matter only prey'd,
But mine's a Flame that burns my very Soul.

Semp. Truly, my Lord, you have made a pretty Buſineſs of it; for an't pleaſe your Lordſhip, what you ſaid before was downright Nonſenſe, but what you ſay now is only a little prophane, or ſo. Will your Honour give me leave to aſk you one Queſtion?

Cal. As many as thou pleaſeſt, but if they are impertinent, Wars will enſue.

Semp. Pray what Religion is your Lordſhip of?

Cal. A *Melibæan*; I adore *Melibæa*; I believe in *Melibæa*; I love *Melibæa.*

Semp. But cou'd you eat *Melibæa*, and drink *Melibæa*? —A *Melibæan*! This is ſome damn'd old Hereſy, and if you are in the Flames, you muſt e'ne take'em for your pains: The Inquiſition burns all Hereticks. But ſuppoſe your Hereſy ſhou'd turn to a Sickneſs, and I ſhou'd tell you of a Cure?

Cal.

Cal. Suppose Fire and Water shou'd meet lovingly, Earth and Heav'n, *Artick* and *Antartick*, any thing that's wild and impossible.

Semp. Come, my Lord, you know I am wise, you know I am politick, and as nimble and cunning as *Mercury*: Did your Lordship never read that Ancient Philosopher who said, *As Matter desires Form, so Woman desires Man.*

Cal. I tell thee again, thou may'st as soon reconcile Impossibilities to Reason, as bring *Melibæa* to return my Passion.

Semp. Well then, if I compass it, you will allow there's no Man like me; and ——

Cal. I know what thou wou'dst say, I must fill thy Pockets with Duckats. 'Tis done, make her but mine, and this Purse shall pass from my Property to thine.

Semp. It has great Efficacy indeed in an Argument, and I will do what is within my Weak Capacity out of hand, for fear you shou'd set your Mind on something else, and change your Religion; for 'tis possible this same Fire may be put out, that you may even hate her one Day as much as you love her now. Enjoyment has a strange Effect on weak Mortals, and when you come to look on her with clear Eyes, free from that Error which now blinds your Judgment.

Cal. With what Eyes?

Semp. Clear Eyes.

Cal. Why what Eyes do I see her with now.

Semp. False Eyes, Eyes, which like some Spectacles, make little Things seem great, and great little. Courage my Lord; I have help'd a Man to his Wits again that has been as far gone as your Lordship.

Cal. Pray *Cupid* thou may'st: Thou flatter'st me, and I am pleas'd to hear thee, tho' I despair of thy Success and mine.

Semp.

Semp. There's no fear on't : What — your Lordſhip is as handſome for a Man as ſhe for for a Woman ; you are both Fleſh and Blood ; and if ſhe's a little obſtreperous at preſent, there muſt be Ways and Means us'd to bring her to her ſelf ; for when a Woman is not inclin'd to Love, ſhe's no more her ſelf than a Lawyer that refuſes Money, or a Prieſt Preferment ; 'tis the moſt unnatural thing in the World : What does your Honour think thoſe Pretty Leering Eyes, thoſe White Round Breaſts, with two little Cherries budding out upon them ; that Soft Snowy Skin, that Shape made to curl like the Vine ; thoſe Lips that breathe ſweeter Perfumes than Myrrh or Roſes : In a word, thoſe thouſand Beauties that we don't ſee, but may gueſs at them by what we do : What were they all made for, to wither away in a Convent? No, no, they are for uſe, and — if I am not the moſt miſtaken Dog in the World, they ſhall all be within the Circle of thoſe Arms before I am many Days older.

Cal. How the Rogue pleaſes and deceives me : There's Money for thee, *Sempronio*, to encourage thy Induſtry ; make me happy in my *Melibæa*, and I'll enrich thee beyond thy Wiſhes. Tell me how thou canſt effect it : Speak, ſpeak quickly, or I ſhall think thou haſt impos'd upon me.

Semp. Come, I'll bring you off your Speed, I'll warrant you. You muſt know, my Lord, that 'twas my good Fortune ſome time ago to make an Acquaintance with a very Civil Gentlewoman, one Madam *Celeſtina*, a Lady of great Parts and Experience, who can outdo a Witch in Tricks and Devices : She has not been idle in her Days, but has marr'd and made up again a Hundred thouſand Maidenheads in this City. She has a Tongue that would charm a Saint, move Rocks, melt Flint, and make the moſt cruel Virgin in *Spain* as kind as a Young Widow who has been tantaliz'd by an Old Husband.

Cal. What doſt thou ſay? 'Tis ſuch a Woman I want.

Semp. I'll fetch her, my Lord; when you are with her, tell her what you wou'd have done, and if ſhe does not do it, never take me again for a Man of Buſineſs.

Caliſto. Be thou, O Love, propitious to thy Slave,
Inſpire me with the Means to win this Maid;
Give me this Joy, and I am thine for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Celeſtina's *Houſe.*

Enter Celeſtina, Elicia.

Elicia. What ſhall us do now, Dear Mother? We are undone without ſome ſudden Expedient.

Celeſt. What's the matter, Child?

Elicia. Sempronio is below Stairs, and *Clito* in my Bed-chamber: If he ſees him here, we loſe one good Friend, if not two. How ſhall I come off?

Celeſt. Shut *Clito* up in the dark Cloſet, and tell him a Relation of mine and yours is come to viſit us. [*Enter* Sempronio.

Elicia. He comes: I'll fly to do what you adviſe me: In the mean while keep him here, that he may not ſurprize us.

Semp. How doſt thou do, Dear Mother *Celeſtina*? 'Tis an Age ſince I ſaw thee, thou Joy of Mankind. For tho thou'rt too old to give it thy ſelf, thy Friendſhip makes both Sexes happy.

Celeſt. I am very glad, Son, you are ſatisfy'd with my poor Endeavours. I muſt confeſs I love to keep up a good Correſpondence between Man and Woman; they were made for Company, and 'tis pity they ſhould be parted. But, Dear Rogue, where haſt thou been theſe Three Days? There's my Daughter, I'll ſwear ſhe has not had a dry Eye ever ſince you left her.

Semp. 'Tis a ſweet Creature, and there's no Love

loſt

loſt between us. Where is ſhe? I am impatient to take her into my Arms, and tell her how I have ſigh'd for her, dy'd for her, and what I will do to be Friends with her.

Celeſt. What, you are ſo vain as to think you have a Mediator always at hand to heal up the Breach between you. I believe you'll find the Intereſt of your Debt run up ſo high, that you won't be able to pay it. You are like ſome poor Fellows, that can pay a ſmall Sum, and keep a ſort of running Trade from hand to mouth, as they ſay; but if you let 'em go two or three Days behind-hand, they're gone.

Semp. Come, come, Mother, thou know'ſt better things: For Love's a Trade, where the longer you give Credit, the better you are able to pay Principal and Intereſt.

Celeſt. I'll call the young Baggage; I wonder what makes her ſtay ſo: She wou'd not willingly be out of her Chamber, when you are not with her.——*Elicia, Elicia.*

Semp. Nor when I am, I'll ſay that for her. [*Enter* Elicia.

Celeſt. Here Daughter, here's a Stranger who has been long look'd for, and is come at laſt. Is he not welcome to thee? Run and embrace him, or I'll have the firſt Kiſs of him, and the firſt Cut too.

Elicia. As much as he and you think fit. I don't care who has him, he's not worth my Acceptance.

Semp. I am an Offender, 'tis true, but I know how to obtain Pardon. Come, we'll go into the next Room, and adjuſt all our Accounts; I'll promiſe thee not to come out thy Debtor.

Elicia. Stand off, Traytor; doſt think to rally me into Good Humour, after three ſuch terrible Days and Nights as I have endur'd in thy Abſence? I may cry my ſelf blind for thee; thou careſt not

what

what becomes of me: Oh that I cou'd do like other Women; think of thee no more, when thou art out of my Sight! Cou'd I, like them, entertain another Lover, it might have made the Time pass more easily; but I am curst with the Plague of Constancy, and thus I'm rewarded by thee.

Semp. Nay, now you drive the Jest too far: A little of this do's well; but too much looks like Grimace. I love thee as I do my Life; and if thou do'st love me better, 'twill do me no Service, for thou'lt hang thy self. Hark! what Noise is that within? [*A Rumbling in the dark Closet.*

Elicia. What shou'd it it be but a Lover? Do you think I have been such a Fool, whatever I say, as to live so long like a Nun: I'm young, and if thou hast not told a thousand Lies, handsome. There's Men enough, Thanks to *Cupid*; and she's a Fool that will be true to a Lover that boasts of his Inconstancy.

Semp. If 'tis a Lover there, rost him. I suppose he has left enough for me, and I'm no Niggard.

Elicia. Go see else; Seeing is Believing; and I wou'd by all means have you satisfy'd.

Semp. Well, and to satisfy you I will see then.

Celest. Hold, you Fool you; wou'dst thou be impos'd upon by a silly Girl, who says any thing that comes uppermost? Since she's humoursome and peevish, let her have her Way; you shall have yours, don't fear, before you leave us.

Semp. But who is it you have got within?

Celest. Wou'd you know who?

Semp. I wou'd.

Celest. Why then, you Rogue you, 'tis a Maidenhead, put into my Hands by a Fryar.

Semp. A very likely Story: A Maidenhead, and put into your Hands by a Fryar too!

Celest. You're a Bant'ring Rascal, you are so. What d'y' think a Fryar mayn't have a Maidenhead as well as another?

Semp.

Semp. Yes, a great deal better; but there's few of them will part with that, before they have had a Taste of it.

Celest. Well, well, she's a good Girl, and Meat for a Marquiss.

Semp. Pray who is this Fryar, that has been so much your Friend?

Celest. Lord, you will know all. The fat Priest that is Confessor to our Convent here.

Semp. The Rogue has a good Eye, and I doubt not has chosen well; where did he light of her?

Celest. 'Twas not my Business to ask him: He has lodg'd her here, and I must take care of her.

Semp. That is, he has had his Surfeit of her, and now turns her loose on the Common.

Celest. Impudence! You'll find she is not common to you, I assure you.

Semp. I pity the poor Girl, she has a heavy Weight lying on her——Conscience, I wou'd say: but, Dear Mother, I wou'd by no means put you of Countenance.

Celest. Do if you can: She has a Load—— that's true, and we Women must bear all. You have, however, seen but few Murders committed on a Woman in private.

Semp. Few Murders, Mother; but Tumors and Wounds in abundance.

Celest. Well, thour't a filthy Fellow, but thou'rt a pretty Fellow too, and who can be angry with thee?

Semp. Let her be what she will, I must see her.

Elicia. Thou see her; No, Thy Eyes shall drop out of thy Head first, thou unfaithful Wretch: 'Tis below me to trouble my self about thee; Go see her, if thou wilt, but let me never see thee afterwards.

Semp. Nay, *Elicia*, if you are in earnest, I am so too; and rather than offend you further, if she

were

were as fair as *Hellen*, I wou'd never look upon her.

Elicia. Yes, yes, pray ſatisfy your Curioſity; and inſtead of three Days, thou may'ſt ſtay three Years before I'll ſend for thee.

Celeſt. Let her alone: Go *Liſſy*, get into your Chamber——I'll ſend him to thee, when we have finiſh'd a Matter of Conſequence, and a Ducat will make all well again. [*Exit* Elicia. Theſe young Girls, like Colts, are freakiſh, but you muſt run down their Mettle, and they're as gentle as an Old Prieſt's Pacer. Now *Sempronio*, you and I muſt confer together, and pray anſwer me theſe Interrogatories, ſuddenly and ſincerely: Have not I often in time of Need help'd you out of great Streights?

Semp. Moſt certainly.

Celeſt. Have not the prettieſt Wenches in Town been thine; and ſometimes Money in thy Pocket?

Semp. When I have brought you Cullies that you cou'd afford it; otherwiſe it has been frequently out of mine.

Celeſt. Faithfully reply'd. And haſt not thou often promis'd to recommend me to thy Maſter, my Lord *Caliſto*? He's a briſk young Gentleman, a great Trader in my Way; and thou know'ſt I have as good Goods as ever came to Market.

Semp. He's too nice, or rather too tim'rous to trade with ſuch bold Dealers as thou art; thy Commodity is too much blown upon. However, as I promis'd thee, I will be true to my Word: One good Turn requires another; and my Maſter and you ſhall be better acquainted before Night.

Celeſt. Shall we, my Boy? Then there's a Kiſs worth a Crown-piece for thee.

Semp. I wiſh thou hadſt given me my Choice: Hearken, Mother, to what I have to ſay to thee; Liſten with Attention; for if thou wer't more a Witch

Witch than 'tis ſaid thou art, all thy Magick is neceſſary in this Affair.

Celeſt. What a Preamble here is, as if I had not been employ'd in more important Negotiations. There's the Duke *de Medina Cœli*, the Duke *de l'Infantado*, the Duke and Dutcheſs of *Popoli*; pray ask them whether I am out, when I ſet about a Thing—— What! the Buſineſs, I ſuppoſe, is but a Woman——I have——

Semp. Ruin'd a Hundred in a Day thou wou'dſt ſay; very well: The Buſineſs is indeed a Woman; but ſuch a Woman, that if the Devil do's not help thee, thou wilt never be able to get the better of her Virtue.

Celeſt. Virtue—— ha, ha, ha,——I have been too hard for it ſo often, that now it will hardly look me in the Face.

Semp. Know then ——my Maſter is damnably in Love.

Celeſt. Alas! is he indeed? Well, he ſhall be oblig'd; but——

Semp. No interrupting, Mother, with your But's, *&c.* Thou ſhalt be paid; he's Rich, Liberal and Amorous, what wou'dſt thou have more?

Celeſt. Nothing, dear Rogue! But when I can ſerve any Friend of thine, it do's me ſo much good, that I'm always tranſported to think of it.

Semp. My Maſter, as I was ſaying, is damnably in Love with *Melibœa*, *Pleberio*'s Daughter; and being deny'd, ſtands in need of thy Help and mine: We muſt do what we can for him, and take him while he is in this Humour. Opportunity is the Round by which the Wiſeſt of our Politicians climb to Preferment.

Celeſt. A Hint to me is ſufficient; and Old as I am, I can ſee Day at a little Hole. Thy News, dear Dog, is the welcomeſt in the World: I love ſuch Chapmen; they are always in haſte, and pay

well for what they have: But we must do like some Rascally Surgeons, who when they can cure a Wound in a Week, keep it back 6 or 7 Months, if their Patient's Purse is strong, and never consider the Constitution of his Body.

Semp. I understand you, Good Mother: Thou shalt share the whole Profits of this Adventure with me, and something may be made of it.

Celest. Oh enough, enough, Rogue; I have not had such a Cull this Twelve-month. We'll drain his Pockets, and by that time *Melibœa* has done with him, he'll be worth no body's looking after.

Semp. Come, Mother, put on your Tackle; I'll be ready for you in a Minute, you must go with me. I'll in, and take my leave of *Elicia*, and we'll together to *Calisto*'s.

SCENE, Calisto's *House.*

Enter Calisto *and* Parmenio.

Cal. Sirrah, why don't you [*Knocking at the Door.* run to the Door? Don't you hear they knock as if they wou'd beat it down?

Parm. My Lord, I have seen who they are, and I don't like their Phizzes.

Cal. You Rascal, who made you an Examiner of my Visitors Faces?

Parm. An't please you my Lord, 'tis *Sempronio* with an Old Weather-beaten Bawd, that stinks of Brandy and Sweet Powder enough to strike you down.

Cal. You deserve to have your Bones broke, you Villain, for abusing my Aunt thus.

Parm. My Lord, if you beat me to Mummy, I say again she's a Bawd; and as Times go, were she not so scandalous in her Profession, there's no Name more like to gain Admittance into a Person

of

of Quality's Houſe: She's as proud of it, as if you call'd her my Lady. She can't go along the Street, but the People point at her, and cry, There's the *Old Bawd.* She toſſes up her Head, and walks on, as if ſhe valu'd her ſelf on her Occupation. In ſhort, my Lord, ſhe's as well known ev'ry Inch of her, as a Church-yard Stile, over which all the Pariſh goes twice a Week; and I was reſolv'd ſhe ſhou'dn't come in here, without your Lordſhip's particular Commands.

Cal. Pray Sir, how came you to know her ſo well?

Parm. When I was a Boy, an't pleaſe your Honour, and her Fame was not quite ſo ſtinking as it is now; my Mother, who liv'd in her Neighbourhood, wou'd have me ſerve her as her Lacquey. I ſtay'd with her too long, tho' 'twas not above a Month in all; in whch time, ſhe put me upon Drudgeries above my Strength, or any Man's. She has been a Laundreſs, a Perfumereſs, a Face-mender, and a Botcher of torn Maidenheads, a Bawd, and had a Smatch of a Witch too. Her firſt Trade was that of a Sempſtreſs, and it ſerv'd a long time as a Cloak to all the reſt. Under pretence of Working for her, her Houſe was always full of Wenches, and they drew after them a Crowd of Students, Noblemen's Servants, and young Citizens. To theſe ſhe ſold their Virginities; and ſometimes wou'd ſell the ſame to one Bubble three or four times over, as ſhe ſerv'd a *French* Ambaſſador by her Artifices. She had Acceſs to the very Nuns, and never left them till ſhe did her Buſineſs with them, which ſhe wou'd do even at the time of the Celebration of their moſt myſterious Ceremonies; where 'tis Death for Men to be ſeen. Then, for Receipts to cure Ricketty Children, for Scandal, for Perfumes and Ointments for the Face and Body, for Baths, for reſtoring

loſt Maidenheads, and all the ſeveral Appurtenances to her Trade, ſhe's a *non Parelia.*

Cal. Enough, Sirrah, you make her ſtay too long.

Parm. Let her cool her Heels, if ſhe will; there's no need of Ceremony, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip, with ſuch a Beldam: Tho' the truth is, ſhe has reliev'd many a poor Girl, and been Charitable to diſtreſs'd Female Orphans: Her Houſe was always open to young Wenches that wou'd turn a Penny in her way.

Cal. Thou haſt deſcrib'd her ſufficiently to me, run however and open the Door, ſhe comes hither by Requeſt: And pray do you take care not to let your Envy to *Sempronio* prejudice my Affairs, by Quarrels between you two; he ſerves me in my Pleaſure, thou in my Buſineſs; he has his Talent, thou thine; and if he has one Coat, thou haſt another.

Parm. My Lord, 'tis my Zeal for your Lordſhip's Welfare that makes me have Differences with one, who, I fear, is not ſo faithful to you as he ought to be, and you deſerve from him.

Cal. Thou'rt honeſt, *Parmeno*, and thy Honeſty excuſes thy Freedom.—— To the Door, Man, they have been there too long.
Now Love aſſiſt us, if this Agent fail,
Death or, what's worſe, Deſpair will be my Lot.

Enter Celeſtina *and* Sempronio.

They come.
Welcome, Dear Mother, to your longing Friend;
I've heard by Fame ſo much of your Deſert,
I'm glad that Fortune puts it in my Pow'r
To know you better, and reward your Merit.

Celeſt. Ah my Lord, that's ſomething; that laſt Word of yours weighs down a thouſand; for what ſignifies Merit without Reward? Wit indeed often goes without it; 'tis Air it ſelf, and 'tis fit it ſhou'd

live

live upon Air; but Induſtry, Induſtry is worth Gold; and all the World know I have been, and am ſtill a pains-taking Woman in my Calling. Fair Words can't make me fatter; thoſe that deal with me may ſhut their Mouths, but they muſt open their Purſes; and ſuch as wou'd go beyond me, muſt riſe early.

Parm. The Devil begins to work; there's a Hundred Ducats gone for a retaining Fee. [*Aſide.*

Cal. I underſtand you Mother: Follow me *Sempronio*, we will fetch ſomething that ſhall pleaſe you better than Compliments.

Celeſt. So, he has left me with this formal, ſcrupulous, canting, preciſe Rogue, who will ſpoil the Market, unleſs he's bought off; and ſince I have not Money to give, I'll try what Cunning can do; Cunning in ſome Caſes will go as far as Caſh. How now, *Parmeno*, not know your Old Friend? Not a Word to your dear Old Miſtreſs? I've giv'n you many a good Bit, and many a good Sup in my time, and am not I worth ſpeaking to?

Parm. I have no Buſineſs with you; I've had too much already.

Celeſt. How's that, my pretty little Fool? You mad Wag, my Soul's Sweet Genius, my Pearl, my pretty Face, my little Monkey. Come hither, you dear dear Son of a —— come, I ſay, give me a Buſs. —— How I pity him, he knows not much of the World; he's as ſhy, as if he was afraid I ſhou'd raviſh him, or rather as ſtupid as a Gelding: What, haſt thou nothing of a Man about thee?

Parm. Ha, ha, ha. [*Laughs.*

Celeſt. The Rogue laughs at me.

Parm. Laugh at thee, I know thee, *Celeſtina*, and I am ſorry to ſee thee within theſe Walls: I declare open War with thee; I will countermine thee to the utmoſt of my Pow'r, and if I can ſave

my Noble Lord from the Snares thou and thy Fellow Conſpirators have laid for him, I'll be upon the Watch, and defend him againſt your wicked Machinations.

Celeſt. Thou'r a fine Fellow to make a Guardian: Don't ſtrive againſt the Stream. Thy Maſter is ſick, and I bring him a Remedy. A weak Old Woman as I am.

Par. Rather a weak Old Wh——

Cel. The Devil take thee for a young Impudent Raſcal. What haſt thou done to me, that I can't be angry with thee? Do, call me ſo again, and ſee if I don't ---

Parm. Don't what? you wither'd Witch you.

Celeſt. Hold, you Black-Eyd Dog, and have Reverence to me, as I was once thy Miſtreſs, thy Lady, thy Domeſtick Sovereign, conſider me as one to whom thou ow'ſt Homage: Come hither, come hither, you Little Water-Wag-Tail, many a good Jirk, and many a cloſe Cuff have I given thee in my Time, and many a Buſs, and many a Tap; Do'ſt not thou remember when thou lay'ſt at the Bed's Feet?

Parm. Oh wondrous well! and how, as Silly a Boy as I was then, you wou'd make me creep up by you, and hug me, and keep ſuch a touzing and rouzing, that I cou'd not ſleep for you——

Celeſt. You was very ill us'd, was not you, to be receiv'd into the Arms of your Miſtreſs?

Parm. If I had been a Dog, I would not have ſtir'd out of my Kennel for ſuch a Favour.

Celeſt. The Raſcal's inſufferable! well, I know how to be reveng'd on thee, and thou ſhalt know it to thy coſt, unleſs thou learn'ſt more Manners: Thy Father *Alberto* has ſaid other things to me, and done otherwiſe by me; and I lov'd him ſo well, that I can't look in thy Face without crying, thou art ſo like him: Thy Mother too was ſo much my

Friend, that ſhe did not think the worſe of me for being civil to her Husband, who was a Man every inch of him: Thou haſt heard, no doubt, that thy Parents left thee to me on their Death-Bed; thou art my Son, my Adoptive, and thy poor Mother gave thee to me in charge; but a Refractory Boy I have found thee, notwithſtanding I wou'd have brought thee up in my Boſom.

Parm. Yes, with a Murrain t'ye, you wou'd have brought me up in your Boſom, but you might as well have bred me in a Charnel-houſe.

Celeſt. Even this I will bear, to ſhew thee that I love thee as if thou wert my own Bowels.

Parm. Indeed you have us'd me as if you thought I were —— but 'tis paſt, and I am wiſer now.

Celeſt. Be as wiſe as thou canſt, I love Wiſdom: I have my ſelf the Reputation of a Wiſe Woman: Lord, what cou'd I have done had I not been wiſe! and if thou wilt ſtrive to oblige me, tho' it be at the Expence of thy Perſon, if I pleaſe I can make a Man of thee.

Parm. I thank you, I am ready made to your hands.

Celeſt. But I mean ſomething elſe now, I am ſerious— I am diſpos'd to Gravity and Buſineſs —— Thy Mother, Good Woman, told me a little before ſhe dy'd, that ſhe had hid a Bag of Money in ſuch a Place, and if thou behav'ſt thy ſelf dutifully towards me, thou ſhou'dſt have it; if not, I ſhou'd do what I pleas'd with it; thou art now of Age: I ſwore to perform the Will of the Deceas'd, and if thou art obedient, the Money is thine; otherwiſe —— thou ſhalt never ſee a Meravied of it.

Parm. E'n as thy Conſcience works with thee, I've a good Maſter, and ſhall live as well to morrow as I did yeſterday.

Celest. Sullen still —— but Service is no Inheritance; thy Master leads thee along with fine sugar'd Words, but that won't fill thy Belly, when thy Stomach is gone, and the Marrow is out of thy Bones; he'll wear thee to the Stumps, and think then he does Wonders if he gets thee a Pension from the Parish —— Son, Son, you must take Time by the Fore-lock, miss no Opportunity of getting: Thy Master has Money, don't stay to see how he'll dispose of it to thee; be thy own Carver. Hang Scruples —— a Fat Rogue looks more like an Honest Man than a Lean Saint; if thou and *Sempronio* wou'd but set your Horses together, you might divide his Spoils between you.

Parm. Heav'ns! my Hair stands an end to hear her; Ill gotten Goods are Kankers that eat away themselves and their Owners; I wou'd not be rich on these Terms for a World.

Celest. Marry Sir, but I wou'd, right or wrong; what care I if my House is one Story higher, a Young Fellow shou'd push his Fortune, which always befriends the bold; and Man was born for Society: Why then should'st thou shun the Friendship of thy Fellow-Servant *Sempronio*? What might not you two do together with your joint Forces? Are there two more likely Lads in *Valentia*? Tall, Clean-limb'd, Strong, Nimble, Smooth-fac'd and Young, a Quality worth a thousand, and there wou'd not a Handsome Wench in *Spain* stand out against you, if you carry'd on your Attacks with Confederate Vigor; be Friends Man, and you shall live as merry as the Day is long: Thou lov'st one Cousin, and he loves another.

Parm. Whose Cousin?

Celest. *Areusa's.*

Parm. He love *Areusa's* Cousin!

Celest. Ay, and thou lov'st *Areusa*.

Parm.

Parm. Nothing in the World is more certain.

Celest. Then thou shalt have her as he has her: Ay you are a couple of Happy Dogs. Why shou'd I be so kind to you? Why shou'd I labour, and sweat, and tear my Brains, and wast my Strength, to contrive and run about for your Happiness, ye Young Rascals, and be abus'd by you into the Bargain —— But not a word more, unless thou do'st give me thy Corporal Oath to be Friends with *Sempronio*, then you may as you live together, love together, drink together, eat together, kiss together, but not lie together; no you Rogues you, you shall have better Bedfellows, *Elicia* and *Areusa.*

Parm. If thou should'st happen to speak the Truth, and be sincere now, 'tis the first time that ever thou wast so; Shall I trust thee?

Celest. No, by no means, I'm an Old, False, Ugly, Ill-contriv'd Hag, and thou a Wise, Sober, Modest, Handsome, Discreet Youth; no never trust me, I may perhaps bring thee to the Arms of *Areusa*, But what's that, a Fancy not worth a Prudent Man's caring for; there are more Pretty Wenches about Town than one, and thou may'st meet with a Friend of Sincerity: As for me, I'm downright; if thou lov'st *Areusa*, I love Money, thy Master has enough of it, thou and *Sempronio* may enrich your selves and me, if you agree; if not, you'll act like Dogs in Couple, or Fools in Wedlock, one pull one way, and 'tother another, and so he'll escape us all. *Calisto*'s coming, do as thou think'st fit, *Areusa*'s the Word.

Enter *Calisto*.

Cal. Dear Mother, a thousand Pardons; *Sempronio* had laid the Key of my Scrutore out of the way, and till I could come to that and the Treasure, I durst not appear before you—— Go--- there's Money

Money enough to bribe a Judge, and make a Pimp of a *Carthusian.*

Celest. It has wonderful Charms [*Gives her Gold.*] in it, it makes my Heart as light as if I had drunk three Bumpers of Brandy, and coming from so Noble, so Generous, so Lovely, so Engaging a Person as Lord *Calisto*, the Value of the Present is much heighten'd; well, I shall not be ungrateful —— nor rest Day or Night till I have shown in a particular manner how much I am your most Dutiful and most Oblig'd —— Humb.——

Cal. No more Words, Mother, *Sempronio* will tell you how it lies in your Power to serve me, and as you expect a further Reward, so I expect dispatch. Expedition is in such Cases as necessary as if you went for a Doctor.

[*Exit* Sempronio *and Celestino.*

Cal. So *Parmeno*, thou look'st cloudy, Dost thou think the 100 Crowns I gave *Celestina* thrown away?

Parm. An't please you, my Lord, as much as if you had flung it on a Dunghill, and I doubt we shall fast for this Frankness; if your Lordship was in hast to get rid of your Gold, you had better have bestow'd it on *Melibæa* her self.

Cal. You Prophane Wretch you! Do'st thou take that Divine Creature to be mercenary?

Parm. I take her to be a Woman, and if she's a Woman, she loves Money; but as for this Antiquated Sorceress, this old Debaucher of Men and Womens Chastity, you have only made your self her Slave.

Cal. How so, make it out, or the Cane shall chastize thy Insolence.

Parm. I have read somewhere, or heard somewhere, no matter where or how I had it, I'm sure 'tis

'tis true, *To whom thou telleſt thy Secret, to him do'ſt thou give thy Liberty.*

Cal. There's ſomewhat in what the Rogue ſays: But Sirrah, how cou'd I have come at *Melibæa* without her Interceſſion? Women can ſpeak their Minds freely to one another; but there's ſo much Form, ſo much Affectation, Impatience and Delay in theſe Matters between a Man and a Woman, that 'tis enough to make ſuch a haſty Lover as I am ſtark mad: Thou know'ſt this Fact'reſs in Fornication is crafty.

Parm. I know ſhe's a Muſty-mouth'd Bawd, a Filthy Maidenhead-Monger, who for her Cheats and Wickedneſs has been thrice well laſh'd in the Houſe of Correction.

Cal. What ſhe has, I'll warrant ye, help'd thee to Mortification, thou talk'ſt with Paſſion, *Parmeno*, as if thou wert ſmarting for the Evils ſhe tempted thee to commit.

Parm. No, my Lord, if I were ſo mad as to be in Love, I would, however, be ſo diſcreet as to keep out of her Clutches; Your Lordſhip will pardon my Freedom, I know her, and you don't, and when you do, you'll have a better Opinion of my Intentions.

Cal. 'Tis all Envy, meer Envy to *Sempronio*'s Succeſs, and Malice to thy Old Miſtreſs; Do'ſt not thou deſerve to be cudgel'd for thy Impudence? I am in Love, thou ſaw'ſt it when I met *Melibæa* firſt, as I was ſeeking for a Hawk thou loſt for me: If I am in a Fault, thou haſt occaſion'd it, and ſhould'ſt rather endeavour to ſooth me, than to enrage my Pain —— But thou art a Cold Phlegmatick Mercileſs Fellow, and fitter to wait upon a Decrepid Impotent Jealouspated Alderman, than a Vigorous Lover —— No more Morals, Sirrah: 'Tis the ſawcieſt thing in the World for a Valet to pretend to more Wiſdom than his Maſter. Pray do you learn

learn ſo much Diſcretion as not to diſturb the Houſe with your Quarrels with *Sempronio*, he is doing my Buſineſs, and by my Commands- —— go you and ſee my Horſe got ready, I'll prance it before *Melibæa's* Window, and look up languiſhingly, and ſigh, and let her ſee,

I love, and by my Air and Actions ſhew
That all which Celeſtina *ſays is true.*

The End of the firſt Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Celeſtina's *Houſe.*

Sempronio, Celeſtina, *and* Elicia.

Semp. WHAT haſt you make — now you have your Momey in your Pocket — I perceive, Mother, you will not hurt your ſelf with too much ſpeed; my Maſter s Patience will never hold out at this rate.

Celeſt. Lovers are alway haſty, and 'tis the better for us that *Caliſto*'s much like the reſt; but for our own ſakes we muſt ſee there's no Peril in the Way, or if there is, remove it.

Semp. Nay, if there's Danger in it, good by t'e, Lord *Caliſto*; we can keep him on as long as Money comes, and when we find he's not to be impos'd on any longer, excuſe our ſelves with railing at *Melibæa*'s Contempt: Go your own way, Mother, this is not the firſt Buſineſs you have taken in hand.

Celeſt. The firſt, Son! Few Virgins, I thank my Stars, haſt thou ſeen in this City that open'd their Shops and traded for themſelves, who do not owe their

their Trade to my Brokerage, I help'd them to vend their Wares. As ſoon as I heard of any Girl born in this Town, I wrote her Name down in my Regiſter, and kept a Liſt of all, that I might know how many eſcap'd me: What do'ſt thou think of me, *Sempronio*? Can I live by Air? Have I Houſe or Land of my own? Have I any other Means to ſubſiſt by? Here I was born, here I was bred, living, though I ſay it, in good Credit and Eſtimation, as all the World knows: And do'ſt thou imagine I have liv'd ſo long, and am unknown? I tell thee, he that knows not me and my Houſe, muſt be a Stranger indeed.

Semp. How came you off with *Parmeno*?

Celeſt. O 'tis an Obſtinate Hypocritical Coxcomb; but he has an hankering after *Areuſa*, and when I nam'd her to him, he ſnicker'd and ſmil'd, and came on as willingly as an Old Widow to a Lover of Four and Twenty: I told him what I wou'd do in his behalf, what he might do in ours; how well I was acquainted with his Father and Mother, and that I would procure *Areuſa* for him, which made him hearken to me a little; but I fear he's not ſo much in our Intereſt as we would have him.

Semp. He's a cunning ſly Blade; and I'm afraid you'll find you've a hard Task on't to bring *Melibæa* to.

Celeſt. The more Difficulty the more Honour. I expect ſhe'll be on her Guard at firſt. Let her be ſo. If I ben't too many for her, I'm a Novice, a Fool, a Woman unworthy the Dignity of my Employment. Here Sirrah, here's a Box of Perfumes, here a Paper of Toys, here a Bundle of Lace and Ribbons, here Gloves and Fans: I'm in with all the Miliners in Town: Theſe, you Rogue, make my way to her; and when I am in poſſeſſion of one Gate, the Fort's my own.

Semp.

Semp. There's a Risque in it. We have undertaken the Business, and must go through with it, happen what will; I am resolv'd to act my Part.

Celest. And I'll do mine, never fear. I have tam'd many as wild Creatures as she, and made 'em as kind as Lambs. Oh there's nothing like Conduct. I glory in Acquisitions of this kind, as much as *Charles* the Fifth in the Conquest of *Barbary*.

Elic. Oh Sir, are you here again! Score it up. Twice in one day. —Our Lady of *Montferrat* has not work'd a greater Miracle this hundred years.

Celest. Hold you your Tongue; we have Matters of Importance in Agitation: Don't trouble us with your Fooleries. Is the Gentleman gone, that I sent up to the Fryar's Mistress?

Elic. Gone? Ay, and another come since that. Our House is like an Office of State, where every body is busy: The Officers get, and the rest are the Bubbles.

Celest. Did he drop any thing?

Elic. You may be sure on't, or he had not found Room here. A Man may as well sneak out of a Lawyer's Chamber without paying his Fees, as leave us without leaving his Money behind him.

Celest. Then all's well. Go you up in the Garret: I must now to my last Relief, and see if Old Nick has not forsaken me. —Fetch me the Bottle of Oyl of Serpents, the Bats-Blood, the Dragons Wing, and the *May*-dew. Art, *Sempronio*, is a wonderful thing: We cou'd not live in this World without it: None but Fools starve. ——Stay *Lissy*; Don't forget the Black Cat's Skin, the She-Wolf's Eyes, the Blood of the He-Goat, and the piece of his Beard I brought in last Night at Midnight. ——Go *Sempronio*, I have no more to say to thee. What I am about to do is mysterious, and thy unhallow'd Presence wou'd spoil the Charm.

Semp.

Semp. A very holy Operation, no doubt on't.

Elic. Come, come Bully, follow me. I'll conjure as well as ſhe. Let's ſee who raiſes him firſt.

Semp. A Young Witch for my Money.

Celeſt. Yes; thou art like the reſt of the World, and think'ſt there is as much Magick in a Wench of Eighteen, as in a *Lapland* Council. ——Huſſy, make haſte: For there are others want to be ſerv'd as well as your Cully. [*Exit* Sempronio *and* Elicia. I muſt now try all the Secrets of my Art: And if my little Familiar has not abandon'd me, *Melibæa* will not be a Maid Four and twenty Hours.

[Elicia *returns, gives her ſeveral things, and* Exit.

Thee firſt, Infernal *Pluto*, I invoke,
Sovereign of Hell, and Captain of the Damn'd,
Lord of the Regions of thoſe dreadful Fires
Which *Ætna* from her flaming Noſtrils breathes:
Thou chief Director of the Eternal Torments
Which thoſe that howl in *Phlegeton* endure,
Prince and ſole Ruler of the Black Divan,
Where the three Furies thy Commands attend,
Teſiphone, *Megara* and *Alecto*,
The Realm of *Styx*, and *Dis* the Pitchy Lake,
Chaos and Shades of utter Night are thine;
Harpies and *Hydra's* that with hideous Screams
And baleful Looks the *Stygian* World torment,
Obey thy Call: Hear *Celeſtina*'s Voice,
That Voice well-known to all the Pow'rs of Hell:
By theſe dread Sacrifices I conjure thee
The Blood of the deteſted Bird of Night,
Theſe Crimſon Characters with which I ſign'd
The Laſting League between my Soul and thee;
By the fell Poyſon of thoſe ſlaughter'd Snakes,
From whence this Oyl with horrid Art was drawn,
With which I thus this Round of Thread enchant,
Aſſiſt me with thy Aid:

Let

Let *Melibœa* be prepar'd for Love,
Melt down her Virtue, and with burning Wishes
Enflame her Breast, and fill it with Desire;
Imprint *Calisto*'s Image on her Heart,
And let her to his fierce Embraces fly.
Do this, and I'm at thy Command for ever,
Who soon among thy Slaves shall be enroll'd
A Dweller with the Fiends in endless Woe.
If now thou dost deny me, I'll renounce
Thy hated Sway, and strike thy wand'ring Sons
That haunt our Earth, with Light resistless, blind.
Again, I once, I twice, and thrice invoke thee;
Assist me with thy Aid.
I feel he steals into my Breast, and now
I'm fill'd with Hope, I see the Virgin yield,
And glad *Calisto*'s Master of the Field.

SCENE, Pleberio's *House.*

Celestina *knocks, and then looks thro' the Keyhole.*

Celest. So — 'tis as I wou'd have it; *Lucretia* her Maid comes; she's *Areusa*'s Cousin, and not much an Enemy to me and my Function, tho' she affects the Shyness of a Vestal.

Lucr. Who knocks there? What Old Hag have we here, that comes thus trailing her Tail after her.

Enter Celestina.

Celest. By your Leave, Mrs. *Luky*.

Lucr. You're welcome, Mother: What Wind drives you this way? I have not seen you here this many a Day.

Celest. 'Tis out of pure Love and Kindness, Mrs. *Luky*, to tell you your Cousin *Lissy* is in good Health, and see my Old and Young Mistress, whom I have not seen this two Twelvemonths.

Lucr. If this is all your Business, I'm much mistaken;

ſtaken; you're not us'd to put your Stumps to it, without ſome Affair or other requires it.

Celeſt. You know, Mrs. *Luky*, I have a great many Girls always to take care of: They ſpin me Thread, and I muſt ſell it. Where then ſhou'd I go to hope for a Market, but where there are ſo many good Houſwives in a Houſe?

Enter Aliſa.

Aliſa. What Old Woman are you talking to, *Luky*?

Luc. She with the Scar on her Noſe, that lives in *Tanner-Row*: She's as well known as the Town-Clock; ſhe has ſold Wenches by Wholeſale and Retail, and parted more Husbands and Wives than ever were marry'd without Licences.

Aliſa. What Trade, what Profeſſion is ſhe of?

Luc. She deals in Paint, Powder, Patches, Unguents, Tape, Thread, Needles, merry Books and Ballads, and all the Haberdaſhery of Whoring.

Aliſa. You Baggage you, tell me what Denomination ſhe goes by; thou talk'ſt myſteriouſly.

Luc. I'm aſham'd to tell you, Madam, in plain [Terms.

Aliſa. Speak out.

Luc. Why there's none that knows what their Chriſtian Names are, but can tell her Occupation.

Aliſa. Pray, ſince you are ſo well acquainted with it, let me know it alſo.

Luc. Her Name (ſaving your Reverence, Madam) is *Celeſtina.*

Aliſa. What's the matter with the Wench; the Name ſounds well? *Celeſtina*, a very promiſing diſcreet Name I aſſure you. —— Oh, I remember her; I have ſeen her walk Crippling along by our Houſe, and the Poor Woman is come to beg ſomething of me, is ſhe not?

Celeſt. An't pleaſe your Ladyſhip, tho' I am a poor Old Woman, and ſtand in need of the Aſſi-

stance of all such Charitable Ladies as you are, yet I always lov'd Industry, and to get my Bread by the Sweat of my Brows. I keep a small Shop, and have some young Women who work for me the finest Thread in *Spain*; which I sell my self to such Noble Persons as your Ladiship, when I have not Custom at Home. Look upon it, Madam, 'tis as fine as the Hair on your Ladiship's Head, as strong as Fiddle-strings, as white as Snow: I reel'd and wound it up my self; and 'tis not the first time that these Fingers have been employ'd in reeling and winding up Things; for I always took Delight in being a doing, and putting a good Commodity into my Friends Hands. Look upon the Skane, Madam, how sleek — Did you ever see better?

[Alisa *pulls out her Spectacles, and views it.*

Alisa. Truly my Eyesight is not so good as it was fifty Years ago: Call my Daughter *Melibœa*, *Luky* -- Walk in, Good Woman, and tho' I'm oblig'd to go and visit a Sister of mine who is sick, perhaps *Melly* may take a fancy to some of your Wares, and you may have Dealings together.

Celest. No doubt of it, Madam, an't please your Ladiship; if she do's not like this Bottom, I have another, and will give my young Mistress her Choice of ev'ry Thread I have.——— This Sickness of her Sister's is certainly of *Pluto*'s Contrivance: The Charm works —- Oh Magick, Oh Witchcraft! Well, if Witches dye Beggars, 'tis because Fools only sell their Souls to the Devil.

Alisa. What did you say, Mother, my Hearing is not so ready as it has been?

Celest. I was saying, how unhappy it was, that my Lady shou'd be call'd out on so sad an Occasion: But when one's Friends or Relations are ill, 'tis Charity to give 'em as much as we can of our

Com-

Company; and your Ladiſhip is the moſt charitably diſpos'd Perſon in the World.

Aliſa. Alas, ſhe is ſo troubl'd with the Cholick, you wou'd think ſhe had ſomething drumming within her, it do's ſo beat and rumble: Indeed, ſhe's a miſerable Woman, and deſerves the Prayers of all Good Chriſtians.

Celeſt. Well, as ſoon as my young Miſtreſs and I have had a few Words about the Bargain, I'll go to *San Jago*, carry all my Veſtals in Proceſſion, and we'll offer up our Vows to the Patron of the City, for the Health of your good Siſter's Belly.

Enter Melibœa.

Aliſa. Here, *Melibœa*, our Neighbour has brought us ſome Thread, pray deal with her, if you can; I muſt go and ſee your Aunt; and at another time, *Celeſtina*, I may buy ſomething of you my ſelf— Fare-ye-well. [*Exit.*

Celeſt. Thank your Ladiſhip for leaving me in ſuch fair, ſuch ſweet Company; I never ſaw ſo Lovely ſo Angelick a Creature, ſince I was Fleſh and Bone; and ſo Young: Heav'n always keep you ſo, my pretty Miſtreſs, for Youth is the Age of Pleaſure. As for me, I am Old, a very Spittal of Diſeaſes, an Hoſpital of Infirmities, a Storehouſe of melancholy Thoughts, of Strife and Quarrels, Ill-nature being an Attendant on Old Age. I'm a near Neighbour to Death, and a Cabbin without a Covering, into which it rains on all ſides; a Willow Staff, or rather a weak Oſier, which bends double with the leaſt Streſs put to it.

Melib. How now, Mother, why are you ſo angry with your Years? Age, you know, is honourable, and deſir'd by all People.

Celeſt. Then they deſire the moſt grinning Honour in the World. Lord, what a Company of Evils attend Threeſcore and ten! What a Multitude of Joys wait upon Eighteen or Twenty!

Mel. And you are sorry you are past your Time.

Celest. Yes, and so will you be too, sweet Lady, when your Prime is over; therefore like an experienc'd Person I advise you to make use of it. The Time will come, when those Cherry Lips, those Rosy Cheeks, those Sparkling Eyes, those Swelling Breasts, will change to wither'd Skin, to Languid, Pale, and Wan; and you will not know your self in a Glass.

Mel. Come, come; when it is my time, I must look like others. — Why all this Preamble? —— Where's the Bottom of Thread you were to sell me?

Celest. I am enchanted with you. Did ever my Eyes behold so much Beauty, so much Sweetness!

Mel. No more of your Flatteries, Mother. Give me your Thread, and here's the Money: Thou look'st as if thou had'st not eat a Bit to Day.

Celest. Then her Charity is as great as her Charms: How she pities, how she sympathizes with me! I am ravish'd to hear her speak. 'Tis true, I have not eat; but 'tis not eating or drinking only, that Man or Woman coveteth. The Young desire one thing, the Old another; and mine is to do good in my Generation. I ever preferr'd the Service of my Friend before my own Interest; and to please others as much as to please my self.

Mel. This Beldam's Tongue will never stand still, if I let her go on in her way. If thou hast any thing to say to me to the purpose, speak out, and don't trouble me with thy Impertinence.

Cel. Alas Good Lady! We live for one another, and not for our selves only; and as poor as I am, I had not been here at this time, had it not been to serve a Person whom I just now left at Death's door, and whom a Word from those Fair Lips wou'd cure.

Mel. What means the Woman?

Cel. Why

Cel. Why did Heav'n make one Body fairer than another, but to ſhew the Goodneſs of the Mind with which it is endow'd. For Sweetneſs of Look is almoſt always accompany'd with Sweetneſs of Temper. The Ugly are always Croſs: The Handſome Good-humour'd. The Beautiful full of Pity and Compaſſion: The Deform'd Cruel and Malicious. The Brute Beaſts themſelves have among them ſomething of a pitiful Nature; as your Unicorn, who will humble and proſtrate himſelf at the Feet of a Virgin.

Mel. No: I cannot bear her any longer. Either give me the Thread, or be gone.

Cel. Old Folks have more Failings than Young, and are apt to talk moſt, when People are leaſt diſpos'd to hear them. But my Good Lady will have a little Patience with my Infirmities, and I ſhall ſoon have done: For as I was ſaying, the Unicorn, ſweet Creature, humbles himſelf to a Virgin; and to a Virgin of ſo Divine a Form as your Ladiſhip, what Creature ſo fierce as wou'd not humble himſelf? Then again; A Dog, let him be never ſo wild, will not hurt another, if it throws himſelf at his feet; A Cock never ſcrapes the Dunghill, but he calls his Hens to ſhare in the Grain he turns up: The Pelican tears up her own Breaſt with her Beak, to feed her young Ones; the Storks maintain their decay'd Parents: And if theſe, ſenſeleſs and without Reaſon as they are, do ſo, what ſhou'd we Human Creatures do? Should we deny our Graces, nay even our Perſons to the Afflicted; eſpecially when Cure is there, where the Evil is caus'd? Ah poor Man! what a ſad Condition art thou in; and how ſoon can this Lovely Phyſician give a Remedy to thy Diſeaſe?

Melib. I don't know what you mean by your long Preachment: If any one of thy Friends is ſick, and wants a Cordial, my Cloſet is full of 'em.

Celest. I doubt it not, Dear Madam, and therefore am I come hither. You cannot but know that there lives in this City a Young Gentleman nobly descended, whose Name's *Calisto* ——

Melib. Thou wither'd Old Witch, how durst thou have the Impudence to come here on such a Lewd Errand? Cou'dst thou think I would be so great a Fool, as to listen to the Perswasion of such a filthy Carrion as thou art? I'll have thee duck'd, carted, and whipp'd, if thou dost not be gone in an Instant.

Celest. Now *Pluto*, now or never. You are angry, sweet Lady, before you know whether you have Reason — Can you imagine I wou'd attempt any thing that wou'd be displeasing to you? No not I, for a World: But I must needs say, the poor Gentleman is at the Point of Death, and —

Melib. Be dumb: Wou'dst thou have me turn Whore to recover him; for all thy Speeches tend to that? Wou'dst thou have me render my Name odious to all chaste Ears; to defile my Father's House, and become as detested as thou art? —— No; thou false foul Trayt'ress; I abhor thy Errand and thee, and if ever I hear of it again from thee, I'll stab thee [*Offers a Dagger to her Breast.* to the Heart. How durst thou talk thus to me?

Celest. How can I speak when you look thus upon me? — Had you heard me out, my Innocence wou'd have appear'd; you would have found I meant nothing Ill to you or yours, or to your fair Fame and House. If the Patient's Case was not desperate, why shou'd I look out for a Physician? If you are the Person that can cure him, why shou'd you be so angry that I offer you an Opportunity of doing Good to another, without injuring your self?

Melib. If *Calisto*'s this Patient, this Man in so desperate a Condition, let him dye, for he's not

worth Curing: His Distemper is that of *Bedlam*; he has been bit by a mad Dog, and is out of his Wits: Let him be blooded and shav'd, a dark Room, Chains and Straw, is the best Physick you can give him. ——I know him and thee too, tho' I did not think fit to tell thee so, being willing to see how far thy Impudence wou'd drive thee. He has courted me, and thou tempted; but be assur'd once for all, if either of you affront me so again, I will have your Blood, or you shall have mine.

Celest. Ha ha, ha ha——

Melib. Dost thou laugh at me?

Celest. Ay, and so wou'd you at your self, if you saw how ill this Passion becomes you.——She is stout, and so am I, and what I want of her Courage, I'll make up with Wisdom. *Troy* stood out ten Years, but was taken at last; and many a fiercer Lady have I brought to my Lure. [*Aside.*

Melib. What mutter you? Hast thou any thing to say for thy self?

Celest. What shall I say, when you turn all my Words against me, and put a bad Construction on my honest Meaning? I don't wonder you shou'd treat me thus; a little Heat sets young Blood a boiling.

Melib. A little Heat——Thou hast said enough to set any Virtuous Soul a-fire——What is't thou wou'dst have of me? Speak, and see if 'tis not to thy Confusion.

Celest. All I wanted, was, a certain Charm which he tells me your Ladiship has for the Tooth-ach; and that wonderful Girdle of yours, brought from *Cumæ*, and said to be worn by the Old Sybil who prophesy'd in the Cave there, which with a Touch cures any Pains whatsoever. This was all I came for, and about which you have made such a stir.

Melib. A likely Business indeed: I have heard so

many Tales of thy Tricks, that I durst not trust thee.

Celest. There's never a Saint in Heav'n but I cou'd swear by, to satisfy you, if that wou'd do; or did you rack me, you could draw nothing out of me.

Melib. I know very well, nor Oaths nor Tortures can make thee speak Truth; 'tis not in thy Pow'r.

Celest. You are my good Lady and Mistress, and may say what you please; 'tis my Duty to hold my Peace: You must command, and I obey; but your hard Words will, I hope, cost your Ladiship an old Petticoat.

Melib. We'll see what can be done for thee —— Thou hast deserv'd it.

Celest. By my good meaning I am sure; though perhaps my Foolish Tongue may have offended.

Melib. Thou affectest Ignorance so well, that thou almost perswadest me to believe thee. Yet thou hast no cause to wonder at my Passion, since 'tis not long ago that the very Man whom thou nam'st to me, was so impudent as to offer Love to me; and thy speaking for him was enough to provoke any body —— Come, all's over —— We are Friends —— and 'tis well done of thee to mind the Sick.

Celest. Sick, ah did you but see him you'd say so, and not think he has any such Wicked Thoughts in his Head as cou'd offend you: Poor Gentleman, he's the Sweetest Natur'd Man upon *God's Yearth*, and endow'd with a thousand Gifts and Graces: For Bounty he's an *Alexander*; for Strength a *Hector*.

Melib. But what is this to his Ach?

Celest. Alack I am old, and have a Bad Memory, I was thinking what a loss it wou'd be if we shou'd lose such an Accomplish'd Person, he has the Presence

ſence of a Prince; a Genteel Carriage is Courteous, Witty, Good Humour'd, is brave; beautiful, young, active and generous; take him all together, you ſhall not find ſuch another —— my word for't —

Melib. And yet he's troubl'd with the Toothach ——.

Celeſt. Ay —— the Toothach- —— as I was ſaying, does ſo torment him, that he cries out as if he was in Labour -- Oh he has it mightily upon him, and what is moſt extraordinary, is, that all his Pain comes from one poor Tooth.

Melib. Is it rotten?

Celeſt. No, no, 'tis as ſound as that of an Elephant; but I don't know how it is, no Remedy can cure it, except your Girdle does it.

Melib. And the Charm too.

Celeſt. And the Charm too, by all means; Oh, 'tis a dreadful thing to be troubl'd with the Toothach, and ſuch a Toothach as his.

Melib. The Age?

Celeſt. His Age, Madam, marry, let me ſee, I think he's about ſome Three and Twenty, for here ſtands ſhe who ſaw him born, and took him up at his Mother's Feet.

Melib. I don't ask thee how old he is, he may be as old as *Neſtor* for me, I mean, how long has he been troubl'd with it.

Celeſt. Oh ever ſince he was born.

Melib. That's very probable truly, he was troubl'd with it before he bred it.

Celeſt. Excuſe me, ſweet Lady —— I'm apt to blunder in my Sayings, he has been troubl'd by Intervals only, it does not trouble him always.

Melib. No, I ſuppoſe not, for he was very well not long ſince.

Celeſt. And it came upon him on a ſudden; the Fit is now violent, and all the help he has is to take his

his Viol and play it away: But Lard, how he tunes it! so finely, so harmoniously, and sings to it with a Voice and a manner like an Angel.

Melib. Then the Pain is not violent at that time.

Celest. Not so violent as when he does not touch his Instrument; he is an accomplish'd Person, that's certain, and no Woman that sees him, but commends his Beauty, his Shape, his Air; and then he has a Tongue —— so soft, so insinuating, that he wou'd thaw Ice, melt a Rock, and do more Wonders with it than the *Syrens* of old.

Melib. 'Tis pity it shou'd be incommoded with the Toothach: Well, Mother, you are not so froppish as some Old Folks wou'd be —— I am apt to be passionate, but 'tis soon over with me: I'll make you amends for it if I can. Here; take the Girdle now, and and call for the Charm to morrow morning; I'll have it writ down ready against you come; be sure let no body know of it.

Luc. So, so; I see how things are going: she must come alone first, and bring the Man along with her next time.

Mel. What's that, *Luky*?

Luc. Nothing, Madam; only you and my Mother have worded it a good while methinks: I wou'd have bought all the Thread in *Valentia* in half the time.

Mel. You need not say any thing to the Gentleman how I us'd ye at first, Mother; he may put a wrong construction upon it, and think me a Hypocrite, or a Shrew.

Luc. Ay, 'tis plain enough; There's Mischief afoot. [*Aside.*

Celest. If I had not the Gift of Secrecy, I shou'd starve, Madam: and I hope, by the help of this Girdle, his Tooth will have a little Ease.

Mel. If the Girdle won't do, I have something else that is Infallible on such an occasion; and shou'd be necessary, may do more for your Patient.

Celest. So you must, if you'll cure him; tho' perhaps you will not like of it at first; but you'll thank us afterwards. [*Aside.*

Mel. What's that, Mother? you talk of Thanks.

Celest. Only that we both thank your Ladiship, and are bound to pray for you.

Luc. Oh, the false, double-tongu'd Beldam.

Celest. *Luky*; Hold you your peace; Come to me to morrow, I'll give thee the rarest Teint for thy Hair in the World; tho' 'twas as yellow as a *Danish* Witches, it shou'd turn it as black as a Negro. I will also present Thee with a Powder to sweeten thy Breath, which is a little of the strongest.

Luc. Thank you, Mother; 'twill be very welcome.

Celest. And yet, you Fool, you're always Railing at me to your Mistress: Let's come to a Treaty--- Thou know'st I can say something if I wou'd — Mum —— I will have the Teint and the Powder ready — Not a Word of any thing.

Mel. What are you mumbling there between you?

Celest. We were wond'ring that such a fine Lady as you are, shou'd have such an aversion to the World, and keep at home so — and I begg'd her to put you in mind of the Charm.

Mel. You had not need; I shall remember it, and wish the Gentleman Ease——

Celest. That Wish will contribute more to it than all the Physick in *Spain*.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE

SCENE, Celeſtina's *Houſe.*

Celeſtina *and* Sempronio.

Celeſt. So, *Sempronio*; thou'rt here ſtill! Didſt thou not want my Return to releaſe thee?

Semp. I thought you were ſomewhat long indeed -- But how came you off?

Celeſt. Oh, wonderfully — I cannot ſtay now to tell thee; come with me to *Caliſto*, he ſhall have the Maidenhead of my Embaſſy.

Semp. Piſh; Is that all the Maidenheads you have got for him? You have a mind to ſee him firſt to have all the Reward – I know your Cunning, you falſe Jade you -- but I may be too hard for thee.

Celeſt. Don't trouble thy ſelf; half is thine; or ask and have: Let's laugh and be merry, thy Maſter pays the Piper: What's Money? – Droſs, meer Dirt — Should'ſt thou and I fall out, you Buxom young Raſcal – Buſs me, no, you ſhan't; your Breath Stinks of *Elicia*; as old as I am, I hate a Rival —

Semp. Mother, this won't do my buſineſs; Money I muſt have, and Money I will.

Celeſt. And Money thou ſhalt have, Boy: But don't quarrel about it before it comes to our hand; many a miſchance happens between the Cup and the Lip. Follow me and my Councils, and all things will do well.

Thou'rt Young and Fooliſh, I am Old and Wiſe;
To proſper, thou muſt liſten, I adviſe.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, Calisto's *House.*

Calisto, Celestina, Parmeno *and* Sempronio.

Cal. OH, Mother! Welcome as refreshing Showres
To the parch'd Earth. — What Tidings from my Love!

Celest. No Raptures, my Lord; I am a Woman of Business; I always come to the Point; and the nearer I bring you to it, the more I hope to share of your Bounty — I have run up and down, and beat my Brains, and spent my Spirits, and wasted my very Vitals for your Lordship's pleasure — Do's not this deserve consideration? I know Lord *Calisto* is a considerate Person, and do's not let his Faithful Servants go unrewarded.

Par. There's another 100 Crowns condemn'd.

Cal. Tell me — And do not Torture me with Words.
Kill me at once, and let me know my Doom.

Celest. No; your Lordship is to fall by fairer hands; by hands as white as the Virgin Snow, and as warm as Milk from the Cow — I bring you Joy, I bring you Life, I bring you Hope.

Cal. Hope; why, to hope is such Excess of Joy,
That at the Sound my Soul begins to swim,
And I'm transported ——

Celest. Stay — save this Fury for another: Lord, I am a poor Woman in Rags and Tatters; 'twas a Wonder she wou'd admit me into her House — I'll warrant I have worn this Gown this dozen year — And truly 'tis high time I shou'd have another. Yet I'm as well receiv'd by my good Lady *Melibœa*, as others in their Silks and Sattins.

Cal. She keeps me on the Rack — Say where you saw her.
What was she doing? How did you address her?
What did you say, and what did she reply?
How got you to her? Did you find her well?
And as you found her, did you leave her?

Cel. Hold! A True Lover o' my Conscience— Here are as many Interrogatories, as fairly manag'd by a Chancery-Clerk, wou'd not be answer'd under Fifty Crowns Cost, and I must do it for nothing, must I? Well, your Lordship's generous, I am poor; You want my service, I want Money, or Cloaths, or any thing to keep this decrepid Carcass in the Land of the Living.

Cal. Heav'ns! to despair, is easier than to live
In doubt——

Cal. Lord! you are in such haste— Let me see you a Twelvemonth hence, and you'll tell me another Tale. First, As to my Reception, twas with a Countenance as fierce as a Mad Bull throws at those that assail him; or as your Boars dart at the Dogs that hunt them.

Cal. Are these my Hopes? are these my promis'd [Joys?
You flatter'd me in bidding me expect them.
Why did you raise me to the Height of Pleasure,
To fling me down a Precipice of Woe;
For all I yet have heard is worse than Death?

Celest. Not so bad neither—— Do you think I was frighten'd at her? No, no, she must be fiercer than Bears or Bulls, that *Celestina*'s afraid of. I am us'd to such Looks, and have brought the wrinkl'd Frown to a pleasant Smile, as often as I have Hairs on my — Head. —— I had a Sweet for her Sowre, a Soft for her Hard, and before I left her, she was as pliant as her Taffety Petticoat.

Cal. Now thou again hast lifted me to Extasy;
Speak on, for if she spoke thee fair, my Heart

De-

Deceives me, or ſhe'll be as kind to me;
And then———

Celeſt. What's more impertinent than the Tranſports of a hoping Lover? As to my getting to her, 'twas by means of a Bottom of Thread which I pretended to ſell her.—I gave her to underſtand I came from you.

Cal. Ha ——What ſaid ſhe then?

Celeſt. Why nothing, but that I was an Old Trayt'reſs, an abominable Bawd, a falſe Witch, and ſuch like Civilities.

Cal. You rally me, and laughing at my Madneſs,
Impoſe upon a Lover's fond Credulity;
Think———

Parm. He grows angry: Pray Heav'n he may continue ſo——Shall I turn her out of the Houſe, my Lord?

Semp. Hear her, my Lord, ſhe has almoſt done, and you'll be ſatisfy'd. This Raſcal—— [*Exeunt.*

Cal. Villains be gone—— and wait till I'm at [leiſure
To tell you what I want.

Celeſt. You ſhall know all——— Come, Patience is a Virtue in Lovers, as well as other Men— Your Honour muſt conſider, I'm a weak Woman, with one Foot in the Grave, and can't tell my Tale ſo eloquently, and ſpin it out as ſome will do, to tickle the Ears of their Auditors with a deſign to pick their Pockets. In ſhort, I made her believe you were ſick of a Diſtemper which ſhe cou'd only cure; and by the help of a Charm which ſhe has promis'd me.

Cal. Oh thou art wondrous in thy Art! Thy Head
Was form'd for mighty Things, like thoſe who rule
The Fate of Empires: But our kinder Stars
Have ſet thee to direct the Realms of Love.

Cel. Then I told her, the Girdle ſhe had on was Sovereign in your Caſe; and preſently ſhe took it off, and here I bring it you.

Cal.

Cal. Where is it, where? Oh give it me to touch,
And 'twill like Magick raise me from this State
Of Sorrow, to unutterable Joy.

Celest. What, this for nothing too?

Cal. Ask what thou wilt, and if 'tis mine, 'tis thine.

Celest. All I ask, is a New Gown, that I may be in a Dress worthy the Person I am to visit; the Fair, the Young, the Charming, the Tall, the Slender, the Pretty-Face, White-neck'd *Melibæa.* —— Shall I have it?

Cal. Ho, *Parmeno, Sempronio.* [*Re-enter.*
Run to the Taylor, bid him bring a Gown,
Or get one ready in a moment. — Fly.

Semp. 'Tis late, my Lord, and nothing can be done to Night. To-morrow your Honour may have as many Gowns as will cover her whole Troop.

Celest. To-morrow will do as well as To-night. Here take the Girdle, make much of it, and think it has been about that Waste, where your Arms shall soon supply its place.

Cal. Oh Extasy! If this is so Extream,
So Inconceivable, which neither Thought,
With all its Imag'ry, can paint, nor Words
Express. What must it be to Clasp that Fair,
Which this has oft encircled? what to hold
That World of Charms, that young and yielding Beauty.

Celest. To morrow I'll attend her again, and bring you her Answer: In the mean time — The Gown —— [*Gives her Money.*

Cal. It shall be ready. There – Take that till then.
Make me but Happy in my Charmer's Love
Bring me to *Melibæa*'s Arms, and thou
Shal't dig thy Grave in heaps of Gold.—Who waits?

Semp. My Lord.

Cal. *Parmeno.* See this Woman to her House.
Guard her as one to whom I am oblig'd.
As one, to whom I hope to be oblig'd

So

So much, that *Crœſus*'s prodigious Wealth
Wou'd be but little to reward her Service.
Sempronio, follow me—— [*Exit.*

Cel. You ſee, Sirrah, how well I am with your Maſter; and doſt thou think to be too hard for him, and me and all of us? I tell thee, this Malepertneſs of thine, will only procure thee a good Baſting, and two or three Nights Lodging in the Street. Why muſt thou pretend to be wiſer than all of us? Have not I gray Hairs on my Head? Has not *Sempronio* Money in his Purſe? Who is it owing to? To me. I promis'd to take the ſame care of thee, if thou woud'ſt be Friends with him, and leave off ſnarling, as thou ſaid'ſt thou woud'ſt. But I ſee thou art as bad as ever. There is no hope of thee; thou wilt live a Fool, and dye a Beggar, as moſt of you Hypocritical Rogues do.

Parm. I am peeviſh, that's true, and he is froward; wou'd you have me clean his Shoes to ſup of his Broth?

Cel. You wrong him, I know him well; he's a little croſs ſometimes; but give him a good word, and you may do what you will with him. Oh, how happy ſhou'd I be if I cou'd ſee thee and *Sempronio* agree like two Friends, and ſworn Brothers, in every thing, that you might come to my Cottage and be merry, and viſit me ſometimes, crack a Jeſt and a Cogue, and take your Pleaſure each of you with his Wench.

Parm. His Wench, Mother?

Cel. Ay, his Wench, and a young one too. As for old Fleſh, I am old enough, and ſuch a Wench as *Sempronio* wou'd be glad of with all his Heart. Did I but love him half as well as I do thee—What I ſpeak comes from my Entrails, from the very Bowels of me.

Parm. Yes, 'tis a ſign of it; you promis'd me, *Areuſa*, and you have perform'd your Word, have

you not? Where is fhe? If you love me fo well, why have I her not in my Arms?

Cel. I did promife thee, and have not forgot it; I have been with her, and lectur'd her, and prepar'd her to thy defire. We'll go to her immediately; and this is the leaft thing of a thoufand that I will undertake to do for thee.

Parm. Say you fo, Mother —— Then I'll avouch for thee that haft an Art that *Old Nick* can't withftand; I have courted her this Six months, and cou'd never get fo much as a Kifs of her.

Cel. A Kifs — What's that! not worth ftooping for: Thou fhalt have fubftantial Pleafures. — *Areufa* lyes this Night at my Houfe, and there Boy thou fhalt catch her Napping, it may be, for it grows late — Come, lead the way —— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Celeftina's *Houfe.*

Celeftina — { *Knocks at* Areufa's *Chamber-Door; fhe runs out in her Night-Gown.*

Celeft. *Reufy, Reufy.*

Areufa. Who's here at this time of night —— You, you Old Carrion, d'ye come ftealing upon me like a Ghoft, and at fo late an hour? — I was juft going into Bed, ye fee I am all undrefs'd.

Celeft. What, to Bed with the Hen, Daughter! So foon to Rooft — Fye for fhame: Come, let's chat a little, I've fomething to fay to you — you muft think I did not invite you hither for nothing. Oh, you are a little charming Rogue — How pretty fhe looks in her Night-Cloaths If I were a Man, I fhou'd have no patience — See here, what clean Linnen, what white Skin — you young Baggage you, you make me in love with you — Let me kifs thee, and touzle thee, and rouzle thee ——

Areufa. Lord, you won't Ravifh me fure, will ye!

You

You hurt me, I have for these three Hours been troubled with Fits of the Mother, and that made me go to Bed the sooner.

Celest. Fits of the Mother — There's not a Soul in *Valentia* understands that Distemper better than I. Come hither; let me lay my Hand on thy Bosom, and asswage it.

Areusa. The Pain increases with your touching me—Put your hand higher; 'tis there.

Celest. Poor Creature! What Pity 'tis, one so Plump, so Fair, so Clear, so Fresh, so Delicate, so Dainty, with such Limbs, such Features, such Looks— shou'd be hurted if one touch her— 'Tis but Fancy; No Woman ever fell in pieces with touching.— *Reusy, Reusy*; To be plain with thee, thou art too much a Niggard of those Beauties which Nature has prodigally bestow'd on thee; don't lose the Flower of thy Youth under six Linings of Woollen and Linnen; have a care you be not too covetous of what cost you but little: Thou was't not born to lye alone. Oh, thou wer't made for Company; when thou wer't born, Man was born; when Man was born, Woman was born.

Areusa. Prithee don't stand teazing me with I don't know what Mysteries of Man and Woman; if you can give me Ease, do; if not, let me go to Bed.

Celest. I can tell twenty Med'cines that's good for thy Distemper; as, Penny-Royal, Rosemary, Rue, Wormword; the Smoak of Partridge-Feathers, of the Soles of Shoes, of Musk-Roses, of Incense, of strong Perfumes, of Harts-horn, Sal-Almoniack; which all give Ease for the present, but the Mother returns again. Now, there's another thing which I have not nam'd, and which I have always found an Infallible Cure.

Areusa. What is it? Dear *Celestina* tell me, I'm upon the Rack with Pain.

Celest. What, you never try'd it, I'll warrant ye. No, not you; you don't know the difference between a Man and a Mouse.

Areusa. Is that all? Why, you Old Filth, you; You know I'm in Keeping. My Friend is gone to the Army, and wou'd you have me wrong him?

Celest. No, by no means. Wrong him — did you say? not for a World.

Areusa. He's a very good Friend to me; and if I lose him, you'll hardly find me such another: He thinks me Constant, loves me, and carries himself rather like my Servant, than my Gallant.

Celest. Very good: but he's not here now to cure your Fits of the Mother; when my Doctor's out of the way, shall I dye, rather than make use of another?

Areusa. What woud'st thou have me do? There's no arguing with thee.

Celest. You know *Parmeno* is as dear to me, as if he was my own Flesh; he complains you're so cruel, you won't so much as look on him; I can't imagine what shou'd be the Reason, unless 'tis because I wish him well——I don't deal so by you— Your Friends are as welcome to me as if they were my own, and thou thy self, as if thou wer't born of my Body. Is it not true?

Areusa. I can't say but I have found you civil enough; what you mean by it is plain.

Celest. No harm to thee, I'm sure —— Words are Wind -- I'm for Works. Those that I oblige, must oblige me — There's *Lissy* and *Sempronio*, how happily do they live; take thou *Parmeno*, and you both will be Ladies of *Calisto*'s Fortune; for they will be able together to do any thing with him. What is it he asks of thee? Will thy Friend miss it when he returns? Will you or he be the poorer for it? Lose no time; Youth and Occasion fly; make the most of thy Beauty while there's a Market for't—

for't —— Shall I call him up, he's below?
[*Parmeno, Parmeno.*

Areuſa. If you love me, let him ſtay there—— What a duce, you wou'd not have him come upon me naked. — I am ready to ſwoon to think on t-- I never exchang'd two Words with the Man in all my life – Nay, if he comes, I'll fly for't – [*Celeſt. holds her.*

Celeſt. No Faith ſhan't you – I underſtand better things: Son, here's a [*Enter* Parm. young Lady that loves you; but ſhe's ſo fearful, ſhe's ready to drop down dead at the Sight of a Man —

Parm. Never fear, Madam; a Man of Honour will not hurt a Woman, and eſpecially a pretty Woman; and all Lovers are Men of Honour.

Celeſt. Come up to her. Up to her, Man—— Faint heart never won fair Lady; on my Life I think he's more afraid than ſhe; get you both into that Chamber; I'll Lock the Door upon you.

Areuſa. What d'ye mean, Mother?

Celeſt. Oh, nothing: Nothing, Child, but what is very common and very natural; Let him go in with thee, and he'll ſoon ſhew thee my meaning. Boy, be kind to her; ſhe's as good a Girl as ever made Man happy.

Areuſa. He won't be ſo uncivil ſure, as to enter another Body's ground without leave.

Celeſt. So uncivil! do you ſtand upon Leave? wou'd you have him come up t'ye with Cap in hand, and cry, With your Leave forſooth, every time he Kiſſes ye? Away with your Fiddle Faddles—— *Parmeno*; For ſhame, Man—— Is this thy way of attacking a Woman of her Youth and Beauty — Ads, if I were a Man, I ſhou'd have devour'd her by this time—— So, now you do as you ſhou'd do —

Areuſa. Stand off, Sir; you're miſtaken in me— I'm no ſuch ſort of a Woman; no Hack. for ev'ry

one's Uſe at ſo much a Side—— If you touch me, I'll cry out——

Celeſt. Why, how now, *Areuſa*—— Nay, now you carry it too far; a little Coyneſs whets the Appetite, too much balks it. Why, Daughter, do you think I know not what this means? Have I never ſeen Man and Woman together before, and heard what they ſay, and ſeen what they do? I was once, let me tell you, as likely a Woman as your ſelf, and thought my Penny as good Silver as yours--I had rather thou woud'ſt give me a box of the Ear than play the Fool thus—— Do'ſt thou imagine I'm to be bubbled with Airs and Grimaces — Art thou not Fleſh and Blood—— Prithee don't pretend to what do's not belong to thee: You wou'd diſcredit me in my Trade, to gain Credit your ſelf. But the beſt on't is, there's nothing to be got between Pyrate and Pyrate, but Blows and empty Barrels.

Areuſa. Why ſo angry, Mother; one can't ſay a word, but you preſently fly out into a Paſſion—— you're as touchy as a Waſp -- Pray don't be out of humour.

Celeſt. Out of humour! No, not I: I'm not out of humour, but I hate Jeſting when Buſineſs is to be done —— Go, get you in, I hear *Liſſy* coming, and I wou'd not have her yet ſee you together.

Enter Elicia. [*Puſhes 'em in.*

Elicia. What makes you here ſo late, Mother? you have been wanted ev'ry Minute ſince you went. 'Tis your old Trade, to ſatisfy one you'll leave a hundred unſatisfy'd. Here has been the Old Lawyer in what dee'call Lane about his Daughter: He ſays ſhe's to be marry'd to morrow; and if her Husband ſhou'd find out that ſhe has crackt her Pipkin, he'll cut your Throat.

Celeſt. I don't know what the Wench talks of.

Elicia. Sure your Memory is not ſo bad: You your ſelf told me of it, and by the ſame token, that you

you had patch'd up her Maidenhead ſeven Times at leaſt.

Celeſt. I have ſo much buſineſs on my hands, that one thing drives another out of my Head —— He'll come again, I ſuppoſe.

Elicia. Yes, to be ſure; he gave you a Gold Chain, which he had pawn'd to him by a Neighbour's Wife to ſpend on her Gallant, as a Fee, and I'll warrant he comes again.

Celeſt. I know where you are now. Why did you not get all things ready, and begin to do ſomething againſt I come home. You ſhou'd practiſe your ſelf in ſuch things when I am abſent, and try whether you can do that by your ſelf, which you have often ſeen me do, otherwiſe you'll be a Novice all your Life-time, and repent your Lazineſs when you come to my years. When your Grandmother ſhew'd me her Trade, had I been as negligent as you are, I had now ſtarv'd, or begg'd my Bread. Do you think to live always under my Wing, and never go from my Elbow? This will not do, *Liſſy*; your own Trade will ſoon decay, and if thou do'ſt not turn to mine, thou'lt dye a Beggar.

Elicia. Now is now, and then is then —When I can't live by my own Parts, I muſt try what I can do by others; A ſhort Life and a merry, ſay I. Little Work, and much Play — I'm young now— and as long as I can ſpeak for my ſelf, let others mind their own Markets for me.

Celeſt. You are very Malepert, Mrs. *Liſſy*; we ſhall find you change your Note when your Cullies change theirs. Theſe Fellows Flatteries make young Girls ſo proud, they think the ground is not good enough for 'em to go upon; but I've ſeen many as briſk a Wench as you be forc'd to lye on't before ſhe was Thirty.

Elicia. No more of your Sermons, they put me in

in mind of my Sleeping-time : and so, Dear Aunt, Good-night-t'ye.

Areusa *and* Parmeno.

Areusa. It can never be Day-light yet— What makes you so hasty ?

Parm. If my Lord *Calisto* shou'd rise and find me missing, I'm undone past redemption.

Areusa. 'Tis not Six a Clock.

Parm. By *Venus* 'tis almost Ten.

Areusa. You say so, because you wou'd leave me - Well, 'tis always thus with ungrateful Man. - Methinks my Fit returns ; I had a little Ease for the present. The Pain comes again. I can t imagine what shou'd be the reason of it.

Parm. If I cou'd cure thee with the Expence of the last drop of my Blood, I wou'd part with it for thy sake. What woud'st thou have me do ?

Areusa. Let's go in and talk a little of my Distemper. 'Tis so strange.

Parm. My Dear, we have talk't enough on't already ; e ough in all Conscience : To morrow is a new day, and I may by that time find out some Secret to cure your Indisposition

Areusa. And will you go then ? I shan't be able to live without seeing you ; when shall it be ?

Parm. At night.

Areusa. Not before ?

Parm. At Dinner.

Areusa. 'Tis an Age.

Parm. As soon as ever I have seen my Lord, and he has seen me , I'll fly to the Arms of my Love, my Angel, my Life , my Soul, *Areusa.* — Go in, Child, the Mornings are cold. [*Exit.*
Well, 'tis a delicious Jade , but somewhat too unconscionable. An Age till Dinner ; one wou'd have thought she might have stay'd till Night, for her own sake. —— [*Enter* Sempronio.
Sempronio, what makes you here so early ?

Semp.

Semp. So early d' y' call it? My Lord has been up these three Hours. I suppose you're come to hear what News of *Melibœa*, as well as I?

Parm. Faith not I; I have been otherwise employ'd. I have such News to tell thee, as will make thee burst with Envy. --- *Areusa*, *Areusa*— I have had her, and all for thy sake: We are now Friends for ever. —— Our Master is in Love, so are we; and his Amour shall pay the Charge of ours. Hang old Quarrels —— There's my Heart, and here's my Hand.

Semp. Now I like you, and something may come of it. The Terms agreed between us, I sign the League, and we are Friends for ever.

Parm. Pray what are the Articles?

Semp. *Imprimis.* I keep my Girl, you keep yours; and whoever breaks in upon his Friend's Female Property, breaks the League.

Parm. Agreed.

Semp. *Item.* If I lye to my Lord, you shall justify it; and I do the same for you.

Parm. Agreed.

Semp. *Item.* If I cheat him, or pick his Pocket, you shall aid and assist me in executing or concealing it.

Parm. With all my Heart.

Semp. *Lastly.* All the Profits arising by the Intrigue between *Calisto* and *Celestina*, besides what she makes of it, shall be divided between us.

Parm. Most equally.

Semp. Who'd have thought that a little Whoring shou'd in so little a time have made an honest Man of a Knave, a wise Man of a Fool, and a Frank Fellow of an Hypocrite? —— Let 'em say what they will of Wenching —— till they find out something that has so good an Effect on the Manners of Men ——a Wench for my Money ——

Now

Now to our Affairs: Hear you no News of *Melibœa?*

Parm. Why the Old Bawd has not been with her yet. And how cou'd she go; she has not been a-bed above this three or four Hours; for I heard her up a long time after she left *Areusa* and me.

Semp. I thought I cou'd hear nothing; but our Master is as impatient and restless as if he had a Fit of the Cholick: He lies where you left him, stretching himself along upon his Couch; but the Devil a Wink he sleeps, and the Devil a whit he wakes, lying between both like a Man in a Trance. If I go to him, he sleeps and snoars; if from him, he either sings or raves.

Parm. Did he not call for me? Did he not remember me when I was gone?

Semp. Remember thee? why he does not remember himself, Man.

Parm. So Fortune has favour'd me in this too. Well, let's go home, and see what he's doing. Get something for Dinner, and send it in hither for *Areusa* and *Elicia*, with whom I have promis'd to dine: Thus for the future we'll spend our Days in Feasting, and our Nights in Love; Pleasure shall fill up all our Intervals of Time from our Service, and Mirth and Joy keep our Souls in continual Extasy.

Semp. D' y' see there now, what a Woman can do? He talks in the same Strain with my Master. Ours will be a fine House —— that's certain —— *Calisto* is in a fair way; his Cellar, Buttery, and Lardery will be fill'd for himself, but empty'd for us.—And if I'm not mistaken, we shall soon bring his Noble to Ninepence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Calisto's *House.*

Parmeno *and* Sempronio.

Instruments are heard.

Parm. I

Parm. I have spoken with *Tristan* and *Sosio*; they tell me, our Lord has not wanted us, and all Things go swimmingly.

Semp. He's at the old Trade, fiddling away his Evil Spirit. Hark, he sings!

'How hopeless my State, [Calisto *sings.*
'How hard is my Fate,
'To live thus inflam'd with Desire?
'To live in Despair
'Of an End to my Care,
'Still dying, and ne're to expire?

Parm. Stark mad; now there's no Hopes of him: If once he comes to Rhiming, he's past Recovery; 'tis as sure a Sign of Phrenzy, as Purple Spots are of the Plague.

Semp. Hark, you'll have him at it again presently.—— You'll have more Tokens of Madness: For as People when they're out of their Wits are so fond of Talking, that, for want of Company, they'll talk to themselves; so Lovers and Poets can't let their Tongues, no more than their Brains, lye idle.

'How weak was my Heart, [Calisto *sings.*
'To be fond of the Smart,
'How silly to seek its own Ruin?
'But two such fine Eyes
'Will make Fools of the Wise,
'And flatter 'em to their Undoing.

Parm. Poor Man, I pity him. —— 'Tis nor better nor worse.—— If he continues so a Week longer, his Friends will beg him for a Fool.

Enter Calisto.

Cal. What Hour is it? 'tis almost Bed-time, is it not?

Semp. Yes, my Lord; and your Honour might have sav'd your self the Trouble of rising.

Cal. How's that? Is it Morning then?

Parm. No, an't please your Honour, 'tis Evening

ing almoſt —— if I had din'd, I ſhou'd believe it quite Night.

Cal. Is not this Fellow crazy, *Sempronio?*

Semp. He's in Love, my Lord. But ſure 'tis high Noon, and my Stomach rings to Dinner.

Cal. Dreſs me immediately; I muſt to the Myrtle Grove, and addreſs my Vows to *Cupid* for *Melibœa*'s Smiles.

Oh Love, look down upon thy faithful Slave,
Be once propitious to my Vows, and warm
My *Melibœa* with Deſire like mine;
For now her Pride prevails, and cold Diſdain
Shuts out ſoft Wiſhes from her Heart. Oh
Preſent thy Joys inviting to her View, [*Venus*
And lead me to the Heav'n that I purſue.

ACT IV.

SCENE, Celeſtina's *Houſe.*

Parmeno *and* Sempronio.

Parm. WON'T my Lord be angry that we leave him?

Semp. Angry; yes, if he had his Senſes about him like other Men; but his Soul's out of order, his Underſtanding vitiated, and we may make him believe what we pleaſe. Tell him but that we have been attending *Celeſtina*, to get Tidings of his Miſtreſs, and inſtead of Anger we ſhall meet Reward.

Parm. Have you ſent in the Things?

Semp. Ay, enough for a Mayor's Feaſt. Three white Loaves, a Dozen Bottles of good *Monviedo*, a Ham and a Dozen of Chickens, which my Ma-

ſter's

ſter's Tenants brought him the other day out of the Country: I'll make him believe he has eaten 'em himſelf. The Pigeons are alſo here; if he miſſes them, I'll ſay they ſtunk.

Enter Celeſtina.

Celeſt. My Hearts of Gold, my Bully Rocks, my Adopted, you are welcome: Come buſs me, both of you; both together, here's a Cheek for both. The Cloth's a laying—— and we will ſo ſing and roar—— I' Gad we'll be wondrous merry—— Alas, I'm old—— Mirth is gone by my Threſhold, it never will enter my——Doors more. But you, ye young Rogues, have an Age of Pleaſure before ye; Oh that I were Twenty for your ſakes, I wou'd ſo—— You want your Women, and truly the poor Things want you: They do both ſo pine, and ſob and ſigh when you are abſent, that one wou'd think they wou'd never come to themſelves again.

Semp. Yes, yes, we know, Mother, how to bring 'em to Life again, tho' they were as dead as Queen *Joan*?

Celeſt. *Liſſy*, *Reuſy*; *Reuſy*, *Liſſy*; where are [you?

Enter Elicia.

Elicia. Sempronio— Thou art as fine a faſhionable Lover, as one cou'd wiſh. 'Gad we live like marry'd Quality— ſee one another once a Week, perhaps, lye together once a Month, and eat together once a Year. One wou'd have thought, if you wou'd not have come hither for me, a good Dinner might have made you punctual.

Semp. Hang a good Dinner; doſt think I live like an Inns-of-Court Blade, on fat Dabs, and muſty Meat from the Cooks; ſo that when I dine well, I provide for it with as much Solemnity as if I was going to a Charge, and talk on't afterwards as if I had got a Victory?—— To ſhew thee that I prefer a Woman before the beſt hollow Bits in the King's

King's Lard'ry, I'll retire with thee on the spot, and let the Roast drop off from the Spit. —— What care I for a Cramm'd Puller? Give me a pretty plump Wench, like my little *Lissy* here, worth all the Partridges at *Buen retiro.*

[*The Cloth is laid, and Dinner brought.*

Parm. We keep right Quality's Hours, dine when others sup, sup when others breakfast, go to Bed when others get up, and get up when others go to Bed. Dear *Areusa*, now I [*Enter* Areusa. shall eat with Delight, but without thee ev'ry thing wou'd be insipid.

Elicia. How the Fool flatters her; 'tis Honey-Moon. Hear there, you Clown you, what a well spoken Man your Companion is —— he's good for something.

Semp. By which you insinuate I am good for nothing. —— Let me dine, *Lissy*, and then we'll argue out that Matter. Mother *Celestina*, take your Place. You Old Folks get the higher End of the Table by day-time, tho' you're turn'd up into the Garret at Night.

Celest. Let every one take their Place as they like, and sit next her he loves: As for me, I'll seat my self by this double Flask, and this stately Glass — for I can live no longer than while I talk to one of these two. I lov'd Drinking from a Child, and that was strange, you'll say; but they tell me my Father was drunk when he got me, and my Mother when she brought me forth. — Then I have a Bottle of rare *Barcelona.* — I will fill out: For he that handles Honey, shall feel some of it cling to his Fingers: Besides, in a cold Winter's Night, 'tis the best Warming-Pan in the World.

Semp. Mother, you preach over your Liquor — and indeed, an Old Woman is mightily put to't when she has a Bottle before her; for she's loth to hold her Tongue, or to let the Glass lye still.

Come,

Come, Mother, I'll pledge ye; a Bumper to *Lissy's* and my next merry Meeting.

Celest. There cou'd not have any thing pleas'd me more than this Health; she's a good Girl, and thou'rt a brave Boy: And I so love you, I wou'd drink, were it a Mile to the bottom. [*She drinks.* Oh, 'tis so comfortable, I feel it so warm within, so refreshing. Oh, 'tis like — 'Tis like. — I'll drink off the Glass, and then I'll tell you — 'Slife, I have forgot what 'tis like: but I'll rub up my Memory.

Parm. Or no body will do it for you. Well, what's this second Glass like, Mother?

Celest. The first, Boy — and there's nothing in Nature more like the first, than a brisk young Fellow of Five and twenty. —— Oh the wonderful Effects, the admirable Efficacy of good Wine and Brandy! After I have got my Dose, I reel to Bed, and feel no Cold. I fur all my Cloaths with it at *Christmas.* It makes me look fresh and ruddy, as if my Blood were got into my Cheeks again. Give me Wine enough, and a Fig for a dear Year; 'tis Meat and Drink. It drives Care from the Heart, better than Gold or Coral: It gives Force to a Young Man, and Vigor to an Old. It comforts the Brain; it expels Cold from the Stomach; it cures a stinking Breath, and is infallible against the Tooth-ach. It has but one Fault — that what's Good, costs dear; what's Bad, poysons us. —— I love Good Wine; a little serves my Turn, some twenty or thirty Glasses at a Meal: I drink with Moderation; and forty is my Stint at all times.

Semp. They are large ones, I hope.

Celest. I must confess, I hate Drams and Thimble-fulls: I am afraid of swallowing the Glass with the Liquor; and I must have a large Glass, tho I put never so little in the bottom of it.

Semp. Let us eat and talk, Mother, and talk and eat; or 'twill be Bed-time before we have manag'd

the matter with *Melibæa*: The Fair *Melibæa.*——

Elicia. The Devil take thee: That word has set my Stomach against the Meat so much, I'm ready to bring it up again: The Fair! So's the Block I dress my Heads on. The Fair *Melibæa*! Marry come up here: There are Persons in the Company that wou'd hang themselves, if they were not handsomer than she. All her Beauty and Charms may be bought at the Colour-shop and the Perfumers. Fine Feathers make Fine Birds. She dresses out, she patches and paints, has Pendants, Necklaces, Lockets, Head-Jewels, Tail-Jewels, and what not? Had I half her Finery, she'd look like a Dowdy to me: But to my Curse, I've a Poor Rogue to look after me, who can hardly buy me Stuff and Crape. I'm forc'd to hang Iron in my Ears instead of Gold, and tye a Bundle of White Glass Beads about my Neck for Pearl. Fair *Melibæa!* Another such a Rant, and I'll cram the Lye down thy Throat with the Flask here.

Par. I bar meddling with Bottles.

Celest. No, Daughter; touch not the precious Vessel, nor spill the gracious Liquor within it.

Areusa. Mother, Mother, let me tell you, 'tis very rude and ill-bred of Don *Sempronio* to praise such a tawdry two-legg'd Thing as she, half eaten up with the Green-Sickness, before us whose Beauties, tho we say it, are very well known, are approv'd, and past doubting. She handsome! If I were like her, I might starve with all my Charms. She may well appear Fine when she comes abroad, for 'tis but once a Year, and so long she's preparing for her Publick Appearance, to set her self off to the best Advantage. Her Mother dresses her out as the Countrymen do their Colts for a Market: She anoints her Face with Gall and Honey, parch'd Figs, and other things that shall be nameless at this time. 'Tis her Money

makes

makes her look fair; as for her Features, there's ſcarce a Tavern Kitchen-wench in Town but may compare with her. One wou'd think by her Dugs, ſhe had had as many Children as your Reverence; her Breaſts look like two great Pumpions; then ſhe has no more Belly than an Old lean Woman of Seventy: And if *Caliſto* was not bewitch'd, he wou'd not make ſuch a fuzzle about her, when for leſs Expence and Trouble, he might have thoſe that are as fair as the fair *Melibœa*; and as he may come at them with more Eaſe, ſo he may enjoy 'em with more Pleaſure.

Semp. Pray Ladies, either drink, or talk leſs, which you pleaſe; for while one talks, the other drinks, and thus we are like to be baited to Death. Beſides, you'll never be able to perſwade us, that *Melibœa* is not as handſome as——

Elicia. As what, or who?——you unmannerly Blockhead—— Let me never ſip good Sherry more, if thou doſt ever come nearer my—— Bed than the Door, till thou haſt recanted, and done Juſtice to my ſuperior Beauty; with the Forfeit of two good Ducats of Lawful Money of *Spain*.

Celeſt. Come, no falling out, I [Elicia *riſes.* beſeech you: Take a reconciling Glaſs; 'twill make a *Spaniard* and a *Moor*, a Chriſtian and a *Jew*, a Catholick and a Heretick, the beſt Friends in the World. *Liſſy*, ſit down again; ſit down by him, and eat heartily.

Elicia. I wou'd ſooner ſit by a Crocodile, and ſwallow a Toad.

Semp. Ha, ha, he.

Elicia. What, doſt thou laugh at me? Doſt thou make a Jeſt of my Fury? Let me come at him, I'll ſtab the Traytor to the Heart. Have I for this yielded up my ſelf, my Honour, my ſpotleſs Honour to thy Pleaſure? Have I for this roſe many a cold rainy Night, and taken thee into my own

warm Bed, and into theſe neglected Arms, for this? —— Oh Man ungrateful! inſolent! —— Oh —— [*Weeps.*

Semp. Pardon me, dear dear *Liſſy*; wipe Niking, and I'll recant, ſwear, forſwear, fine, forfeit, ſay, do any thing. —— There, take that.

Elicia. No no, you falſe, you faithleſs Wretch, you; 'tis not your Money I want, I have refus'd many a fair Ducat ſince I knew thee —— but I am ſuch a Fool, that the leaſt ſlighting Word from thoſe dear but deceitful Lips, pierce me to the Heart.

Celeſt. Take the Gentleman's kind Offering: You are old Acquaintance, old Friends; you know one another full well, and you muſt bear with him, *Liſſy* —— and you *Sempronio* muſt bend to her; and you muſt humour one another. —— Here's a Cup of Reconciliation: Oh, with what Pleaſure do I take this! in hopes 'twill have a good Effect, in bringing you to an Underſtanding together. [*Takes his Money.*

Elicia. Well, if ever he ſerves me ſo again —— But he knows I love him, and 'tis that makes him uſe me thus.

Semp. Thou art ſuch a ſort of a Girl, one don't know where to have thee, thou'lt fly out with a Word's ſpeaking, and nothing but Money can make thee Good-natur'd again. —— Give me thy Hand; all's well.

Celeſt. Ay, all's well, all's well: She has a ſweet Temper of her own, that's the truth on't, *Sempronio*; and wou'd not have ſaid an angry Word, had you not commended *Melibœa.* —— No more of it – Here's to ye all —— 'tis a Bumper to crown the *Union.* Sit cloſe by one another, you my Lads; cloſer ſtill: Ads, I love to ſee young Couples, as it were, incorporated. Don't waſte your Youth; you'll repent of your loſt Time, as I do now with Grief

Grief of Heart. I was once young; Men did love me much; and truly there was no Love lost between us, for I had a peculir Faculty of Loving. I cou'd love twenty at a time, and so dearly, that each believ'd he had no Rival: But I am now a Chip; I am decay'd, I wax old, I wither, I'm wrinkled and neglected; but my Heart is whole, and I have the same Disposition as ever. Board 'em, my Boys; kiss and clasp. I can do nothing but please my Eyes; and you can't think what a Pleasure 'tis to me, to see you hug and buss, and tongue and twine —— and all that. Never spare 'em; 'tis allowable to do any thing above the Girdle; all Play is fair above-board. If you get into a Corner—— what's that to me? I wont set a Fine upon your Heads, because the King lays no Tax upon Love; nor will these Girls indict you for Rapes. Do what you will —— use no Ceremony, for my sake: I'll knaw the Napkin, and comfort my self with a Cogue.

Elicia. Fye Mother; d' y' think we wou'd——

[*Knocking at the Door.*

Parm. The Devil take the Messen- [*Exit* Elicia. ger, be it who it will. Was there never a Minute in the Day wou'd do the Business, but this?

Re-enter Elicia *with* Lucretia.

Lucr. Cousins all, much good may do you: I see you are in a fair way of Living. You have a Jolly Company here.

Celest. D' y' call this a Jolly Company? Thou didst not know me, I find, in my good Days.—— I tell thee, I have had nine brisk young Fellows, with each his Girl on his Knee, round this Table; the oldest of 'em not above twenty, and the youngest not under sixteen: But alas, the World has its Ups and Downs: My Time was --- 'tis now others; tho' I thank my Stars, I have some Friends still to stand by me. —— Mrs. *Luky*, here's a

good Health to my dear young Mistress, Madam *Melibæa*; 'tis to the Top — pledge me, Girl.

Lucr. Lord, I wou'd not turn off such a Load for a new Gown and Petticoat.

Elicia. Not so nice, Cousin, I know the Tricks of you Waiting-women: There's hardly one of you that do's not get drunk with Drams before Breakfast. You have your *Fenouillette*, your *Ratafia*, your *Aqua Mirabilis*, your Citron Water: All your Tipple is short and pithy.——— We must be contented with humble Wine, and labour hard to get fuddled in an Afternoon: But your Ladies and you can with ease get your Dose before you are dress'd in a Morning.

Celest. Ay, Mrs. *Luky*, had you been acquainted with me twenty or thirty Years ago, you would have stood in Admiration.—— I had seldom less than 15 or 16 Bonny Buxom Girls under my Tuition.

Lucr. 'Twas a great Charge; and certainly you must be at a great deal of Trouble to look after them all.

Celest. Not a Jot, by this Bumper; they were all at my Beck. My Government was like that of *France*, Tyrannick; and my Laws, my Will and Pleasure. They were pretty willing Tits, obedient and pains-taking. They wou'd come at a Call, and lye down as orderly as your well-bred Spaniel. They had no Wills of their own; whoever I recommended to them, were he lame or blind, crooked or cripple, 'twas all one.—— And as I was reverenc'd at home, I was respected abroad. Many a Golden-Fleece Man, many a Duke and Count, many a Jolly Knight, Wealthy Cit, Country Squire, Cheating Lawyer, and Gouty Alderman; Students and old Standers; High and Low, Rich and Poor, have veil'd their Bonnets to me. I cou'd not stir out of Doors, but

up came one Perſon of Quality, and then another, and then a third, with a How d' y', Madam *Celeſtina?* How do's Mrs. *Mary* do, cries this? How is it with my Black Beauty, quoth that? And the other; When did you ſee *Froſty Face?* Then my Houſe was ſtor'd with Preſents of all ſorts, as if it had been a Cuſtomhouſe-Warehouſe, or a Parſon's Barn: But 'tis over with me, Mrs. *Luky*; and I am now a poor, worthleſs, ſlighted Old Woman, without good Friend or Fortune; having only this ſolitary Bottle left to comfort me. [*Sobs.*

Areuſa. Mother, pray don't turn Maudlin: We came here to be merry. Have a good Heart: The World while we are in it is bound to keep us, and no doubt we ſhall have enough.

Par. Yes, Girl, enough and enough, and more than enough.

Areuſa. Hold, hold, Spark; you threaten hard; but threaten'd Folks live longeſt.

Par. And if thou art kill'd with kindneſs, thou wilt be the firſt of thy Sex that dy'd ſo merrily.

Areuſa. I don't believe you'll murder me, with all your big words.

Semp. Mrs. *Luky* has Buſineſs with Mother *Celeſtina*, and we interrupt it.

Parm. We'll retire, Ladies, if you pleaſe: 'Tis rude to hearken to another's private Affairs.

Areuſa. Indeed I don't love to be ſerv'd ſo my ſelf.

Elicia. And if we ſtay'd here, 'twou'd but be to hear the Old Woman tell us a long Story of a Cock and Bull, and I know not what, before our Heads were hot.

Semp. Let them mind their Buſineſs, we'll mind ours. — Steal out; they don't obſerve us.

Celeſt. 'Tis very ſtrange, what you tell me.

Luc. Why ſhe has not had a Wink's Sleep ever

 ſince;

ſince; and one wou'd think ſhe ſent away her Heart with her Girdle. She has been ſo troubled in Mind, that unleſs you come and aſſiſt her with your Advice, I believe it will rob her of her Senſes.

Celeſt. Alack, alack, poor Young Lady: 'Tis a thouſand Pities. Well, there are few Womens Ails, but I have a certain Cure for'em: 'Twas an old Receit of my Mother's and Grandmother's before me. 'Tis as ſure as a hot Trencher for the Belly-Ake. Is ſhe troubled in Mind? I have been ſo my ſelf, when I was of thy Miſtreſs's Age: If I was left alone ever ſo little a while, I ſhould be preſently troubled in Mind; and then I wanted ſomebody to adviſe me: And truly I had thoſe at that time who cou'd give as good Advice as any body in *Spain*. Oh they wou'd ſo handle an Argument, that let my Trouble be what it wou'd, they put it out of my Head in the twinkling of an Eye. I will take my Hood and Mantle, and go with thee immediately, Mrs. *Luky*. [*Exeunt ambo.*

SCENE, Pleberio's *Houſe*.

Melibea *alone*.

Mel. Oh miſerable State of Love-ſick Maids!
To live in Flames, and always burn within;
To wiſh with Paſſion, and with Scorn deny.
Oh Torture! To be ſtill upon the Rack,
And yet not dare to murmur or complain.
Why have I born the intolerable Pain
So long, when with a Look I might have Eaſe!
But Eaſe attended with Eternal Shame.
Guardians of Chaſtity and Virgin-Youth,
Defend me from the Tempter from without;
Defend me from my Thoughts that tempt within,
Or I am loſt: For by my Heart I feel
My Woman's Weakneſs is increas'd by Love.

A Name,

A Name, that ſhou'd be dreadful to my Ear:
A Word a Maidens Tongue ſhou'd ne'er pronounce.
But oh! no Sound's ſo pleaſant; 'tis as ſweet
As Muſick to my Soul; it lulls my Care,
And like the *Syrens* Charms, makes Ruin fair.
Well, where's the Woman? [*Enter* Lucr.

Luc. I left her without, while I came in to ſee if the Houſe was clear; and ſhe might enter unobſerv'd.

Mel. Yes, all is clear; there's nothing to obſerve
But Conſcience, and the Spies inviſible, [*Exit*. Luc.
That watch the Guilty. Call her in, and ſee
The Doors be faſten'd on us. Oh the Pow'r,
The wond'rous Pow'r of ſuch Deſire as mine!
How ſoon 't has chang'd me. Yeſter-Morn my Blood
Had curdl'd with Horror of the Deed which now
I act, reſolv'd — and ſcarce have Virtue left
Sufficient for a Bluſh. You're welome Mother.

Enter Lucretia *and* Celeſtina.

Celeſt. Your Woman, Madam, tells me you are ill. What's my good Lady's Diſeaſe? Is it the Vapours, the Cholick, Fits of the Mother? Is it in your Head, your Stomach, your Back, your ——

Mel. Oh, no; 'tis in my Heart; it throbs and burns
As if my Blood was in a Flame.

Celeſt. Poor Lady — Is it ſo with you? you ſhall now pay for yeſterday's Anger, or I'm no more a Witch than my Grandmother's Under-Petticoat.

Mel. What ſay you, *Celeſtina*? Has your Art
A Cure for my Diſtemper?

Celeſt. Has a Quack a Cure for a—-Conſumption?

Mel. Oh, Find a Remedy for mine; E'en now
It pains me; and my Fev'riſh blood beats high.

Celeſt. The ready way for me to find a Remedy, is to be well inform'd of your Diſeaſe; you muſt tell the Truth, and the whole Truth, to your Phyſician, as much as to your Confeſſor.

Mel. Thou'rt Wiſe, and by thy long Experience [know'ſt

All Women's Sicknesses : But best ar't vers'd
In this. 'Tis seated in my Heart; it there
Begins to work, and thence 'tis soon dispers'd
Through all my Veins. I freeze, and now I burn ;
I'm hot and cold ; I tremble— Now my Cheeks
Are pale, now redden'd with a glowing Blush ;
In ev'ry part I feel it. When the Fit
Is on me, for the Time I lose my Senses :
I Reason with my self, but all in vain ;
The Violence of the Disease prevails.
Disarms my Reason, and I'm sick to Death ;
Not Friends, Relations, Duty nor Discretion
Are Names of Weight — I'm deaf to ev'ry Sound
That is not Tun'd to flatter my Distemper,
And ev'ry Voice that is not like *Calisto* s
Sure when thou talk'st to me of him, thy Words
Were Charms, and by thy Magick I'm undone.

Celest. Madam, you only fancy such a thing. What little Magick I had; I have lost this Thirty year. And for Charms – Do's your Ladiship see any in me? you wou'd make me proud of my self, did not that Glass there put me in mind of my Grave,to which I am hastning.You must be troubled with some other Indisposition.

Mel. No, Mother ; all my Sickness, all my Pain
Is here ; or hence it all proceeds.

Celest. Will you give me leave to tell you what I take your Disease to be ? You know, Madam, the Art of Physick is but Conjecture at best. Doctors go by Symptoms, and they may deceive them. I have known Peoples Pulse beat as fast as if they were in a Fever, and yet they've been all the while in an Ague. I have known a ColdFit come before a Hot, and a Hot before a Cold. Constitution is a great Matter ; I must know your Ladiship's Constitution ; I must feel your Pulse ; 'Tis high, 'tis on the Gallop. Now let me see ; Have you no Longings after any thing ? Do not you fancy some

one

one thing in the World more than another?

Mel. For Heav'n's ſake do not vex me thus with
Jeſts are as ill-tim'd now, as it wou'd be [Words;
To bring a Scaramouch before a Wretch
Extended on the Wheel. My Soul's in Torment;
My Body ſuffers, and my Frame entire
Is in diſorder. Is it in thy Art
To ſet it right? Oh ſpeak! For thy Delays
Enrage my Pains——

Celeſt. You are Sick, and wou'd be Cur'd; you Wiſh, and yet fear a Remedy. Shall I touch you to the Quick? Shall I Probe your Wound? Shall I be free with you, ſweet Lady, and open your Boſom-Ills? Will you not be angry again? For you young Ladies are very apt to be angry, if you are not pleas'd in your own way.

Mel. Thou keep'ſt me on the Rack; do what thou
Practice thy Arts; no Remedy's ſo ſharp [wilt;
As are the Torments I endure: Nor Fame,
Nor Honour, Limb or Life will I refuſe
To venture, were I ſure of Future Eaſe.

Luc. This Old Sorcereſs has bewitch'd her; ſhe talks as if ſhe had been bred up in her Convent. [*Aſide.*

Cel. The Wench mutters, and will ſpoil all if I don't ſend her packing. [*Aſide.*] In all great Cures, the firſt thing requir'd by the Surgeon of his Patient, is Courage; and the next thing is, that he be not crowded, that no-body may Jog his hand, and make him direct his Inſtrument the wrong way. In your Caſe, Madam, a good Heart and Secrecy are neceſſary. There muſt be no Witneſs of the Advice or Cure. Mrs. *Lucretia*, you'll pardon me, I mean no harm, but 'tis neceſſary for your Lady's good that you ſhou'd withdraw.

Mel. Be gone — Why Loyter you — Be gone —
Now, Mother,
Say boldly what I am to ſuffer.

Celeſt. Nothing, nothing in the World, Madam.

There's

There's more harm in the Imagination, than in the Phyſick itſelf. Well, to ſee how things will come about— But a day or two ago I fetch'd a Cure from your Houſe for my Lord *Caliſto*, and now I muſt fetch one from his for your Ladiſhip.

Mel. Oh name him not, the very Name renews
My Anguiſh; adds to my Diſeaſe like Fuel;
It feeds my Fire; you ſee it by my Looks.

Celeſt. As I ſaid before, Madam; your Ladiſhip muſt have a good Heart; you muſt be Patient, or I preſcribe in vain; your Wound is great, and ſo muſt your Remedy be—'Tis a Maxim in Surgery, *A good Launce leaves a great Scar.* No Pains can be cur'd without Pain: You muſt bear a little, Madam, or you muſt bear more: One Nail drives out another; One Sorrow expels another. Don't be offended with Words, nor think ill of ſo worthy a Perſon as my Noble Lord *Caliſto.* Ah, did you but know what is in that Man, you'd ſay there was not a more accompliſh'd Gentleman in *Spain.*

Mel. You kill me with his Praiſe. Again, I beg you
Say nothing of him, either Good or Bad;
But rather Bad than Good: For Praiſe is Poyſon,
'Tis Dang'rous to a Stranger, but to me
Intolerable. Oh, 'twill work to Phrenzy.

Celeſt. If you forbid me to name him, or any one elſe, you circumſcribe your Phyſician, you ſet Bounds to my Art, and may as well tell your Doctor you are Sick, and wou'd be reſtor'd to your Health, but it ſhall not be by ſuch or ſuch Medicines. Your Doctor, ſhou'd he hear you ſay ſo, wou'd return you your Fee, and leave you to dye of an Old Diſtemper, tho' not very Mortal, call'd Folly. If you'll hear me, you ſhall have a Cure; if you will not, Heav'n's bleſs your Ladiſhip, and *San Jago* beſtow a Miracle upon you; for you are paſt Recovery without one, unleſs your Patience reconciles you to my Experience and Good-will. And I muſt

tell

tell you plainly, if my Noble Lord *Caliſto* do's not aſſiſt me ——

Mel. Again, She Sounds him in my Ears. Again,
She wounds my Soul; I cannot bear it. Hold,
My Pains are leſs Tormenting than thy Words.
Say, how can he aſſiſt thee. If from him
My Cure is fetch'd, before I'll uſe it, Beldam,
Daggers or Poyſon, Death ſhall be my Lot.

Celeſt. Come, come; this is not the way to be well, Lady. Without all this Buſtle and Rhapſodies, Love is your Diſeaſe; and what cures Love, is not ſuch a Myſtery, but your Maid might have told you. Only I know who, as well as what; I know by your very diſlike of the Name, that you like nothing in the World more. And wherefore all this Rout? Shall I go to him? Shall he come to you? When you are together; when he flies into your Arms, and you into his; when he claſps you ſo cloſe, that you wou'd think you grew together; when he kiſſes, ſighs, and you kiſs and ſigh——

Mel. Peace, thou haſt done thy worſt; my Soul's ſo [full
Of Thoughts of different kinds, ſevere and ſweet,
It turns my Head—I ſicken now to Death. [*She falls.*

Celeſt. Curſe of my Forward, Babbling Tongue; ſhe'll dye now perhaps, and I ſhall be hang'd for being in her Company; had a Man been here — he might have helpt me to bring her to Life again. But what can a Woman do? [*Aſide, Luky, Luky.*

Mel. Softly; the Houſe will hear you—I am well;
My Strength returns, and I can Riſe my ſelf.

Celeſt. 'Twas a ſudden Qualm; 'twill go over preſently. I have had Qualms my ſelf; but truly, ſweet Lady, not on ſuch an account; I always kept a good Heart within me.

Mel. Oh *Celeſtina*, think not, I with Eaſe
Can bear the Name of one to whom I owe
The Miſery to which Ill Fortune drives me.
Too well, I love to hear it, 'Tis a Sound,

That

That rather wou'd revive, than kill me: Yet
Virtue had still some Hold; and while that stay'd,
His Name brought Horror with it; 'Twas a Struggle
That Love and Virtue long maintain'd within.
Doubtful the War, till Reason leaves the Field:
And Virtue thus betray'd, submits to Love.

Celest. Vartue, What is this Vartue? What Language is that word? Sure 'tis not our Mother Tongue: I have kept all sorts of Company, from the Great Lords and Ladies, down to your Attorneys and Laundresses this Thirty years, and I don't remember I have met with that word Vartue in all that time: Sure 'tis some Old-fashion'd Thing, which went out when Fardingales came in. Vartue and Love; did they Fight within you, d'say? Well, let them Fight where and when they please; Love makes the best Sport I'll warrant ye — Two to One on Love's side —— And Lord *Calisto* shall go my halves.

Mel. *Calisto!* Oh *Calisto!* 'tis a Name
That with it brings a thousand Joys. *Calisto*,
Lord; my Life — If thou do'st Love like me,
How canst thou live in absence! If thy Heart
Feels half what mine endures without thee, sure
Thou woud'st find Wings to fly into my Arms.
Ah Fond! Ah Fruitless Hope! I rave of Things
That are Impossible!

Celest. Nothing is Impossible to a Willing Mind.

Mel. How can I see him? If 'tis in my Power:
My Will consents with Rapture, Where and When.

Celest. Marry, sweet Lady, this very Night, in this very House — I never do Business by halves; I go through-stitch with what I undertake: It shall be at 12; get the Keys ready, and he shall be at the Door —— Leave the rest to me.

Mel. What Pow'r can I invoke to give Success!
No Saint that sits enthron'd above will own
My Impious Wishes, and no God forgive!

Hah! if I think of this, I ſhall grow mad:
Love ſtill will hear: Be thou O Love propitious.
Caliſto comes; To him I'll tell my Care;
He'll pardon me, and with his ſweet Deceit
Indulge my Grief, and ſoothe me in my Shame.

Enter Aliſa, Lucretia *following her.*

Celeſt. I hear ſome-body coming— Hah, 'tis your Mother; I muſt leave you; Remember the Hour is 12.

Aliſa. How now, Daughter; what makes this Woman here to day again? [*Exit.*

Luc. An't pleaſe your Ladiſhip, her Thread did not hold out yeſterday, and ſhe came to make it up to day.

Aliſa. Daughter, I charge you on my Bleſſing never to admit that Filthy Old Beaſt to your Preſence when I am out of the way; I have heard a wicked Character of her, and don't like her haunting our Houſe; I came on purpoſe to give you warning of her; and to find her here ev'n then troubles me.

Mel. Madam, my ſpotleſs Fame's above Reproach;
Her Character will bring no Stain on mine,
While Virtue is my Guard. I'll be adviſ'd,
And always be directed by your Will.

Aliſa. A good Child— Heav'ns bleſs thee; thou art the Joy of thy Father's Age and mine; and if any Evil ſhou'd come to thee, 'twou'd break our Hearts. Come, *Melly*, let's in to Supper; 'tis almoſt the time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Myrtle Grove.*

Caliſto *and* Triſtan.

Caliſto. Are they not yet return'd?
Triſtan. They are gone to one Mrs. *Celeſtina's*.
Cal. Both of them? *Parmeno* and *Sempronio* too?
Triſt. Both, my Lord.

Cal. Oh, may they bring me News to glad my Soul;
News of my Love, and that she still is kind.

Trist. My Lord, I see *Sempronio* and *Parmeno* yonder; shall I call them? there's an Old Woman with them.

Cal. Fly, bring 'em to me; 'tis for them I wait,
While wand'ring in the Mazes of this Wood, [*Exit* Tr.
I sacrifice a thousand Vows to Love.
To Love and *Melibœa.* Happy Shades!
Where oft the Little God descends to see
His faithful Slaves retire to secret Joy.
Or from the Altar of their flaming Hearts,
Send up warm Wishes, and implore his Aid.
Oh *Melibœa!* wer't thou here? This place
Were Paradise, and *Venus* shou'd resign
Her Sway to thee, for thou'rt the Queen of Love.

Enter Celest. Sempronio *and* Parmeno.

Come near me, thou that to my Soul bring'st Ease;
To see thee only, it exults with Joy:
My better Genius, thou. What says my Mistress?
Am I to live? or of Despair to dye?

Celest. Dye! What shou'd the poor Lady do with a dead Lover? No, no, my Lord; you must live, and live well too; for you have a great Work upon your hand; I have been trudging it about all day, and have not put a Bit of Bread, nor Glass of Wine, within these Lips; and all to to do you service. Many an Enemy have I made to get you one Friend; and if I had not succeeded ——

Cal. Hast thou succeeded then? Thou wond'rous [Woman!
Venus is more indebted to thy Wisdom,
Than to her Son's resistless Darts. Say on.
Hast thou succeeded? Is my *Melibœa*
No longer Cruel? Will she hear my Moan,
And at her Feet permit me to complain?

Celest. My Lord, what wou'd you complain of? She can do for you no more than she can do. What wou'd your Lordship have of the young Gentlewoman?

man? wou'd you have more than all? — As much I'll anſwer for.

Caliſto. Oh, welcome Meſſenger, not all, by *Venus*,
The Thouſandth part; the leaſt, the ſmalleſt Sum
Of the Vaſt Treaſure: But a Look, a Sigh
Will make me happier than I dare to hope.

Celeſt. A Look, a Sigh — Ads my life; you ſhall Hug and Kiſs — and Claſp and Toy — A Look and Sigh — Light Food, I' faith; my Lovers formerly wou'd ſoon have ſtarv'd with ſuch Dyet. In ſhort, my Lord, ſhe's yours entirely.

Caliſto. Oh! do not rally me in this? Beware,
'Tis fatal to abuſe my Heart in this.

Celeſt. I ſay again; ſhe is, if you pleaſe, as much yours as ever your Father was your Mothers, Matrimony and Conſummation only excepted: you may do what you will with her.

Cal. 'Tis wonderful! Thy Service is ſo great,
My Fortune can't reward it as I wou'd.
Take this, and from my Gratitude expect
Still more; for I can never pay too much.

Semp. A Gold Chain worth 500 Crowns. Mark, that *Parmeno*; we'll have our Share anon Boy [*Aſide.*

Celeſt. Oh your Lordſhip has over-valu'd my poor Service — tho' to ſay the Truth, I have not been idle — I have not let Graſs grow under my Feet. I have beſtirr'd my ſelf; I have plotted, and contriv'd, and ly'd, and brib'd, and ſet a hundred Engines to work; and, thank my Stars, Fortune has not diſown'd my Merit.—— The Effect, in a word, is, You muſt be at 12 a Clock at her Father's Houſe, where ſhe will wait for you at the Door; and you ſhall learn from her own Mouth, whether I am a Perſon of Sincerity; whether I am to be truſted — whether I underſtand my Trade, and can ſerve a Friend upon Occaſion: In ſhort, whether I am of Importance, and a uſeful Woman in my Generation.—— I tell you

once

once more, you shall find her there, and in as much Impatience to meet you, as you to meet her.

Cal. Am I awake? or is it all a Dream?
Oh sweet Delusion! If I sleep, sleep on,
My Eyes, and never wake; for Life has nothing
So Joyous, so Transporting. Can it be,
That I, who thought my self of all Mankind
Most wretched scarce a Moment since, shou'd now
Be the most Envy'd Mortal in my Fate?
Oh Night, drive on thy Sable Car! Oh Moon,
Hide for a while thy Silver Beams! For Light,
A Foe to Lovers,may disturb my Joy.

Celest. If your Lordship has any more Commands to lay upon your most Obedient, most Humble, and most Devoted Servant, here I stand with my Ears open to receive, and my Heart willing to execute whatever you shall require of me. If you dismiss me at this present, I'll to my Natural Rest; for I am tir'd, my Bones are stiff, my Feet sore, and I will retire to my Bed, and pray for your Lordship's Success. But I may save my Prayers; you'll be but too happy, and I shall so think of you, when I am between my Cold Comfortless Sheets. Well speed your good Lordship; the Hour draws on; you'll be punctual. [*Exit*.

Cal. As Day to Night are in Succession true,
Or ev'ry thing that's certain in the World.
Be punctual; Heav'n,to miss a Minute's! Death!
Hence let us home, and Arm, 'tis Ten, or past;
But Time flyes always slow, when we're in haste.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *The Street near* Pleberio's *Houfe.*

Parmeno *and* Sempronio *in Armour.*

Parm. BRother *Sempronio* — Ha, ha, ha, he—— I can't fpeak for Laughing, to think what a Fool my Mafter wou'd have made of me: but Faith I was too hard for him, he wou'd have fent me before him, to fee if fhe was come: But, quoth I, my Lord, the Lady may take it ill that you let any body know of the Affignation. He takes the hint, and away he's gone by himfelf, to ftand near the Door till fhe comes forth.

Semp. What was't thou afraid of?

Parm. What do I know who ftands between or behind Doors? Or, whether Mrs. *Melibæa* or Madam *Celeftina* has not put a Trick upon our Lord; if fo, better he have the Drubbing, or the Sword in his Guts, than I: I'll be no man's Target, and will folemnize this as my Birth-day, or Birth-night, as long as I have a Real in my Pocket to buy a Glafs of Brandy.

Semp. I don't like this Bufinefs, nor this Poft here one jot: Happen what will, be thou prepar'd, and like a Soldier, ready at the firft Allarm to take thee to thy Heels.

Parm. I'm ready, and will ftart as foon as thou giv'ft the Word; elfe we may make a bad Year of it, and bring our felves into a Peck of Troubles.

Semp. In an unfortunate Hour came we hither; and you'll find he'll be fo engag'd with his Miftrefs, that he'll forget how the Night wears, or what Danger we are in. If any of her Father's Men hear him, or the Alguazils fhou'd meet with us here, we fhall be taken and fent to the Galleys, unlefs our

Heels do us more ſervice than our Hands. Hark! Methinks I hear ſome Noiſe about the Houſe.

Parm. Fear nothing; we are far enough off— And the very firſt Allarm that's giv'n —— Let him alone; let him take his Courſe; if he do's ill, let him pay for't.

Semp. 'Tis but reaſonable; we don't deſire to kill or be kill'd; we are young both, and our Lives are worth keeping — I'm, as one may ſay, cock'd and prim'd, and ready to go off, if you but pull the Trigger. Coud'ſt thou ſee how I ſtand prepar'd for Flight, thou'dſt ſplit with Laughter. My Poſture's ſideling, my Legs abroad, my left Foot foremoſt. The Skirts of my Cloak tuckt up under my Girdle; my Buckler clapt cloſe to my Arms, that it may not hinder my ſpeed —. Gad, I cou'd outrun a Buck.

Parm. I ſtand better, for I have ty'd my Sword and Buckler together, that they may not fall from me as I run, and have clapt my Head-piece in the Cape of my Cloak.

Semp. Hark! We are dead Men; [*A Noiſe of Watch.* the Alguazil's Men are about. Put on, put [*They run.* on — a Snail wou'd make more haſte; home home, Man, as faſt as thou canſt.

Parm. Fly, fly; if we are overtaken, we are hang'd: Throw away thy Buckler, Cloak and all.

Semp. Have they kill'd our Maſter?

Parm. How the Devil ſhou'd I know? Let him look to that, he's the leaſt of my Care.

Semp. Stop: Methinks the Noiſe goes another way. 'Tis Right; ſee there; the Enemy's turning down yonder Street; Let's return to our Poſt.

Parm. Take your Eyes in your hand, and beſure; go you back for me—— I feel a Stall here; 'tis broken, I'll creep into it. Come in Brother, here's Room for you; Our Maſter muſt come by this way; if we don't ſee him, we ſhall hear him. We'll

follow

follow him, and tell him we were upon the Scout-- if he misses us, fearing the Watch wou'd have set upon him.

Semp. We'll swear we drove as fast as our Fear of 'em drove us: Lye close ——

Parm. Squeeze in, Man — Ev'ry place that's safe, is Honourable, say I — Tush — [Calisto *groping.*

Calist. Where are you? Speak *Sempronio, Parmeno*;
They're gone, or else I miss 'em in the Dark.
Sure Fortune has not jilted me, and thrown
This Woman in my way, to make her sport.
Yon House is certainly *Pleberio's* —— Hark!

[*The Door opens, he walks up to it.*

The Door's unbarr'd; I hear a whisp'ring Noise:
There's more than One. What then? is Love afraid?
Who's there? Is't you, my Queen, my Goddess, speak?

[Luc. Melib. *hold the Door at jar, with a Chain between them and* Calist.

Luc. Or my Ears deceive me, or 'tis *Calisto's* Voice: however, to be sure, I'll go a little nearer. Who's there? Who's that speaks?

Cal. *Calisto* in Obedience to your pleasure.

Luc. Madam, 'tis he; 'tis, my Lord. Come hither, come hither.

Mel. Softly; ar't sure 'tis he?

Luc. I tell you, come hither; I'm sure of it; I know him by his Voice.

Cal. That is not *Melibœa*; there's another speaks.
They whisper: I'm deluded and undone;
But live or dye, I have not Pow'r to stir.

Mel. Retire *Lucretia*, while I call him to me.
Who's he that Wanders in this lawless Hour?
Who will'd ye to come hither?

Cal. One whose Worth
Wou'd raise her to the Empire of the World;
One whom I proudly covet to obey,
And ev'n to please, ambitiously aspire.
I need not ask you, Fair One, who you are:

The Joy my Ear has to my Soul convey'd,
Diſcovers you're my Sov'reign, I your Slave.

Mel. *Caliſto*, are you not?

Cal. The Fond, the Faithful?

Mel. Thus far, my Lord, I ſuffer you to ſhew
How much I'm willing for your Eaſe to do.
How much I of my Duty can forego.
To let you ſee— I'm not inſenſible,
And have a Heart as conſcious of your Worth
As you can wiſh. Then Baniſh from your Soul
All Thoughts of wronging my unſpotted Honour;
Nor give me up a Victim to the Tongue
Of Slander, ever ready to detract
And injure Virgin Innocence. Let this
Content you— If you love me, you'll forbear
Your fatal Suit, that muſt in Ruin end.
In Endleſs Ruin dreadful to foreſee.

Cal. Is this the kind inviting of my Fair?
Was it for this that with Impatience rackt?
I waited for the Moment we ſhould meet.
Is this the happy Hour? Are theſe the Joys
I mockt my ſelf to hope? 'Tis all Deceit;
My Servants, *Celeſtina*, all deceiv'd me:
Curſe, Curſe my vain Credulity; or elſe
I now had been at Reſt, if Death is Reſt.
For longer 'twas not poſſible to bear
The Torments that were bred by your diſdain.
Curſe, Curſe, the Beldam's fatal pleaſing Lyes.
Didſt thou not tell me, Trayt'reſs, ſhe wou'd hear
My tender Vows, and Sigh for Sigh return?
Ah Wretch! to live again to be diſgrac'd
Again, a Thouſand Tortures to endure;
No, Death ſhall give me Eaſe.

Mel. Oh name it not;
You melt my very Soul: 'Tis yours, my Lord,
And you may mould it as you pleaſe. Oh Night,
Hide, hide my Bluſhes from him: Yet, *Caliſto*,

My

My Lips do Juſtice to my Heart, and own [Friends,
I love, and love you more than Life, than Father,
Than Honour, Fame, or Life it ſelf. This Truth
Your Merit forces from my falt'ring Tongue.
And what can be too much, that is for you?

Cal. In vain, my Charmer, I to thank you ſtrive;
'Tis not in Eloquence, thou Heav'nly Maid!
To tell thee what my grateful Soul wou'd ſay.
To hear thee thus, tranſports me. But to ſee
To touch thee, Gods! the Rapture is too fierce,
And in Imagination turns my Brain.
What muſt it be to meet thee, when my Hands
Can take thee to my Arms? Forbidden now
By Doors and Chains, and ſhut out like a Thief.

Mel. Too true, my Lord; why elſe are you come
To rob me of a Jewel I ſhou'd prize, [hither
Far more than all the Treaſures of the *Eaſt*?

Cal. Again you Stab me to the Heart; Again
You Torture me with Cruel Cauſeleſs Fears.
Can Love, like mine, that in its Object lives,
Offend the Perſon it adores? 'Tis plain
You hate me — and with ſweet diſſembled Smiles
Abuſe my Honeſt Paſſion —

Mel. Ceaſe, my Lord.
I cannot bear to hear your hard Reproaches.
What wants there to confirm that I am yours?
I yield my ſelf without Reſerve, and hope
You'll like a Gen'rous Conq'ror, uſe your Captive,
Nor treat me ill, becauſe I make no Terms.

Cal. How can I treat ſuch matchleſs Beauty ill!
Such matchleſs Tenderneſs, and gentle Youth!
Oh *Melibœa*, think what I endure
To be ſo near thee, and no nearer — Curſe,
Curſe on thoſe Bars that keep thee from my Arms.
Muſt we ne'er meet, but parted thus like Foes?
Theſe Chains, tho' made of Adamant, wou'd break
Like Reeds, if Love againſt them ſets its Force.
Down then——

Mel. Hold, hold, my Lord, or you'll allarm
The House, and I'm undone. The Morning dawns,
At Night, at 12, you'll find me in our Garden
With open Arms, and with my first Embrace
To welcom him I love, my Lord *Calisto.*

Cal. At Night — Then I must live a long, long [Day,
And ev'ry Moment is an Age without thee;
And with thee Ages wou'd like Moments fly.

Mel. 'Tis light, and I must leave you. Heav'n de- [fend ye
From ev'ry Ill. Farewell.

Cal. Till then adieu,
My Love, my Life, my Soul, my *Melibœa.*

[Parmeno *and* Sempronio *creep out of their Hole.*

Parm. Make haste out, or he'll be here before we unkennel; I heard the Door shut; he's coming.

Cal. *Parmeno, Sempronio.*

Semp. We are at our Posts; True Centinels; we did not so much as once sit down, nor put one Leg over another, but watch'd for the Enemy as diligently as a Cat for a Mouse; that if we had heard but the least Noise, we might presently have leapt forth, and done as our poor strength wou'd permit us. And I must say that for *Parmeno*, and a Fig for him, tho' he did not espouse this Cause till now very warmly, he's as hearty in it as if it was his own. When he spy'd some Links advancing our way, he was as glad as a Wolf that spies the Dust of a Drove of Sheep. However, we were prudent -- and seeing the Enemy was Ten to One, we kept to our Post, and resolv'd to receive them there.

Cal. We are at home: Go you both to Bed: You have been long on the Watch — I see by that Light *Tristan* is up; he shall do your Duty —— Begone, I say; you have serv'd me well, and I'll be kind to you. [*Exit.*

Semp. How eaſy 'tis to make a Fool of a Lover!

Parm. As eaſy as to make a Lover of a Fool. Are you for a Nap?

Semp. Not I. Didſt thou not ſee my Lord give the Old Beldam *Celeſtina* a Gold Chain? She has receiv'd ſeveral other Preſents, in all, I believe, to the Value of 900 Crowns; and by a private Article between us 'twas ſtipulated, She ſhou'd have one Third, I another, and thou another; provided thou didſt not oppoſe us, but aſſiſt us in this Intrigue; which thou haſt done notably: And I'm reſolv'd not to ſleep a Wink, till I have my Dividend; for the Property of Gold and Silver is ſo ſoon alter'd, that if we ſhou'd ſtay till Noon, the Devil a Sous ſhall we have.— I know the falſe Hag too well to truſt her.

Parm. 'Tis wiſely conſider'd. She that will cheat the Maſter, will make no Scruple of Conſcience to do the ſame by the Man.— Lead to her Houſe— I'll be at thy Back.— Theſe Arms will put Courage into me, if no Danger happens in the way to drive it out again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Celeſtina's *Houſe.*

Parmeno *and* Sempronio *Knocking.*

Semp. The Old Bawd put the Gold Chain under her Pillow, and that makes her ſleep ſo ſoundly. Gold, they ſay, is better than a Cordial: 'Tis mighty good for the Heart-ſick at Night, and Sore Eyes in the Morning; for the Wind in the Stomach at Noon—for any Diſtemper, at any Time, in all Caſes, and for all Conſtitutions.

Parm. Why, Mother *Celeſtina*, if you don't come preſently, I'll break the Door down.

Enter Celeſtina *half undreſs'd, and rubbing her Eyes,* Elicia *following her.*

Celest. What! A Murrain take ye, for a Couple of mad Scowrers; what do you here at this time of the Night?

Semp. Nay, faith 'tis Morning: There's never a Cock in Town, but has crow'd out his Crows by this time.

Celest. Well, How came my Lord off? Has he been with her? Has he seen her? Has he consummated? Has he, my Boys, —— Oh, we shall live merrily after Consummation. — I never lov'd an Intrigue which was not consummated. — Is it so, Lads? —— How stands it with him?

Semp. Stand with him —— We can tell you little of that —— But if we had not stood by him, he had been a Dead Man before now. — 'Tis not all the Money in his Coffers can make us amends for the Peril we have pass'd.

Celest. Peril; What dost thou talk of? What Danger can you have been in, by staying in the Street a little?

Semp. Marry — for all you — in such Danger, that my Blood still boils in my Body to think on't. —— Faith we deserve something.

Parm. And something we will have. Prithee set us out some Breakfast; when we have eaten, our Choler may abate; for as 'tis now with us, we desire to meet no man that desires Peace: We thirst after Enemies: Oh that I cou'd light upon some tall fierce-look'd Dog, to glut my Fury and Vengeance; for the Rogues fled from me so fast, I cou'd not revenge my self upon them.

Celest. Well; the Duce take me, if he do's not look terrible; if he do's not fright me so, that he makes my Back ake; and yet I cannot but think you are both in jest with me.

Semp. Jest, Woman; you'll find us in no jesting Humour. Prithee *Parmeno*, look less cholerick, if thou canst: For troth, 'tis a hard matter to bring

one's

one's self to it, after such a Battel. Seven to One! —'ds Death — it is not to be parallel'd in this Age. 'Tis true, before those that I knew cou'd do but little, I never made Shew of doing much. —— You see, my Arms are all broken and batter'd, my Buckler without its Ring of Iron, the Plate's cut asunder, my Sword hack'd like a Saw, my Head-piece bruis'd and beaten as flat as a Pancake. —— My Master is to meet his Mistress again at 12, in the Garden; and what the Devil shall I do for Arms and Armour.

Celest. In his Service you lost, or broke em; e'en let him get you more: He's a Generous Man; none suffers by him —— He pays all his Servants their Wages.

Semp. Wages —— Yes; but he is not bound to find us Arms, if we out of our Choler, or the Abundance of our Courage, break or lose them, when a little Moderation wou'd have sav'd all. —— Mother, we must not ride a free Horse to Death. There's a hundred Crowns, a Gold Chain, and other Things: Let's come to account, according to Articles.

Celest. The Fellow's drunk, or his Wits with waking have taken up their Heels, and run from him. What's my Reward to thee? — Must I find Swords and Bucklers, Back-plates and Breast-plates, for you? —— Thou hast taken hold of a foolish Word that slipp'd from me; but don't think to catch old Birds with Chaff. Am I a Chicken? Am I a Bubble? — No matter what I am, or am not. — The Gold was given to me; and little did I think thou wou'dst have been so base, as to have look'd for a Penny of it, after what I and mine have done for thee.

Semp. This will not do your Business; the Losers will speak and act too, when they have Right on their side. Where's the Chain? Produce, produce ——

Celest. I

Celeft. I have nothing to produce that you'll think worth having: For, as you may fee by my Eyes, I've been crying all this live long Night for the Lofs of my Chain. *Liffy* faid, fhe'd put it under her Head, to dream of your Dogfhip; and the Baggage has miflaid it: We cannot find it, tho' we have hunted all the Houfe over.

Parm. Ha, ha, he.

Celeft. A thoufand Devils take thee for a Son of a Wh —— Who fent for thee? What haft thou to do here? Haft thou any Covenant, any Articles, any Stipulations to pretend to? — Get thee out of my Houfe, or I'll wafh thy Face with my Chamberpot.——

Parm. You old Cheat, I am to have my Third, and my Third I am come for.

Celeft. Hey day, this is fine — faith 'tis — Your Mafter fhall know how I am bully'd and abus'd by you.——

Semp. Give us our Due, and 'tis Peace with us: We are one again.

Celeft. What is your Due? Wenches? Wenches you have had, Wenches you fhall have. —— You think, it may be, I will tye you to Rack and Manger, and make you take up always with *Elicia* and *Areufa.*—— Come, come, you fhall have frefh Goods; you fhall each have his Leafh; I will grudge you nothing in my way: But Money, you Rogues you, you Fools, you Sots; wou'd you have Money from a Bawd? Is there any refunding from a Money-Scrivener, a Lawyer, a Banker, a Proctor, a Prieft, or a Pimp? Do thefe go Stakes? Wou'd you cry Halves with me, like a Couple of Sweetners? —— Go to —— I'm afham'd to fee you have fo little Wit.

Semp. We'll make fhort Work on't, fince thou art about doing with us, as thou haft done by all that have dealt with thee. Make good what thou pro-

promis'dst us, or we'll have all thou hast: We'll plunder thy Camp for thee; we'll restore thy stollen Goods to their Owners. Whores—— did you cry?—— We defy thee and thy Whores; we have no more to say to them—— And let 'em be satisfy'd with that:—— 'Tis well we don't make them refund what they wheedled out of us. —But for thee, thou antiquated Beast, don't ——

Celest. Beast; call me no Beast I'm as much a Woman as thy Mother, you insolent Rascal; better Words wou'd become you.— Learn to pay Reverence to these Grey Hairs here. I'm an Old Woman of Heav'ns making— no worse than all other Women are.— I live by my Occupation, as other Women do, very well and handsomely: I seek not after those who seek not after me; they that will have me, come to me, I go to no body. As for my Life, what it is Heaven knows: Good or bad, what's that to thee? There's Law for me as well as for others, and I'll make Examples of you.

Parm Will you so —— Y' Gad it shall be for something then.—— We'll leave thy House as naked as a Parson's Barn before Harvest.

Celest. *Lissy*, run and fetch my Things presently; I'll to the Justice, and get a Warrant for them. I will have them both sent to *Bridewell.* You huff and hector an Old Woman, but dare not look a Man in the face, ye Cravens. Had it not been for *Lissy* and *Reusy*, who out of Love to your Loggerheads wou'd not agree to't, I had had a Man in my House who wou'd have taught you Manners. — Gad you durst as well have taken a Lion by the Beard, as have come within reach of him: He wou'd have beat you to Mummy — and vindicated the Honour of my House from two such pitiful, noisy, bluff'ring, impudent, cowardly Scoundrels as you are.—— Get you out of my

Doors

Doors —— both of you —— Get you gone; I know you not. —— You are Thieves, Robbers. I'll cry out: —— Be gone, I ſay —— Thieves.

Semp. Hold your Cackling, Beldam, or I'll throttle thee. Give us our Thirds, or ——

Celeſt. Your Thirds? Thieves, Robbers.

Elicia. Thieves, Robbers.

Semp. The Devil —— we ſhall be taken and hang'd, for hearing her rail at us, and call us Names. —— Wilt thou give us our Thirds preſently? Speak. [*Both draw.*

Elicia. They'll murder her. Oh *Sempronio*, put up; Oh *Parmeno*, for Heav'ns ſake — You ſhall have all — Hold.

Celeſt. Thieves, Thieves; Ruffians, Robbers, Ruffians. ——

Semp. Ruffians, you Witch, Bawd; Ruffians, you Sorcereſs. Thou haſt ſold thy ſelf to the Devil, and I'll ſend him his Bargain —— Let him make the moſt on't. [*He ſtabs her.*

Celeſt. Murder: Oh I'm kill'd. Confeſſion, Confeſſion.

Parm. Kill her outright, that ſhe may tell no Tales. I'll ſtop her prattling, a damn'd Old Hag. —— [*He again ſtabs her.*

Celeſt. Oh, oh, oh. —— [*Dyes.*

Elicia. Ah Villains! They have murder'd her; She's dead. — *Centurio*, *Areuſa*; Juſtice, Juſtice.

Semp. Cry out; we'll fly faſter than Juſtice.

Parm. Which way? The Neighbours are knocking at the Door.

Semp. Out of the Window.

Parm. Is it high?

Semp. That way, or the Gallows, is only left us.

Parm. Jump then. They come: I follow thee. [*They leap out of the Window.*

Enter

Enter Areuſa *and* Centurio, *as out of Bed.*

Cent. What's the matter? What's the matter? — I cou'd have wiſh'd you to Old Nick — I was in ſuch a Nap ——

Areuſa. You're a ſleepy Raſcal, that's the truth on't. —— Here's *Celeſtina* welt'ring in her Blood.

Elicia. Too true: Our Friend, our Mother!
What are we?
Poor Orphans now, and left to the wide World.
Oh that I cou'd my ſelf revenge her Death:
Parmeno and *Sempronio*, Murderers both,
Are fled from Juſtice, and our dire Revenge.

Areuſa. Revenge we'll all of us conſult, contrive,
And ev'ry Arm aſſiſt to be reveng'd.

Elicia. *Caliſto*'s Pleaſure was the Cauſe of all,
And on *Caliſto* let our Vengeance light:
Shall he and *Melibœa* ſwim in Joy,
While we are drown'd in Floods of bitter Tears?
Shall he embrace his warm his wiſhing Fair,
While we this cold cold Corps, to whom alive
They ow'd their Tranſports, in its Grave inter?
Oh 'tis a Thought a Woman's Heart abhors!

Areuſa. And Woman's Wit and Vengeance may [prevent.
When meet the Lovers? Where?

Elicia. To night at Twelve,
In *Melibœa*'s Garden.

Areuſa. Hear, *Centurio*,
And as thou hop'ſt to paſs another Night
As joyous as the laſt: If e're theſe Arms
Again in Height of Rapture ſhall enfold thee;
Prepare to execute our Vow'd Revenge.

Centurio. Ladies, not that I matter a Murder or two — but I don't love to work without my Hire. What am I to have firſt? and then, who am I to diſpatch? But I care not who it is, if you content me.

Areuſa. Love, boundleſs Love ſhall be thy great [Reward;
And Gold, if thou art mercenary, Gold

Shall

Shall recompence the Danger, if there's any.

Cent. What, is *Melibœa*, or *Caliſto*, or both to be provided for?

Areuſa. Both — both: Or if you cannot kill them both; be ſure *Caliſto* don't eſcape thee.

Cent. He'll be alone — will he not? — For ſhou'd there be two of them, there muſt be ſix of us. Not that we're afraid — but we love to ſatisfy our Friends, and make ſure of our Buſineſs.

Elicia. The Villains thou haſt Reaſon moſt to fear,
Perhaps have broke their Necks; or if they're living,
They dare not to their Maſter's Houſe return.
Triſt in and *Soſio*, two tim'rous Slaves,
Will then attend him. —

Cent. I have heard of them — and a hundred ſuch Fellows ſhou'd not make me go out of my way. — This ſingle Arm wou'd be too hard for them all. I afraid? — Thank *Jupiter*, Fear never enter'd into this Breaſt. — And when I kill'd the Conde *de* - — what d' y' call it, I had a much harder Task on't: One poor Boy and I, againſt the Count, ſix Footmen, two Chairmen, and a Blunderbuſs.

Areuſa. Thou'rt a Hero, a Hector — Kill *Caliſto*, and I'll match thee with *Hercules.*

Cent. He's as dead as *Mahomet*, by Midnight. I have him here; I have him there, and there. Oh I long to be at him. — You little Graſshopper, you, — Cou'd this Sword of mine tell the Deeds it has done; your St. *Georges*, your Don *Bellianis's*, your *Almanzors*, and all the reſt of 'em, wou'd appear to be Milkſops to me. What peoples the Churchyards, but this? What makes Surgeons and Sword-Cutlers rich, but this? What Blade of *Bilboa*, Buckler of *Barcelona*, Helmet of *Colatagud*, can ſtand out againſt it? I cut a Head-piece of *Almazen* to pieces, as if it was a Cucumber. My Name *Centurio* came from my Father and Grand-

father

father, we have all slain our Hundreds.

Areusa. No more of your Pedigree: We must be gone; or else this Murder may be laid to us. Be sure dispatch him.

Cent. Be sure; why he's half dead already. The Man that I resolve to kill, has always one Foot in the Grave. I love to please all that employ me. What Death wou'd you have him put to? For I have a List of no less than 777 several sorts of Death in my Almanack; which, if you think fit, I will read to you.

Elicia. The Man is mad, *Areusa*; and to trust
Exposes us to suffer for his Crime. [him,

Areusa. Who can we trust? And when shall we
Have such an Opportunity? [again

Cent. I have been hir'd by all sorts of People, to teach them to cut a Throat, and the like: As your damn'd Poets, to revenge the Affronts offer'd the Memory of their departed *Scriptions*; the Criticks, to fight those that don't like their Writings, tho' they like no body's; your Actors, to vindicate the Honour of their own, or their Fellow-Actresses unspotted Characters; your Soldiers, to kill the Man that says their Swords don't hang right, or their Hats are uncock'd; and your Inns of Court Men, to pink the Rascals that take the Wall of 'em: Then your Cits, hang 'em, I have little of their Custom—— They have something to lose, and they love to live by't; for, you must know, 'tis your poor Dog that has no reason to be fond of living; your Scoundrel, whose Reputation has no way to support it self but on the side of Valour, that comes to my School. And as I have all sorts of Punishments, I have all sorts of Nations there; as *French*, *Portugueze*, *Irish*. Oh, your true-bred *Irishman* makes a rare Pupil.

Parm. Pray, Sir, what do you call your Profession?

Cent. 'Tis

Centurio. 'Tis call'd, Madam, the Art of *Bullying.* When the Quarrel do s not come to Words, and 'tis only a shake of the Head, or a shrug of the Shoulder that gives offence, then we only bang a Man with a flat Sword in a Scabbard, or thump him on the Breast, or knock him on the Pate, or cuff or kick him, which we call *Dry Beating.* To pick a Quarrel, we tread upon his Toes, or jostle him to the Kennel, or the like, and draw before he's aware of it.

Elic. That's unfair you shou'd bid your Enemy draw always.

Centurio. Ay, so we do; but we take care to have our own Swords in his Guts first, and then we use him like a Sieve, and prick him like a Cullender. Thus you wou'd have me do by *Calisto,* wou'd you not?

Elicia. No, now my Anger is a little cool'd, give him only a *Dry Beating.*

Cent. Damn him, Dry Beat him —— I'll not foul my Fingers about him.

Areusa. No, no; he's not a Man to bear a kick. The Sword or Pistol must be here employ'd.

Cent. Ay, a good Pistol, Three Brace of Bullets and White Powder. Teach me my Trade; Teach my Grannam there, when she was living, to put a young Couple to bed.

Elicia. The Neighbours will come in presently. What shall we say? Let's remove the Corps into another Room, and give the Justice information of the Murder, and the Murd'rers.

Areusa. We depend on you.

Cent. And I on thee, for another sweet Night on't.

Areusa. Success is always Merit with me. Succeed and be happy —— [*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE,

SCENE, Caliſto's *Houſe.*

Caliſto. Playing and Singing to his Vial.

Sleep on, and take thy Reſt,
Let nothing now Torment thee,
Since She whom thou lov'st best,
Is willing to Content thee.

Baniſh Trouble from thy Mind;
What haſt thou to do with Care?
Think what Pleaſures thou wilt find,
In the Lovely loving Fair.

Cal. Why is my Heart ſo heavy, when the Time
Which I ſo long have wiſh'd for, ſoon will come?
Yet not ſo ſoon, but I e're then ſhall feel
A thouſand Pains by Hope and Fear produc'd:
For Hope is mix'd with Fear, and that
Ev'n now diſturbs the Fulneſs of my Joy.
Which Hopes ſo certain of ſuch perfect Bliſs,
Wou'd elſe create — Hah, *Soſio*, why ſo haſty?
Why with ſuch wild Confuſion in thy Looks!
What Tidings haſt thou of ſuch dreadful Ills,
As rob thee of thy Speech?

Soſio. Oh my Lord! What Heart cou'd bear the ſight that theſe Eyes juſt now beheld! Theſe Eyes, my good Lord, ſaw poor *Parmeno* lye dead in the Street, and *Sempronio* dying as he was, born away to Priſon for Murder.

Caliſt. Hah; do'ſt thou not abuſe me? where and [how?
Did all this happen? Speak: For if thy Story
Has as much Truth as Trouble in't, I'm loſt,
Undone —What! Murder, Sirrah! If I find
Thou'ſt ruffled me ſo much, and told a Lye,
Depend upon it, 'tis thy laſt. Go on —

Soſio. The Crowd, with the Officers, were at the Door of one *Celeſtina*, whoſe dead Body lay in the Hall of her Houſe, and by it ſtood two young Women weeping; the one call'd *Areuſa*, the other *Elicia*, who ſaid *Sempronio* and *Parmeno* kill'd *Celeſtina*, becauſe ſhe wou'd not give 'em a ſhare of ſome Money, and a Gold Chain your Lordſhip had preſented to her —— The two Women are alſo ſent to Priſon as Acceſſaries to the Murder, for they were taken near the Corps — And *Sempronio* is ſo bruis'd, that he's Speechleſs, and 'tis thought will not live till Midnight. [Voice

Cal. Will nothing wake thee, Reaſon? Not the
Of Heav'n, that in thy Faithful Servants Fate
Bids thee behold the Ruin that ſurrounds thee.
To ſleep thou ſtill art by ſoft Paſſions lull'd,
And nothing which the Noble and the Wiſe
Prefer to Life, can touch thee. Honour, Fame,
The Treaſures of a Great and Generous Soul,
Thou ſlighteſt for a Momentary Bliſs;
And not contented with thy Shame, involv'ſt
An Innocent, a Beauteous Maid in thine.
A Virgin of Illuſtrious Birth, a Mind
That e're 'twas tainted by thy Fatal Arts,
Was fair and ſpotleſs as her Heav'nly Form —
Ha, if I think of this again; Oh Love,
Nor all thy boaſted Pow'rs will keep me firm,
But I ſhall ſoon renounce thy Promis'd Joys.

Soſio. Wou'd Heav'n your Lordſhip wou'd think of it again and again: For if you kill me, I muſt be plain with you — The whole Town talks of you--They ſay you are lately turn'd ſo mopiſh, that they look upon you to be almoſt mad. Your Friends and Relations, whenever they hear you nam'd, hang down their Heads as if they were aſham'd of you; and, what is worſt of all, your Creditors haunt our Doors as if they were afraid of a Burying: Ev'ry thing goes awry with us — and

this

this Intrigue of your Lordship's will bring us all to destruction.

Cal. Oh *Sosio*, shou'd I think again, thoud'st see
'Twou'd be too much; my Head's already hot,
And Frenzy wou'd ensue. Outragious Madness!
Oh, I shou'd rip this guilty Bosom ope;
Tear out my Heart, and fling it to the Flames.
It burns — And it shou'd burn till it consum'd.

Sosia. Oh, my Good Lord; Ill never speak again. I'm a Fool, a thoughtless, ignorant Creature, that knows not what I sav. Your Lordship's Noble Wise, and Fam'd for Wit and Worth. If I can serve you in your Love, my Life's a Trifle, I shan't value it to please you.

Cal. I knew thee honest, and therefore did not blame [thee;
For from another had I heard so much,
The Tempest which it rais'd in me, my Rage
Had another wreckt, tho' what thou said'st
Was Truth; thou meantst it well. But I am sick,
And hate the very Thoughts of Health or Cure.
Yet is't not pity, that my Name should serve
For Gossips Tales? My Story be the Sport
Of Slaves; the common Talk of Vulgar Mob:
Shall I outlive this Infamy, and bear
To see the Rabble point at me, and cry
That was the Man for whom the Bawd was kill'd;
That's he that lay with Lord *Pleberio*'s Daughter;
Who spent his Fortune on his Pimps and Panders,
The Ministers of his Insatiate Lust.
Gods —— Dost thou say it! ——

Sosio. Oh my dear Lord, I say they lye who said any such thing: Your Lordship is the most Noble, the most Generous Lord in *Spain*, and has Wealth enough to make Twenty such Lords as those that reflect on you.

Cal. Forgive me, *Sosio*; Thou e're this hast seen
That I'm distemper'd, that my Mind's disorder'd,
And all things are not well within. Didst thou

E're see my *Melibæa*? Hast thou heard
Her Voice? But if thou hast, 'twas but in common
With others.

Sosio. Yes, my Lord, I have seen her, and all that see her say, there's not a lovelier Lady under the Copes of Heav'n. I have heard her speak too, and she talks as she looks, like an Angel.

Cal. But oh thou never saw'st those piercing Eyes,
When of their Native Fierceness they're disarm'd;
When Love adds other Graces to her own,
And raises her from Mortal to Divine:
That I shall see; and shou'd I then avoid it?

Sosio. There's never a King in *Europe*, but wou'd give half his Dominions for such a sight.

Cal. Thou hast ne'er heard her when her haughty [Soul
Descends, and Pity tunes her Voice to Love.
What Musick can compare! what Sighing Air
Can charm like hers! Oh Nature's Rich, and Art
But poor in all things that affect the Heart.
This I have heard, and shall I hear no more?
Forbid it *Cupid*; *Sosio*, be prepar'd
To follow me, where Love and Fortune lead.

Sosio. My Lord; Must *Tristan* wait upon you too?

Cal. Ay, Both; be ready Both, and wait my Call,
And you, ye Hours, that lagging in your Course,
As if you Envy'd me the Bliss you bring.
Delay the Raptures I expect: Make haste;
Fly swift as I, when we at Night shall meet;
Will fly into my *Melibæa*'s Arms,
And rifle, not unwelcome, all her Charms.

SCENE,

SCENE, *The Walk before the Garden.*

Centurio, Thraſo, *and Ruffians.*

Centurio. Thraſo, there's Silver for thee, my Lad; a good Ducat, Boy: I will do more for thee than all the Friends thou haſt in the World. Mind me, my Heart of Oak, when *Soſio* and *Triſtan* come.

Thraſo. Why, don't you deſign to tarry with us?

Cent. Pox take it, they would know me; and *Caliſto* is the Devil of a Fellow.

Thraſo. Say you ſo? Then I have no Buſineſs here. Farewell Sir. —The Devil of a Fellow.— I have no mind to have my Bones broke. You are always cunning enough to ſleep in a whole Skin. I love Blows as little as you. A Ducat for the Devil of a Fellow.

Cent. Pſhaw, pſhaw. And what hurt d'ye think is intended you? Don't you and I know one another? We are never to fight, but where we are ſure not to be reſiſted. 'Tis the firſt Principle in the Science of Bullying: We are like Privateers, who never care to engage, where there's nothing but Blows to be got. All I deſire of you, is, When you ſee *Soſio* and *Triſtan*, to make a clattering with your Swords and Bucklers as though you were fighting. They are a Couple of poor ſilly Fellows. Stand off as far as you will: And if they don't run, do you. That's all.

Thraſo. Now you talk ſomething reaſonably; and we will do what you deſire, for half a Ducat more.

Cent. Fye, Man: Thou know'ſt better things. I'll have a Man to run away for half a Ducat, in any City in *Spain*: Only I know thy Merit, and that thy Head is as nimble as thy Heels. I have greaz'd thee with a whole Ducat: Lord, 'tis an

 Eſtate.

Estate. For half a Ducat more, I wou'd have a Priest's Throat cut at the Altar.

Thraso. Well, I won't stand with you. You say we must only clatter and run.

Cen. Nothing else in the World. —Pugh, here are so many Difficulties. If I was not to meet a Pretty Wench my self at the time, I'd no more value it, than I wou'd a Kick on my Posteriors.

Thraso. Which thou hast been pretty well us'd to. [*Aside.*

Cen. There, d'ye see. — Post your selves behind that Garden-Wall; you may perceive a Glimmering of Light through the Key-hole of the Gate. Go; the Enemy will be here suddenly. This is the Signal. What if the [*Exeunt* Thraso *and Ruffians.* Jades should ask me if I have been there? I can now swear, Yes: And by the Report of *Thraso* tell how many in number came against me, what Cloaths they had on, by what Marks I knew 'em to be such and such.— And shou'd they not believe me, 'tis but an Oath or two the more: And what does that cost? We Bullies throw 'em in always into the Bargain like Paper and Packthread. I see Persons coming this way: *Sosio* with a Dark Lanthorn, and *Tristan*, and my Lord, all arm'd.— Oons, I wou'd not stop a minute within a Furlong of 'em, for a Night's Lodging with my Lady. [*Exit.*

Calisto, Sosio, *and* Tristan *come forward.*

Calisto. Stay you here, after you have plac'd the Ladder, and I'm descended on the other side.

Sosio. There's no great Danger, my Lord?

Cal. None. What can hurt you? All is private here.
No Watchmen come this way. But if I find
You give me the least Token you're attack'd,
I'll hasten to your Aid: Depend on that.

They go on and place the Ladder with Calisto.

SCENE,

SCENE, *The Garden.*

Melibœa, Lucretia.

Mel. Think'ſt thou, *Lucretia*, I wou'd leave *Caliſto*,
To Wed the Monarch of the World? My Heart
Is his, and can endure no other Lord.
Another muſt To-morrow have my Hand:
My Father thus commands, my Mother prays;
But Mother, Father, all muſt yield to Love.
This Night at leaſt is mine, and this I'll give
To my *Caliſto*,———

Luc. Indeed he's another ſort of a Man than that Old Miſerly Count your Father has pickt out for you: But he wou'd ſerve to make a Husband of: He's Richer than my Lord *Caliſto*, and a bad Huſband is better than a good Gallant.

Mel. He Richer than *Caliſto*! Thou ar't blind:
Caliſto's Rich in ev'ry Manly Grace;
His Preſence Noble, but his Air as ſweet
As is the God of Love, when pleas'd he lies
In the ſoft Lap of *Venus*. Oh his Looks
Wou'd charm *Diana*, and corrupt a Veſtal.
His Wealth! What's Wealth to Lovers? Love is Rich
In Friendſhip, Tenderneſs, and Joy. Beſides,
His Want of Wealth he owes to me alone;
For me he has neglected his Eſtate;
For me a thouſand needleſs Sums expended;
Been prodigal of Preſents to his Servants,
And *Celeſtine*, who all are dead. For me:
And ſhall I leave this Dear, this Faithful Man.
Why comes he not? Hah! my Heart, he's here:

[Caliſto *comes down the Garden-Wall with a Dark Lanthorn.*

Why am not I in Raptures! Oh I feel
A chilling Cold; a riſing Qualm of Guilt.
Is it not cold, *Lucretia*?

Cal. Oh my Charmer!
Come to my Arms, and warm thee on my Breaſt:
Feel how it burns with fierce and conſtant Fires.
Mel. My Lord, my Life: Believe not I'm lukewarm.
Think not I meet you with Indiff'rence. See
If this is or a Place or Time to meet
A Man to whom I wiſh not well. Excuſe
The Terrors of my Innocence, my Shame.
This Darkneſs and this Midnight Hour beget
A Thouſand Fears: And when I ask my ſelf,
Why am I here? I tremble.
Cal. So do I:
I tremble, but with Tranſport, with Deſire:
And while I claſp thee thus, my Soul's in doubt,
If 'tis Deluſion, if I dream or wake;
For Joy like this I never felt. 'Tis Heav'n.
Mel. 'Tis Heav'n: But Oh! it cannot laſt us long.
Sure 'tis not poſſible for Human Strength,
This ſweet Exceſs of Rapture to ſupport.
Cal. What ſays my lovely Fair, my Life's ſole Hope!
If thus to hold thee is ſo ſweet, what Joy
To hear the Murmurs of accompliſh'd Love,
And dye together in extreme Delight! [ther
Mel. Thus far with Pleaſure I have gone; but far-
Is Torture; 'tis Deſpair and Death: My Honour.
Forbear, my Lord. — I beg you, as you love me,
As ever you took Pleaſure in the Hopes
Of this dear Minute, as I now am pleas'd
To ſee you, to embrace you, ask no more.
Cal. 'Twas better then I ne're had known ſo much.
D'ye think 'tis poſſible to love like me,
Like me to wiſh; and what I wiſh, to have
And not poſſeſs. Bid, bid the Sun be ſtill,
And Tides their flowing ceaſe; and Streams their
Forſake. ——— [Springs
Mel. Enough. That thus we talk together,
And mingle Sighs, and hear our mutual Cares,
And mutual Pity bring, and intermix

Such

Such Chaſt Embraces; Is not this enough?

Cal. 'Tis worſe than nothing. If you ſet me Bounds,
You keep me on a Rack. Love knows no Limits,
It roves at random: Sometimes it aſcends,
And on theſe ſwelling Hills of Virgin Snow
It plays—And then again, —My Life, my Dear.

Mel. You ruin me. Oh Cruel!

Cal. Yonder Bower
Invites us to its darker Gloom.

Mel. My Lord —— [*Ex.*

Luc. Very fine: My Miſtreſs ſure believes I am not Fleſh and Blood. —— Do's ſhe think that I can bear all this? Here's a Life, indeed. Oh how I feel my ſelf melt within, like Snow againſt the Sun; and how ſqueamiſh my Miſtreſs ſeems, becauſe, forſooth, ſhe wou'd fain be forc'd a little! Had the Caſe been mine, I ſhou'd not have loſt ſo much time; if I had, I ſhou'd have thought the worſe of my ſelf as long as I liv'd.

Re-enter Caliſto *and* Melibœa.

Mel. Oh let me never leave that black Retreat,
The Scene of my Diſhonour: Keep Light from me,
My Eyes are ſick, and cannot bear it. Hah,
Is there a Darkneſs that can hide my Shame?
Is there a Gloom that can conceal my Guilt?
Did not High Heav'n, and yon appearing Stars,
Behold us? And was Conſcience ſo aſleep?
'Twill never wake us with its Terrors.

Cal. Now?
You give your melancholy Fancy Leave
To form a thouſand Viſionary Ills;
Which, did you love me, you'd with Rage repel,
And give a Looſe to Pleaſure. ——

Mel. Was it well,
To rob me of a Jewel, which nor Crowns,
Nor Worlds can purchaſe, or reſtore? Oh Torment!
It ſtings — and ne're ſhall I know Quiet more.
My Father —— and the Glory of his Houſe

Are

Are sunk:— My Mother's Tenderness repaid
With Shame and Horror. Gods! Can I outlive
This fatal Night? For what's to come of Life
Is Grief unutterable, vain Repentance,
Despair, and all her Hellish Train of Woe.

Cal. If thus you mean to kill me with your Fears,
Tell me, and let me hasten with my Sword
The Death, to which you've doom'd me.

Mel. 'T had been kind,
If when we met, you'd sheath'd it in my Heart,
And stabb'd your Image there. Thou dear Ingrate,
I'm ruin'd by my Love —— but love thee still. —
What Noise is that? [*Noise of Swords without.*

Cal. My Servants at the Gate
Are certainly attack'd. I bad them stay,
And promis'd to assist them, if they met
With any one that offer'd to molest 'em.

Mel. 'Tis Night; and you may fall by bloody Hands:
What then shall I do? I've no other Friend,
No other Comfort: I shall soon be thrown
To Scorn; for ev'ry Virtuous Mind abhors
My Sin, and will the Guilty Wretch despise.

[*Cry without, Follow 'em,* Sosio.

Cal. The Noise continues. I'll but see from whence
It comes, and hasten back to bid my Love
Good Night.

[*He mounts the Ladder in haste, falls down from the Top headlong, and breaks his Neck.*

Mel. He's gone, *Lucretia*; sure I heard
A Person fall. Oh Heav'n! I fear 'tis he:
Speak, speak, *Calisto.*

Cal. Oh ——

Mel. 'Tis he, indeed.
Speak, speak again.—No more? He's dead. Here light,
Lucretia, light me to the Place, from whence
I heard that Groan.

Luc. Stay, Madam, for your Life;
'Tis Lord *Calisto.* ——Speak, my Noble Lord.
He tumbl'd headlong from the Wall; his Neck
Hangs loose: Alas, he's dead!
Mel. Oh Wretch!
'Tis just, 'tis just, ye Pow'rs, that I should know
The worst 'tis possible for Human Mind
To feel, the last Extremity of Woe.
Fly, fly, *Lucretia*; Call my Mother to me;
Bring Help, and let us bear the Body in:
Tell her, her Son is dead, my dear *Calisto*;
For he's my Husband; Oh! he was, for now
He's nothing but a Lifeless Lovely Form:
And I'll be with him, e're his Soul has reach'd
The last Bright Mansions of Eternal Rest.
Thou faithful Friend of thy departed Lord,
Serve him in this last Office; Reach my Heart,
[*She stabs her self with his Sword.*
And let out all the Blood that feeds my Veins,
To mix with his, and make one friendly Stream.
Enter Alisa, Pleb. *Servants, Lights.*
Alisa. O Daughter, what hast thou been doing, [speak?
Oh look upon thy Dear thy Tender Mother;
Look on thy Ancient Father's Reverend Tears;
We cannot bear to see thee thus.
Mel. Forgive me:
I lov'd this Noble Lord; I let him see
I lov'd him: To my Love I sacrific'd
My Duty and my Honour. Fate decreed
This Hand should do strict Justice on my Heart.
Forgive me—— All that I have time to ask,
Is, Pardon my Request, You'll see this Corps
Interr'd with his, that we may sleep together.
Alisa. She dyes: Run, run for Help.
Mel. It comes too late,
For all my Store of Life's already spent. [*Dyes.*
Luc. Madam, I'll see the Corps brought in; re- [tire:
I'll tell you this sad Story, when your Grief

Is fit to hear it; for 'twould now ſo ſtrike
My Good Old Lord and you, 'twould break your
Let's all by their ſevere Example learn, [Hearts.
How cloſely Guilt by Juſtice is purſu'd;
The dreadful Conſequence of Looſe Deſires,
Which end in Ruin, Poverty or Blood.
Here may the Waſteful Gallant ſee his Wealth
Leads to Deſtruction; and the Am'rous Youth
Behold to what his Tempting Pleaſures tend.
The Fraudful Pander in a faithful Glaſs,
His Vices and their Puniſhment may view.
Thoſe Servants who abuſe their Bounteous Lords,
May in *Sempronio* and his Fellow's Fate,
Behold their own. The Chaſt and Charming Maid
With Terror looks on *Melibœa*'s Guilt,
And cries, Juſt Heav'n defend me from her Shame.
Defend her, Heav'n; from Wrong her Sex ſecure,
And let her Wiſhes, like her Form, be pure.

The End of the Fifth and laſt Act.

FINIS.

